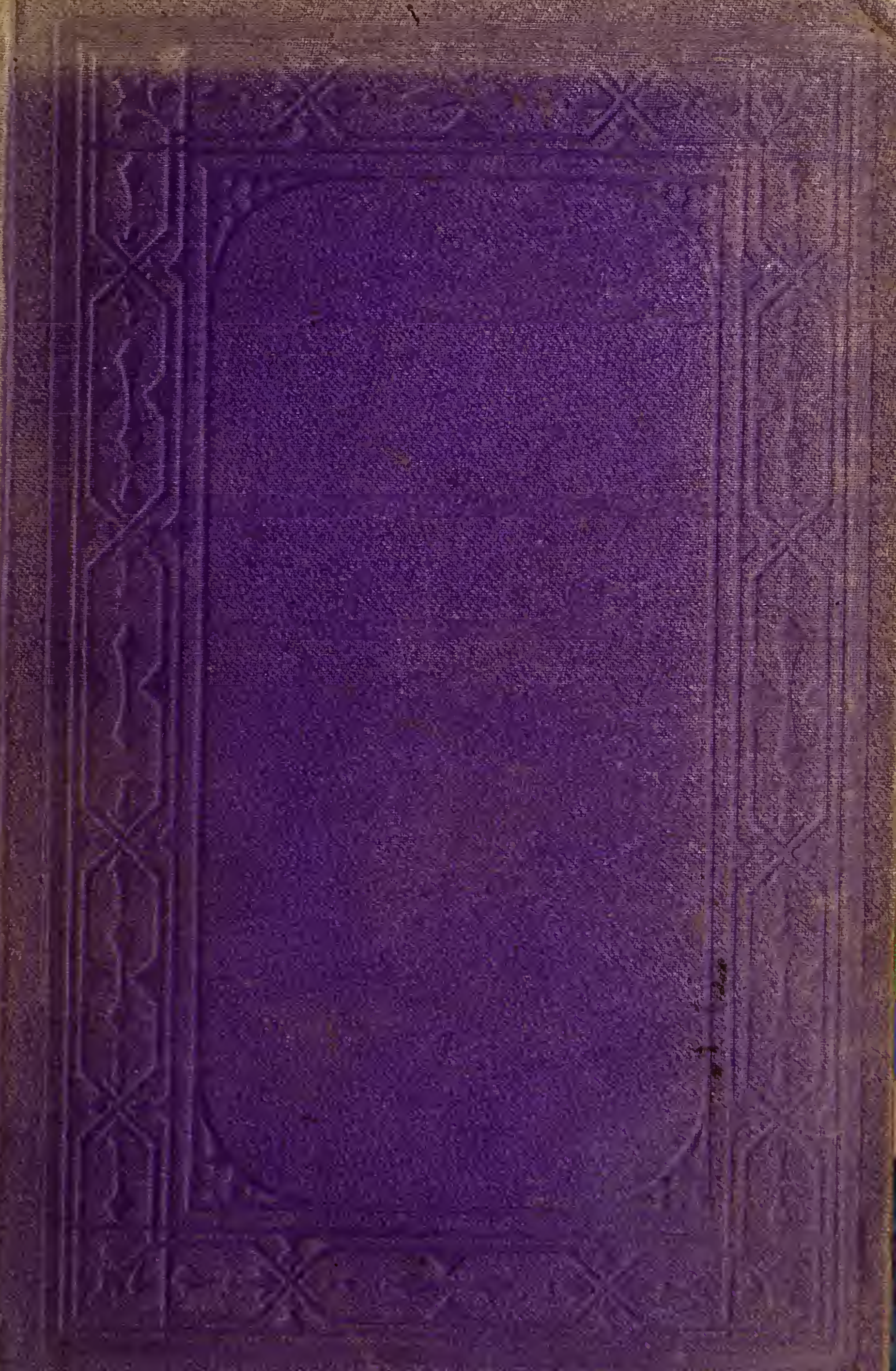

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James Maughan

THE MAN OF ALL WORK.

A MEMOIR

OF THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF THE

REV. JAMES MAUGHAN,

WITH

SELECTIONS FROM HIS SERMONS AND LECTURES.

BY

WILLIAM COOKE, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF 'CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY,' 'THE DEITY,' ETC.

'In labours more abundant.'

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PREFACE.

The author, in preparing this memoir, had the advantage of knowing the late Mr Maughan intimately from the time he was a youth of 17 to the period of his death. His conversion to God, his early studies, his youthful temptations, and his first efforts as a local preacher, were known to the author by personal intercourse while labouring in the Newcastle Circuit; and the subsequent career of our departed friend was almost as well known from conjoint labours, frequent interviews, and a constant correspondence.

In designating our brother 'A man of all work,' the author uses not the words of exaggeration, but of sober truth. He never knew a man more devoted to his work, nor many more adapted to those diversified labours which the exigencies of the present day claim from the ministers of Christ. He was fluent both with his pen and his tongue, and as much at home on the platform as in the pulpit; and though a diligent student, he was a devoted pastor. No duties seemed irksome to him, and none beneath him. The humblest services were performed with as much fidelity as the highest of the ministerial office. He scorned to eat the bread of idleness, or to fritter away his life in evening parties and social pleasures. He lived in earnest, and he lived for God and the good of man. There was energy and purpose in all that he did; and though his life was short if counted by years, it was long if reckoned by labours.

It would have been easy to enlarge this memoir to twice its dimensions; but, following the guidance of Scripture precedent, the author thought it better to condense than to expand, and aim to interest the reader by variety instead of wearying him by prolixity.

In order that our departed friend might be known by what he said as well as by what he did, I have selected a few of his sermons and lectures; and thus, though dead, some portion of his living utterances may benefit the living.

While this volume is prepared solely as a labour of love by the author, the beneficence of friends, who knew and appreciated the worth of our departed brother, having defrayed the cost of printing and binding this volume, has thereby rendered the book at once a memorial of high esteem for his character, and a tribute of sincere sympathy and affection for his excellent and devoted wife, who largely shared in his toils, and cheerfully sacrificed her personal and domestic comforts for his usefulness. Therefore, any friend promoting the circulation of this volume will thereby promote the welfare of the widow and her family.

The author dedicates this volume to Mrs Catherine Maughan, the widow of his deceased friend, as a memento of esteem, not only for her domestic virtues and high Christian character, but also her self-denying and exemplary, though unobtrusive labours, in facilitating and promoting the usefulness of her devoted husband.

London, March, 1872.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. PAGE

I. MR MAUGHAN'S EARLY LIFE AND CONVERSION TO GOD, 1826—1847 1

II. HIS CALL TO THE MINISTRY, AND THE PERIOD OF HIS PROBATION, 1847—1851 13

III. HIS LABOURS IN LONDON, 1852-4 23

IV. MR MAUGHAN'S LABOURS IN LEEDS AND DUDLEY, 1854—1858 29

V. MR MAUGHAN'S LABOURS IN BRISTOL, 1859—1862 .. 34

VI. VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA, AND COMMENCEMENT OF HIS MISSION, 1862-3 53

VII. MR MAUGHAN'S LABOURS IN ADELAIDE, 1863-4 .. 70

VIII. LABOURS IN ADELAIDE, ETC., 1865-6 86

IX. FAILING HEALTH AND ARDUOUS LABOURS, 1867-8 .. 96

X. MR MAUGHAN'S VISIT TO ENGLAND, 1869 112

XI. MR MAUGHAN'S RETURN TO ADELAIDE, 1870 .. 135

CHAP. PAGE
XII. MR MAUGHAN'S LAST HOURS, AND THE FUNERAL SERVICE 147

XIII. ESTIMATE OF MR MAUGHAN'S CHARACTER 167

SERMONS, ETC.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL 181

ON THE INTERMEDIATE STATE OF DEPARTED SOULS .. 194

ON THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD 209

THE NEW HEAVENS AND THE NEW EARTH 223

MR BAXTER AND LOUIS NAPOLEON 239

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SOCRATES 276

MEMOIR

OF

THE REV. JAMES MAUGHAN.

CHAPTER I.

MR MAUGHAN'S EARLY LIFE AND CONVERSION TO GOD,

1826—1847.

If the development of mind were dependent on the advantages and facilities afforded by wealth and leisure, few would attain to eminence. But native energy will rise superior to external difficulties, and cut out for itself a path to high excellence through thorns, briars, and rocks. History abounds with examples of this truth, and in this class Mr Maughan takes a place, if not so exalted as some, yet one highly honourable to himself and to the Denomination to which through life he was loyally attached. Whatever attainments he reached, and in several departments of knowledge they were far more than ordinary, resulted from irrepressible energy and activity. In every sense he was a self-made man.

But usefulness is a higher attribute than knowledge, and in this Mr Maughan surpassed not a few of his contemporaries. His ministry was the means of conversion to many and of edification to many thousands; and assuredly he made all his acquisitions subservient to this as the supreme end of his life, as will be seen in the following brief record of his history.

The Rev. James Maughan was the son of James and Isabella Maughan, and was born October 25, 1826, in the village of Hepburn, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. His father died before the birth of his son, and the widowed mother had to struggle with the privations of her desolate condition. But she was a woman of industry, natural fortitude, and true piety; and her religion taught her to trust in Him who is the Husband of the widow and the Father of the fatherless. James was baptized at Jarrow, the place rendered memorable by the life and labours of the Venerable Bede. After a few years Mrs Maughan was married again, which appears to have been no disadvantage to her only child, as James was regularly carried by his step-father to the house of God, and when old enough was sent to the village school. His good mother cheerfully lent her influence to instil the principles and duties of religion into his mind.

At an early period James showed his self-reliant disposition, for when only eight years of age he resolved to work, in order as far as possible to earn his own living. The family removed for a time to Wallsend, the village renowned for its excellent coal; and when James was about 12 years old his parents removed further to the village of Seatonburn, six miles north of Newcastle. Here James enjoyed for a short time the privilege of education at a school in the neighbourhood, under the patronage of the Rev. Mr

Clayton, a minister of the Church of England; and had this advantage been continued, he would have been better prepared to enter, at a subsequent period, upon the duties of public life. But after twelve short months this privilege was cut off by the necessity of his returning to labour for the bread that perisheth. James was resolved, however, to make the best of his position, by attending a night school, and by abridging his sleep to about five or six hours each night, and by diligent application to study during the hours he thus redeemed from his pillow and from play.

At the age of 14 he was seized with the rheumatic fever; but what effect this affliction had upon his mind does not appear. To promote his recovery he was sent to reside for a short time with his aunt at North Shields; and while there an incident occurred which brought out his mechanical genius. Being favoured with the loan of his father's watch, one day, while sitting quietly on the sand of the sea-shore, he heard the ticking of the watch, and he said to himself, 'I wonder what it is that makes the watch tick? I'll look inside and see.' Taking out his pen-knife, he unscrewed part of the mechanism, and whizz went the wheels, until the chain had run down. Having proceeded thus far, his curiosity was increased, and he took the whole works to pieces for full inspection. He found, however, it was much easier to undo than reconstruct the works, and after putting the watch together as he thought, he was perplexed to find that it would not tick, for he had almost as many wheels left out as he had put in. Trying again and again, however, he at last succeeded, and to his great satisfaction the experiment afforded him a knowledge of the construction of the time-piece; and on his return home he bought a number of tools, and set up clock cleaner and repairer to the whole village.

On his recovery he resumed both his daily labour and his studies, and his intense application during his spare hours enabled him to outstrip those who had been his school-fellows; and it became evident that he was destined for a position higher than that of working at a colliery. This was observed by those who were competent to estimate his natural gifts and early attainments, and at the age of 16 he was appointed by the colliery manager to be the master of the village school. Now, the difficulties which had hitherto obstructed his progress were giving way, and his path to higher attainments began to widen and brighten before him. Let young men learn from this how much depends upon themselves. Had James been indolent, he would have risen no higher than the station in which he was born. His diligence when a boy was the first step to his advancement and usefulness when a man. But something more than industry was wanted—namely, religion, without which even gifts and literary acquirements cannot develop the man. Sin, indeed, may render them a snare and pervert them to a curse. Youth has its temptations, and too often its follies. James Maughan was now about 16 years of age, and as yet he had not given his heart to God. In fact, led away by some profane youths, he had become a neglecter of Divine worship, and was in danger of sinking into vicious habits. But after living about two years as a Sabbath-breaker, he was awakened to a keen sense of his sin and danger, and conviction was followed by sound conversion to God. The occasion and manner of this gracious change are best stated in his own words. Young men, just ponder what he says!

'At an early period of my life I felt the bitterness of sin, and I put the inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" I heard of others who had been equally unhappy with myself, but who had found pardon and peace through faith in the precious blood of Christ. I instantly resolved in the same way to seek the same Saviour, and I did not seek Him long before I found Him, to the satisfaction and delight of my soul.

'My conversion to God was effected under the following circumstances:

'I had been accustomed from my infancy to attend a Sabbath-school. When about 14 years of age I became associated with sinful companions, and was induced by them to leave the house of worship, and spend my Sabbaths in the lanes and fields. From one degree of sinfulness I was led on to another. For about two years I continued openly to rebel against God and against the counsels of my conscience. About this time a number of Christian young men had formed themselves into a Temperance Society. They urged me to forsake my companions, to sign the temperance pledge, and to join myself to their little band. I did so, and these young men were the means in God's hand of bringing me to Christ. I was at once made the secretary of the Temperance Society, and was urged by some of its members to accompany them to the house of God.

'About this time a most gracious and extensive revival of God's work began in a village called Westmoor, under the labours of our estimable minister, the Rev. Andrew Lynn. I was urged by my newly-formed companions to accompany them to what was called a Union camp-meeting and public lovefeast at that place. I went to mock, but I returned to pray. Shortly after the lovefeast commenced, a youth about my own age rose up, and began to describe his miserable condition prior to his conversion. I said to myself, "That is just the condition in which I am now." He then went on to describe how happy he had been ever since his conversion to God. I now felt that this was the very thing and the only thing that could make me truly happy. After this another rose, and another, and another, and as they went on to bless God, and declare what great things He had done for their souls, the big tears started in my eyes, and the more I attempted to suppress them the more rapidly they chased each other down my cheeks. At length the lovefeast was concluded. I did not dare to remain at the prayer-meeting, lest I should be compelled to cry aloud for mercy. I therefore made my escape from the meeting, intending to make my way home as quickly and as quietly as I could.

'I had four miles to walk, but I had not proceeded far on my journey before I overtook some other young persons, who had been to the same place. After walking together for some distance in dead silence, one of them drew a deep sigh. "Well," he said, "how did you like the lovefeast?" I replied, "I never liked anything so well in my whole life." "Neither did I," said a second. "Neither did I," said a third. I added, "I liked it so well that I have determined never to rest until I get converted." "So have I," exclaimed they all at once. "Well, then," exclaimed one of the party, "if we are all of one mind let us go over into this field and have a prayer-meeting." Whether we went over the gate or through the gateway I never could recollect, but in a few moments we were every one upon our knees, pleading with God for mercy. Two of the company professed to find salvation there and then, but I continued in bitterness and bondage for many days; I scarcely dared to sleep at night, lest I should be cut off in my sins, and perish. At length, one morning about 4 o'clock, I rose and went into a field to pray. There behind a hedge I knelt upon a stone—the place I never shall forget—and became liberated from bondage. A flood of heavenly light burst upon my soul, and from that day to the present I have been happy in the love of God. Shortly after this I became tinctured with Barkerianism, and was in danger of being led astray. But by the kind and timely counsels and by the happy and efficient ministry of my beloved friend and father, the Rev. William Cooke, I was preserved from so dire an apostasy. I have now been identified with the Church of Christ for more than ten years, and during that period have become more and more convinced that the Christian religion is a divine adaptation to man's moral necessities; that the practice of its principles is the highest development of wisdom; and that Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace. If I know anything of my own heart, I would not give up the possession of religion to take possession of the world's empire.

'My greatest desire on earth is that I may adorn the doctrines of God my Saviour, and the object of my highest ambition is to become possessed of the mind that was in Christ. May God help me!

'Though I have to acknowledge that my requitals of obedience and love have been far from commensurate with my obligation to God, yet I am thankful that I have been enabled with confidence and constancy to repose my soul by simple faith on the great atonement; and I believe that I can testify, without the fear of presumption, that Christ is formed in my heart the hope of eternal glory.'

See here, my young friends, what religion did for him! It rescued him from bad companions and bad habits; it delivered him from conscious misery and impending degradation and ruin; it renewed his nature and transformed his life; it implanted within him new principles, and began in him a new history, one of virtue, happiness, and usefulness. Had he remained unconverted, who can tell what a vicious and miserable course he would have run; how deeply he would have sunk into sin himself, and how many others he would have dragged down to perdition by his evil counsel and corrupt example? All this evil was averted, and a life bright with happiness, honour, and usefulness was secured by early piety. The fact pleads with eloquent force—'Young men, give your hearts to God.' The clearness and the genuineness of his conversion, too, show the importance of not resting in reformation or mere profession. Young Maughan believed in the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins, and he sought night and day for the blessing until he found it. So may the reader, and so *must* the reader seek until he find the blessing, if he would be a strong, happy, useful Christian. Those are but poor, feeble, unhappy professors who live without a clear sense of pardon, and they are never fitted for great enterprises and abundant usefulness. They are incessantly haunted by doubts and fears, and have no heart or energy to labour. Young men, get right at first by a sound conversion and a clear sense of pardon, attested by the direct witness of the Holy Spirit, and then you can set to your seal that God is true, and that religion is a Divine reality, a transforming power, and a priceless possession. When it is your happiness to enjoy religion, it will be your element and delight to diffuse it; labour will spring from love, and your efforts will be accompanied with power.

In the paragraph we have quoted young Maughan refers to the critical period when he was endangered by the prevalence of pernicious errors. The author of this volume well remembers the frequent interviews he had with him at that time. I was just then commencing my labours in the Newcastle Circuit, to which I was sent to build up the broken walls of Zion, and defend as well as preach the truth of God. Almost every Saturday afternoon James came in his homely round jacket to my house with a written list of questions on Biblical topics. Of course I felt pleasure in solving his doubts, answering his inquiries, and imparting such instruction as he seemed to need. Nor was this all: every time my appointments called me to preach under his parents' roof James was sure to meet me about a mile or two on the way, and after the service it was his custom to return with me several miles on my way home. The intercourse was very pleasant to myself, and beneficial to the young man. Happily he was disentangled from the snares of error; and he always regarded the help he then received as the means of establishing him in the truth, of fostering his piety, and stimulating his Biblical studies. If young men are troubled with doubts, let them by all means shun the counsels of the sceptic, and seek the friendly aid and guidance of some matured Christian, who is not ignorant of Satan's devices. The writer himself when a youth was sorely perplexed with doubts. On one occasion he walked a number of miles to seek the counsel of a wise and well-matured Christian, and by this means, and by prayer to God, the snare was broken, and his soul rejoiced in the light of truth and freedom.

James Maughan was now 17 years of age, and I called his attention to the duty of writing his thoughts on portions of Scripture, in hope that at a period not far distant his attainments might qualify him for the office of a local preacher. He complied with my request, and from time to time submitted his composition to my judgment; and such was the character of those early efforts that I felt persuaded he was destined for usefulness as a preacher. He continued his studies with unabating diligence, and when about 18 he and another pious young man, named Matthew Stoves, were requested to unite in taking an appointment at the small village of Jesmond Vale. Soon afterwards he was desired to have his name put on the plan, as an exhorter. This, however, was an undertaking which required some consideration. He was at that time occupying the position of clerk at the village church, and his appointments as an exhorter or local preacher would interfere with his official duties. Moreover, coincident with this, the clergyman who had previously shown much interest in his welfare proposed his going to college, to graduate for ordination as a minister in the National Church, offering at the same time to provide the necessary means. This proposal involved a conflict between principle and interest. On the one hand there was the prospect of ease, honour, and affluence; on the other, straitness, obscurity, and hard toil. But with the latter there were purity of doctrine, Scriptural discipline, precious means of grace, and his obligation to the people to whom under God he owed his salvation. He laid the case before me, and the conversation issued in a resolve to sacrifice every advantage, and abide with his own people. He therefore respectfully declined the offer of the clergyman, resigned his position as clerk of the church, and devoted his Sabbaths to zealous labours for the interest of his own Denomination. In acting thus young Maughan displayed that high principle and inflexible decision of character which is worthy of imitation as well as commendation. He was no trimmer, no self-seeker, no time-server; he got his religion in our Denomination, and he felt bound by gratitude and moral obligation to give it his labours and his life at all costs, and he conscientiously acted out his convictions to the end of his days. In this decision, however, he had no idea of seeking a place in our ministry. In fact, he had too low an estimate of his own powers and too exalted a view of the duties and responsibilities of the ministerial office for such an idea. Nevertheless, he continued to pursue his studies with unremitting diligence, and became increasingly acceptable as a local preacher.

CHAPTER II.

HIS CALL TO THE MINISTRY, AND THE PERIOD OF HIS PROBATION, 1847—1851.

In the year 1847 the Rev. Jonathan Tate, a very pious and promising young minister, labouring in the Mossley Circuit, was compelled by serious illness to retire from his work, and James Maughan was requested by the Connexional authorities to supply his place. At first he positively declined; and when at last, after repeated solicitations, he consented, he did so with much tremulous apprehension. Certainly at this period he could have no secular inducements; for his income from various sources had lately increased to about £100 per annum, while his salary as a single preacher would be only £60. The probability is, however, that the question of income had no influence at all in fixing his decision. Higher and holier considerations than any earthly motives influenced his heart—the love of Christ inspiring him with the love of precious souls. This is the grand motive which forms a high and holy character. Just as a firm foundation is requisite for the safety of a building, so are sound principles required as the basis of a consistent and upright character; and such were the principles of Mr Maughan's whole life. Hence there was no instability in his connexional attachment, no wavering in his principles, no trimming in his conduct, from the beginning to the end of his career.

When Mr Maughan left home for the ministry he found his position was altogether new. He had never before been 20 miles from his own fireside, and had lived scarcely a week away from under the parental roof. But he was now among strangers, and before the end of the year he felt rather home-sick. Therefore when the Conference came he hastened to his old abode to spend his holidays there. But, if absence from home had made him a little uneasy, he soon found leisure to be intolerable. He spent the first day in chatting with his parents, the second day in conversing with his old friends; on the third day he felt dull for want of occupation, and on the fourth he told his mother he could bear idleness no longer, and must go back to his work. Therefore, though free from obligation, away he went back to his Circuit and resumed his accustomed labour up to the day he had to repair to the new sphere of his ministry.

At the next Conference (1848) Mr Maughan was received as a minister on probation, and appointed to the Bradford Circuit. His superintendent was the Rev. Lot Saxton. Mr Maughan resided, however, at Otley, where his labours were abundantly owned of God. There was a revival of religion in the Church, many souls were saved, and in the Otley society alone there was an increase of 54 members during the year.

After leaving Bradford, in 1849, he was appointed to Macclesfield with the Rev. John Addyman. We have no particulars of his labours here; but we doubt not he and his esteemed colleague worked together in perfect harmony, and the minutes report an increase of eight members.

In 1850 Mr Maughan was appointed to Derby, the venerable Thomas Waterhouse being his superintendent. We have no special information as to his labour in this Circuit; but we find an increase of 15 members, which may be regarded as indicative of harmony between the ministers, and a proof of some success in their work.

At the Conference of 1851 Mr Maughan was stationed in the Dewsbury Circuit, with the Rev. James Henshaw as his superintendent, lately deceased. Here again our information is scanty. Mr Maughan resided at Batley, and his spirit being roused by the prevalence of drunkenness, he issued and printed two appeals to the public, and called a Conference of Sunday-school teachers to adopt the best means for saving the rising youth from the vice of intemperance. Deploring also the spiritual indifference of the people, he formed a committee for visiting the population from house to house to induce the negligent to attend Divine worship. This was preceded by writing an earnest appeal, of which 1000 copies were printed and put into circulation. A copy of this appeal now lies before me, and I reproduce it here as worthy of a permanent record.

'DEAR NEIGHBOURS AND FRIENDS,

'Our minds have been for some time past painfully exercised on account of the prevalence of a spirit of carelessness in our village, in reference to public worship. Our object is not a sectarian one, but, as the professed followers of Him who came to seek and to save the lost, we feel it to be our duty to warn you of the fearful consequences of such conduct—not in the spirit of dictation, but in that of kindness and love. And we shall be amply rewarded if we can induce those who are living in the neglect of public worship to think seriously on the subject, and promptly to attend to a duty so important and indispensable. We appeal

'1st, To Heads of Families.—We know the deep feelings and intense anxieties of parents for the welfare of their children; but that welfare can only be secured by their walking in the paths of piety; for "there is no peace to the wicked." Yet are you not by neglecting the House of God, and the ordinances of Divine worship, adopting a course that directly tends to promote the impiety and consequent misery of your children? "Train up a child in the way he should go" is a direction in the Word of God. "Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord" is also a Divine injunction: and, depend upon it, these are not idle words. What, think you, is the meaning of that awful passage of Holy Writ, "I will pour My fury upon the families that call not on My name?" "Them that honour Me I will honour: but they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed."

'As parents, have you no forebodings about the future? Do you never think of the day when, with your children, you shall stand before the tribunal of

God? Is it not possible—nay, is it not very likely—that if you continue to lead them in the paths of sin, they will attribute their final destruction to your bad example? We beseech you, for your own sake—for the sake of your dear children—abandon your God-dishonouring practices; revere God's blessed name; keep holy the Sabbath-day; attend constantly and punctually upon the ordinances of God's house; join in the choruses of thanksgiving which are raised there, and thus get prepared to sing the anthems of the skies.

'But we also appeal

'2nd, To the Young.—Dear young friends—we assure you it is with feelings of sympathy for your present—and deep anxiety for your future—happiness, that we thus address you. God has said, "I love them that love Me: and they that seek Me early shall find Me." And again, He commands—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

'Reasons the most momentous and weighty might here be given, did our space permit, why you ought in early life to abandon your sins, attend upon the ordinances of public worship, and give your hearts to God. But we must forbear, observing, however, that our minds have been greatly pained, and our spirits have almost sunk within us, when we have noticed, as we have done from Sabbath to Sabbath, such numbers of our young men and women *wandering in the fields, standing in the streets, or idling at their homes, when they ought to be attending the worship of God's House:* and the inquiry has been forced upon us again and again—What can be done to arrest the attention of the young people of our village, and lead them to a concern for their souls? We love you—we feel for you—we pray for you—we thus address you, and we beseech you, as immortal and accountable beings, turn not a deaf ear to our entreaty, as you value everlasting happiness; hear us, as you deprecate everlasting misery; hear us, for the sake of a dying, interceding, loving Redeemer; have mercy upon yourself, and seek salvation—" Seek the Lord, while He may be found; call upon Him while He is near." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return to the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will *abundantly* pardon." "For, behold, the day cometh, saith the Lord, that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be as stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts."

'*If you are not accustomed to attend any place of worship, we beg to inform you that we shall be most happy to see you every Sunday morning at half-past ten, and evening at six o'clock, in the Methodist New Connexion Chapel.*

'"Come with us, and we will do you good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning you."'

'Yours affectionately,
'THE VISITING COMMITTEE.'

What was the effect of this appeal and of the house-to-house visitation we do not know, but the effort itself was good and necessary. Such efforts indeed ought everywhere to be made where the cause is low and the population indifferent to religion. We have no idea of letting things remain as they are when the masses of our fellow-men are asleep in their sins, or of being content with our sanctuaries half filled when there are thousands of men and women around us living and dying without salvation. The people must be aroused, and the Church must do it, and the Church herself must be aroused by the ministry. As preachers we stand in the front of the Lord's host, and must take the lead in every form of spiritual activity, and work vigorously ourselves while we summon others to labour.

It would be wrong to withhold our testimony here to the extraordinary efforts which our friends in this Circuit have put forth within the last 17 years. Within that period they have built a number of chapels, three of them of considerable magnitude. In 1854, at Batley, a new and beautiful chapel was built, which, after standing only 15 years, was taken down to its foundation, and the present spacious temple erected—the largest perhaps in the whole Denomination, except Bethesda in the Hanley Circuit. It adds to the honour of our friends that an arrangement is made for the total extinction of the debt within three years. At Dewsbury the old chapel was taken down a few years ago, and the present beautiful and commodious structure erected, the debt on which is being reduced at the rate of about £200 per annum, and will ere long be totally removed. The old building at Adwalton has also been taken down, and a neat chapel erected, adapted to the growing population. These and other efforts of a similar kind display a degree of generosity and love to the cause of Christ highly honourable to the friends, and present an example worthy of imitation.

According to connexional usage, Mr Maughan had now completed the term of his probation, and was received as a preacher in full connexion by the Conference. On this occasion he witnessed a good confession before a large assembly of people, and as a statement of the motives which induced him to enter the ministry was then given and is preserved in writing, we give it in his own words :—

'From the very first day on which I obtained a sense of the pardoning mercy of God I became powerfully impressed with a sense of my obligation to devote my heart and life to His service and glory.

'The first thing I did after my conversion was to purchase for myself a small pocket Bible, and the very first passage of that Bible on which my eye alighted was that in which the Apostle Peter embodies the whole history of the Redeemer's life in this wise but expressive sentence, "He went about doing good." I saw that Christ was my pattern; that if I would be a Christian I must follow in His footsteps; I therefore resolved to give my heart and my hand to every organization which had for its object the benefit of man and the glory of God. I joined the Church, became a teacher in the Sabbath-school, a distributor of tracts, a visitor for the Bible Society, the leader of a class, and at length a local preacher of the Circuit. Here I cannot but acknowledge my obligations to the very kind and affectionate counsel which during this period I received at the hands of one who has ever been as a father to me in the ministry, I mean the Rev. William Cooke. Shortly after he had left the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1846, I was called upon by the Church to set myself apart to the work of the ministry. To this call I gave a positive refusal. In the first place, I shrank from the solemn and important duties of an office for which I felt myself so little capable. In the second place, I had understood that a man must feel inwardly called of God before he ought to enter upon such a work. Believing myself, therefore, to be destitute both of the qualifications and of the call, I repeatedly persisted in my refusal. At length, however, the call of the Church became so loud and urgent, that I was satisfied it must come from God. I therefore at once placed myself at the disposal of the Church, and was employed in its ministry. I have now laboured for nearly six years in preaching Christ, and Him crucified; I trust that I have not laboured in vain. I have reason to believe that many precious souls have been saved by God's blessing upon my ministry; and so long as I continue to be useful in the Church I shall consider it to be the highest honour and most distinguished privilege of my life to preach the everlasting gospel. So soon as my usefulness in that Church shall cease I trust that I shall not be found to remain in the priest's office merely for a morsel of bread.

'I pray that God may yet give to my ministry many thousands of seals, such as shall stand for ever.'

His views on Church government as the ground of his approval of his own Denomination were given at the same time, and they deserve recording for their clearness and candour.

'I think that nothing can be more equitable than that the Church comprehensively considered should govern itself. I do not consider that the ministers alone constitute the Church, nor that the members alone form that constitution. I believe that the Church is formed by its ministers, officers, and members, and therefore it seems to me most equitable and reasonable that the Church should be governed under some well-defined regulation conjointly by these.

'On referring to the New Testament, I find the Saviour commanding His disciples to refer their differences to the Church. The Apostle called upon the Corinthian Church to cut off an unworthy member, and frequently in the New Testament we find the ministers and members of the Church uniting their counsels and authority in the exercise of discipline and in the management of its affairs. I believe, therefore, that the equitable and reasonable principle of lay and ministerial representation finds its germ in the precepts and practices of the New Testament.

'I do not find either the Lord Jesus Christ or any of His apostles laying down any particular system of government for the management of His Church. The general principles are supplied. The details are left to be modified according to the exigencies of the places and times in which the Church exists.

'I do not think that the polity of the Methodist New Connexion has yet attained perfection, but I believe that it contains provisions for that attainment of which few other Denominations of the Christian Church are yet in possession.'

CHAPTER III.

HIS LABOURS IN LONDON, 1852-4.

Mr Maughan's next appointment, 1852, was London. Our cause in the metropolis was at that time very limited and low. We had but two chapels,—Brunswick, in Dover-street, a small one in Watney-street in the East, and a few friends in the north of the metropolis; in all only 117 members. Brunswick Chapel was dingy and much in need of cleansing and repairing, both inside and out, and the congregation was extremely small. Great as the discouragements were, Mr Maughan did not fold his hands in indolence, or sit down in despair, but resolved to grapple with every difficulty, and do his utmost to raise the Circuit to prosperity. One day, on surveying the chapel, he exclaimed, 'We will have that chapel renovated, and by the help of God the Church doubled in number.' Some incredulously smiled at the utterance; but Mr Maughan set to work. He obtained estimates, and ascertained that about £180 would be required for repairing and painting the chapel; and at once he employed the workmen, and made himself responsible for the whole amount. The friends, however, liberally subscribed, and the whole was paid.

The house of God being renovated and made comfortable within and attractive without, the next desideratum was to fill it with people. To this end Mr Maughan sought to arouse the multitudes of careless inhabitants around the place, by issuing a plain, pointed, and earnest address, to which he headed, in large letters, the following title,—'FOUR FACTS, THREE QUESTIONS, AND AN INVITATION.

'Dear friend, there are four solemn, startling facts before you—*Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.*

'Are you aware that if you neglect the salvation of your precious soul you must be judged, and be for ever condemned by Almighty God?

'*How do you spend your Sabbaths?* Do you attend the house of God? Nothing can be more important than that you should at once make your peace with God, and be prepared for heaven.

'If you have not done this already, the friends and ministers of Brunswick Chapel, in Great Dover-street, will rejoice to see you every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and evening at six, where you will hear words whereby you may be saved.

'Come with us, and we will do you good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning you.'

He had 1000 copies of this circular printed and distributed. At the same time he formed what he called a 'vigilant committee,' consisting of about eight friends whose special work was to attend to strangers, and put them into seats, lend them hymn-books, and speak a kind word of invitation. This committee were also to note any seat-holders who might be absent, to look them up by personal visitation, and exert themselves in every prudent way to increase the congregation, and induce serious persons to become decided for God. He also organized a Tract Society, in order both to find suitable work for the people and bring strangers to the house of God.

By these means Mr Maughan both encouraged and roused the friends; they rallied around him, worked vigorously and gave liberally. The congregation was increased; the Church, as if inspired with new life, put forth augmented energy, and increased in number and efficiency.

Our few worthy friends in the North of London, at great expense, and for 20 years had rented successively two or three chapels and as many rooms without success, and at this period they were reduced to about 12 persons, and had no place at all in which to worship God; in fact, they had lost hope, and were just kept from extinction as a society by meeting occasionally in the house of one of our friends. It is hardly possible to conceive a case more hopeless, and any ordinary mind would have given up the cause in utter despair. Mr Maughan, however, knew nothing of despondency, but he knew well how to rally the hopes of others. He resolved in the name of God to give up no cause, however low, but tax his utmost resources of ingenuity, influence, and labour, to breathe new life into this dying Church, and to follow that effort by the erection of a suitable chapel in the North of London. Happily for us, one among the

12 members was a man of considerable wealth, and his liberality was equal to his means. Mr Richard Barford was his name. He loved the Connexion, and was willing to do anything to sustain the feeble cause so long as there was the least hope; but he, like the rest, had almost sunk into chronic despair. Mr Maughan's frequent visits, abundant labours, and earnest spirit revived the expiring hopes of our friend, and he promised the sum of £500 for a new chapel. This generous benefaction stimulated the liberality of others, especially one friend whose generosity was greater than his ability, and who now became treasurer to the new chapel fund, and supplied the means for payments as they were required. To economize as much as possible, the services of a professional architect were dispensed with, the plans were furnished gratuitously or at the lowest cost, by Mr M'Landsbro' of Otley; Mr Lorden, one of our friends, superintended the building at little expense; our long-tried and valued friend Mr Webber gave his judgment and help in every extremity, and Mr Maughan himself acted as clerk of the works. This entailed numerous journeys and immense labour on Mr Maughan; and what with begging, visiting, advising, corresponding, superintending, and discharging the ordinary duties of the Circuit, he got through the work of at least two ordinary men. But he had at that time an excellent constitution, with great elasticity and energy of mind; and he saw the building rise from its foundation to its summit, and the desire of his heart was accomplished. The Britannia Fields Chapel is a monument at this day of his courage, enterprise,

and zeal; and though the Church itself has passed through great vicissitudes and trials, yet many precious souls have been saved within its sacred walls.

It is gratifying to state that since then in London seven other chapels have been built, and three others have been purchased. One worthy friend, Mr E. H. Rabbits, gave £200 annually to the building of chapels, for eight years successively, Mr Love of Durham did the same, and other friends according to their means. So that this day, instead of two chapels, we have thirteen. Yet our cause in London is by no means satisfactory. There is, in fact, reason for profound humiliation. What we need just now in London is a pentecostal shower of Divine influence, so that our Churches may be more spiritual and our chapels crowded with hearers.

Mr Maughan, amid all his engagements in London, had hitherto no ministerial colleagues. But he thought it was high time to supply himself with one of his own choice. He did so by taking to himself a wife who in no small degree lightened his cares and sweetened his duties, and added to his enjoyments. This interesting event took place March 8, 1854, towards the close of his second year in London. His bride was Miss Catherine Moss, a granddaughter of Mr Isaac Moss of Stockport, who was with our Denomination at its origin, in 1797, and died in its fellowship. This lady was in all respects suitable for Mr Maughan: belonging to the Connexion by birth and education, she was thoroughly interested in its welfare; devout and pious, she enjoyed its ordinances and sympathized with its spiritual prosperity; zealous and active, she laboured with all her might to promote its advancement; and full of tender affection for her husband, she made his home happy, and entered heartily into all his self-denying and laborious efforts to do good. In fact, the usefulness of Mr Maughan's life was greatly increased by his excellent and devoted wife.

Mr Maughan left London after labouring two years, the numbers at Brunswick being nearly doubled, the chapel beautified, Britannia Chapel erected, and the Circuit generally greatly invigorated. He was fervently loved by all the people, and on leaving the Circuit he was presented with a tangible expression of their gratitude and esteem. Moreover, he made many lasting friends, and his name is as fragrant odour to those who knew him.

CHAPTER IV.

MR MAUGHAN LABOURS IN LEEDS AND DUDLEY, 1854—1858.

Mr Maughan's appointment at the Conference of 1854 was Leeds. A good report had gone before him, and he was heartily welcomed by the people. On arriving at Hunslet, where he resided, he and his good wife were met by Mr Crampton, who took them to his own house, and bid them welcome at all times to his hospitality. Mr and Mrs Crampton breathed one spirit: they were both zealously attached to the cause, and proved their zeal by abundant labours and liberal contributions. They had a chair which they called the preacher's seat, and Mr Crampton used to say, in his own homely and warm-hearted manner, 'When I became God's servant I opened my heart, my house, and my purse to the preachers.' In this, however, he was not alone. There are many others of the same spirit; in fact, Leeds has always been noted for its hospitality. We could mention some honourable names, but prudence forbids.

The colleagues of Mr Maughan were the Revds. James Henshaw, his former superintendent, and W.

N. Hall, two faithful and devoted men, the former just called to his reward, the latter labouring with distinguished zeal as a missionary in China. Mr Maughan worked with these brethren in perfect harmony, and their conjoint labours were owned of God.

It was at this time the spacious and eligible site was purchased for the erection of a noble chapel in Woodhouse Lane, which stands there as a monument of the liberality of our friends. And during the second year of his ministry another gratifying movement was originated and carried into effect, chiefly through the energy and liberality of Sunday-school teachers, namely, the erection of a commodious Sunday school-room at Ventnor-street. The Leeds friends have done a great work within the last 20 years in the erection of chapels and schools, and their benevolent deeds are still continued from year to year. Woodhouse Lane, Hunslett, Dewsbury road, Hunslett Carr, &c., are monuments of their generosity. A little more Methodistic fire, however, is needed to give full effect to their liberality.

Mr Maughan could never be content with the ordinary routine of duty. Labour was his element and delight, and if he could find a spare evening or an unoccupied hour, he was sure to invent some extra work to fill it up. Therefore, in addition to his regular Circuit work, he formed a class of 70 young men for their mental improvement, and this perhaps was the beginning of those special efforts he afterwards put forth in every Circuit for the advancement of young men in scientific as well as in theological knowledge. He zealously took up also the temperance cause, and promoted the organization of a Young Men's Temperance Society; he espoused the principle of the Main Law, and vigorously advocated the adoption of that law, both by public addresses and by an earnest and powerful appeal to the men and women of Leeds, 10,000 copies of which were printed and put into circulation at the public expense. A copy of this address lies before me, and it contains some startling facts as to the baneful effects of intemperance, and solemnly calls upon old and young, rich and poor, to unite in one great effort to crush the many-headed hydra, and deliver the country from the curse of drunkenness.

While Mr and Mrs Maughan were in Leeds the first visitation of domestic sorrow came upon them. Death entered their humble dwelling, and removed their first-born son from their embrace. This bereavement occurred while Mr Maughan was in London conducting the anniversary services of one of our chapels. The telegram conveying the sad intelligence was placed in his hand during the public meeting; but true to his duty, he remained to deliver his expected address, and having fulfilled all his engagements, he hastened to the railway-station and travelled all night, to be with his sorrowing partner as soon as possible, and prepare for the mournful duty of conveying their first-born to the silent tomb.

Mr and Mrs Maughan experienced much kindness in the Leeds Circuit, made many valuable friends, and left that sphere of labour with many pleasing memories.

The next appointment of Mr Maughan was the

Dudley Circuit, where he remained three years. We have but few details respecting his labours in this large Circuit, but we know that the ordinary work of the Circuit was hard, embracing three services on the Lord's day and occupying almost every week-night, either in ordinary duties or special meetings. Yet Mr Maughan found time for extra labours in the cause of temperance and philanthropy. He organized a Band of Hope Society for the Sunday scholars, and held fortnightly meetings, when he delivered addresses; and when the cause of temperance was opposed he defended it both on the platform and through the press. In addition to these duties he delivered lectures to the young men of Dudley on scientific subjects. But in all these extra efforts he aimed at higher objects than the mere intellectual and moral improvement of men; he sought thereby to convey spiritual truths, to win young men to Christ and his Church.

While labouring in Dudley a telegram came from Mr Maughan's mother announcing the serious illness of her husband, whom he always honoured with filial affection as his father. He hastened to the spot in time to console him in his dying moments, and after interring the body in his own child's grave at Leeds, he took his dear mother to his own home, and he and his excellent wife were her solace and support in her second widowhood, until Providence called them to a distant sphere.

During the last 12 months of his labours in the Dudley Circuit an effort was set on foot to erect a large Sunday-school in connexion with Wesley Chapel. He united heartily with his ministerial brethren and the committee in this important object, being determined to do his part to make the effort a success. A bazaar was held, when live animals as well as manufactured goods were sold, large subscriptions were also obtained, and the effort was a great success. The school was not erected during Mr Maughan's stay in Dudley, but subsequently, when the Rev. W. Baggaly was superintendent of the Circuit. It is a fine building, and on a scale of magnitude in full proportion to the requirements of the Church and the population of the neighbourhood.

Our Dudley friends, not weary in their work of benevolence, began a year afterwards another effort for the enlargement of Wesley Chapel, at an expense of £2000. This, also, they have accomplished without leaving one penny of augmentation to the debt; and the old debt itself they intend shortly to lessen or extinguish by another special effort. Many other chapels in that large Circuit have been erected, facts which evince a connexional spirit, and higher still—love to Christ and the souls of men.

Mr Maughan left Dudley with the satisfaction of seeing improvements not only in the material interests of the Circuit, but an increase of 35 members, results due of course to the labours of his colleagues and others as well as those performed by himself.

CHAPTER V.

MR MAUGHAN'S LABOURS IN BRISTOL, 1859—1862.

Mr Maughan's next sphere of labour (in 1859) was the important and flourishing town of Bristol; and in this appointment there was an incident which indicates the interposition of Providence. Towards the close of his third year in Dudley Mrs Maughan's health had seriously declined, and her medical attendant advised her removal to a warmer climate, as necessary to her restoration, and recommended an appointment to Bristol on the arrival of the ensuing Conference. 'No,' said Mr Maughan, 'I cannot ask for that; for I remember the Missionary Committee, or at least some of its members, once requested me to go to Bristol, and I refused; and I could not request an appointment there now merely on account of my wife's health.' This conversation transpired on the Thursday evening, and, strange to say, on the following morning there came a letter from the Missionary Committee soliciting him to serve Bristol at the next Conference. He heard the voice of God in the call, and at once consented to obey.

Mr Maughan had been preceded in Bristol by a minister of great energy, and much beloved by the people, and it required no small degree of diligence to maintain the prosperity which had been realized. The chapel was a large and handsome building, but situated in a retired place, and when half filled the congregation was reckoned good. The members were 120, with four on probation.

While Mr Maughan heartily rejoiced in the popularity and usefulness of his worthy predecessor, he determined to do his utmost both to enlarge the congregation and increase the membership of the Church. Here was a spacious chapel and a people mostly poor but willing to work. He at once resolved to begin and continue a series of special means to make an impression on the population, and attract the negligent and the careless to the house of God.

He wrote and printed the following arousing circular, and scattered it widely among the people.

'HOW LONG HALT YE?

'My Dear Friend,

'If there be a God who at this moment offers you His MERCY, whose angel reporter marks down every MOVEMENT of your life; and who will one day either lift you up to HEAVEN or thrust you down to HELL, why should you HALT between TWO opinions?

'If there be a THRONE OF JUDGMENT, where the quick and dead will be congregated; where the books will be opened; where all hearts will be revealed; where all destinies will be determined; where the good will be separated from the bad; the chaff from the wheat; where God will meet you either with a welcome smile, or a repulsive frown; and where waiting angels will either convey your spirit to everlasting blessedness, or devils drag you down to everlasting misery, WHY should you HALT between two OPINIONS?

'If there be a HEAVEN OF LOVE, where all the great and good are congregated; where Christ lives, and happy angels dwell; where sorrow and pain have been excluded; where every wish is anticipated, and every hope realized; where there are songs that are ever sung, and robes that are ever pure, and palms that are ever green, and crowns that are ever bright, and trees that ever bloom, and fountains that ever flow, and joys that are never exhausted, and rivers that are never dry; where many of your loved ones have already gone; and where you too may ultimately get safely landed, why should you CONTINUE to halt between two opinions?

'If there be a PLACE OF FUTURE MISERY, where the light of heaven will be excluded; where the FIRE of hell will ever BURN; where the SMOKE of torment will ever RISE; where the WORM of anguish will ever GNAW; where the CHAIN of bondage will ever RANKLE; where the STORM of wrath will ever RAGE; where the LIGHTNING of indignation will ever FLASH; where the THUNDER of retribution will ever ROAR; where the SERPENT of deceit will ever HISS; and where you may have to curse, and howl, and weep, and gnash your teeth, through the limitlessness of eternity, oh WHY should you STILL halt between two opinions?

'If there be NO real permanent PEACE to the wicked; if a guilty conscience be the greatest burden under heaven, WHY HALT YE ANY LONGER?

'A God of BOUNDLESS MERCY calls upon you to decide. Fleeting time calls upon you to DECIDE. Unending eternity calls upon you to DECIDE. The interests of your own undying spirit call upon you to DECIDE. The voices of your glorified ones in heaven call upon you to DECIDE. The muffled groans of the lost from the burning pit call upon you to DECIDE. DECIDE NOW, and PEACE, and JOY, and HEAVEN are yours. REFUSE NOW, and devils will LAUGH at your MADNESS, and hell will EXULT in your RUIN.

'If you do not attend any place of Worship, come to CASTLE GREEN METHODIST NEW CONNEXION CHAPEL NEXT SUNDAY EVENING, where you will hear something that will do your soul GOOD.

'I am yours affectionately,
'J. MAUGHAN.'

In this address we perceive the earnestness of his spirit and his intense anxiety to save the souls of the people. He did not desire merely to increase his congregation, but to save immortal souls. Not content, however, with this measure, he adopted the plan of arranging and announcing by placard a series of Sunday evening sermons and lectures, selecting such topics as would strike the attention of the careless, and render passing occurrences and events the means of conveying spiritual truths to the understanding, and of working conviction into the hearts of the people. Storms, shipwrecks, fires, the appearance of a comet, the death of a great personage, &c., formed the theme of numerous discourses. Indeed, no public event transpired while he was in Bristol which he did not improve, and make the occasion of some appeal to the hearts of the people.

A number of the placards and bills announcing the diversified topics of his Sunday evening lectures are now before me, and they remind me of the quaint titles which some of the old Puritans used to affix to their books. There is a good deal that is as grotesque as Bunyan's witty symbols and antitheses, and some persons with a refined sense of propriety might perhaps take exception to several topics as too grotesque for the pulpit and the Sabbath. But, in forming a correct judgment, we must remember that his aim was to arrest the thoughtless masses, and his custom was to make every theme a medium of conveying and impressing spiritual truth. Assuredly this was infinitely better than sitting down at his ease, passing through his time comfortably, and allowing the cause of God to take its chance. Mr Maughan could not do this. He must do all that was possible to arouse the people, and save their souls, and if the ordinary means were not successful he must employ the extraordinary, and at any cost of time and labour do all the good in his power.

We give a specimen of the manner in which he was wont to discourse on special topics. The year 1860 was a time of deep and general distress arising from a severe and protracted winter, followed by a scanty harvest, and the high price of food. Mr Maughan improved this calamity by a sermon on 'Cheap food, and how to get it,' taking for his text 'There is corn in Egypt,' Genesis xlii. 2. I select my quotation from a report of the sermon in the 'Bristol Daily Post.' Mr Maughan said, '"Cheap Food, and how to get it," was a subject of such immense importance to the great majority of the people of the present day, that he was quite sure he had no need to offer any apology for introducing it to their attention. To his mind it was far more important for the minister of Christ to preach upon subjects of popular and immediate interest, to bring the doctrines of the grace of God to bear upon them, and to turn them to a moral and spiritual account, than it was for him to be continually losing sight of the present, and to be content with bringing the interest of the past to bear upon the destiny of the future. When the Great Model Teacher went among the villages of Palestine He continually made the passing incidents of the hour the basis of His sermons. When, then, he attempted to follow in the footsteps of their Great Exemplar, by seizing on the topics of popular interest, in order to turn them to present and spiritual account, he thought he could not be very far departing from the path of duty. There were very few persons who did not know, and that by painful experience, that this life was a continual struggle, and that, hard as life's struggle was, it had become, especially with the poor, a great deal harder during the past few months than it had been for some time before. It was well known that last winter was one of the longest and severest there had been for a considerable number of years before. Now, that, for many reasons, was a circumstance bad enough in itself, but, unfortunately, they almost invariably found that misfortunes never came singly. After the last long, cold winter, they had a very wet and late spring. As the result of that late spring they had a scanty vegetation; as the result of scanty vegetation they had a scarcity of food; as the result of scarcity of food they had a rise in the price of provisions; as the result of a rise in the price of provisions they had distress and suffering among the poor; and as the result of that distress and suffering they had a very large amount of murmuring and complaining in the streets. The question, then, as to the cause of the high price of provisions had become one of the great social problems of the present day.'

After disposing of some complaints unjustly made against farmers and others, he went on to show that if people would abstain from consuming and farmers from growing what was deleterious to the health and morals of the community, the land would produce plenty of wholesome and cheap provisions for all. This, though intended for the temporal good of the people, was but the introduction of higher truths for their spiritual and eternal good. For, as the reporter of the sermon says, 'Having spoken of the material, he would next direct their attention to the historical and spiritual portion of the subject. The rev. gentleman proceeded to enlarge on the famine in Egypt, showing how that famine has its counterpart in man's spiritual condition. He then proceeded to enlarge on God's merciful provision for the wants of Israel, showing how that provision finds its counterpart in the gospel of Christ. He showed on what easy terms the blessings of the gospel might be obtained, and earnestly urged an immediate application to the storehouse of the gospel. He was attentively listened to throughout.'[1]

In the spring of 1861 there was a terrible fire, attended with loss of life, occasioned by an explosion of naphtha in Castle-green, near to the chapel. Mr Maughan improved this calamity by a suitable discourse, which he announced under the title of 'Lessons from the late fatal and calamitous fire,' and appealing to public sympathy he made a collection on behalf of the bereaved family.

'There was a large and attentive congregation. The rev. gentleman took his text from the 1st chapter of the Book of Job, and the 19th verse—"Behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead."

'The preacher, after adverting to the adversities of Job and his dependence upon God, whom he knew was wiser than himself, and knew better than he did what was promotive of his welfare, he proceeded to refer to the painful catastrophe which had happened at their very doors. He did not believe that all such things were pre-ordained, but he believed that they were benevolently overruled by God for the common good of all His creatures. God intended that they should learn wisdom even from the accident and calamity of fire. After detailing the incidents of the catastrophe, he said that the exploding naphtha was the voice of God speaking to every inhabitant, old and young, in Bristol, and to every unconverted and godless man and woman in the world, the language used being, "There is but a step between thee and death, therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." In that mass of charcoal, the remains of the poor man which had been recovered from the ruins, was also the voice of God exclaiming, "Blessed, thrice blessed, are they who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." The blackened ruins spoke out to every one of them that night, "Set not your affections on this earth, but set them on things above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." There were, he said, two or three special lessons which they ought to learn from that fatal and calamitous event. In the first place they should learn never to despise trifling incidents, because it often happened that the most fearful results depended on little things, and it was never more strongly or painfully exemplified than in the late destructive fire, of which he was speaking, which had resulted in the destruction of one human life, and nearly £20,000 worth of property, through the trifling incident of there being a small leak in the cistern. Another lesson they should learn from that disaster was, to be ever ready for eternity, seeing that there was not a moment of their lives in which they were not exposed to danger. He thanked God that there was reason to believe that their departed brother—he called him brother, for although he was an entire stranger to him, they had one common Father—and the good man had habitually lived so as to be ready whenever it should please God to call him into eternity.

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[1] The *Bristol Daily Post.*

'In conclusion, the rev. gentleman made an eloquent and pathetic appeal on behalf of the widow and family of the deceased man Board, who had been left in an utterly helpless and dependent position. A collection was afterwards made in their behalf, which amounted to £6.'[1]

June in the same year was rendered memorable also by the appearance of the great comet. It was first seen by Mr Tebbutt at Sydney, in Australia, on the 13th of May; by Mr Goldschmidt and others in France and England, on the 29th and 30th of June. The nucleus was about 400 miles in diameter, with a long brush-like tail, travelling at the rate of ten million of miles in 24 hours. On the 20th of June it was suggested that we were in the tail of the comet, there being a phosphorescent auroral glare. Mr Maughan improved the occasion of this visitor to our earth's orbit by delivering a discourse on 'The Comet a Religious Teacher.'

'There was a large attendance. He selected for his text Psalm viii. 3, 4, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the Son of man, that Thou visitest him?" After some preliminary observations, the lecturer said he proposed, in the first place, to contemplate the heavens, and, in the second place, to consider the great religious lessons the heavens were calculated to teach them. It was just 17 days since the cry was heard throughout our land of "a comet! a comet!" and immediately thousands of eyes were turned in the direction of the illustrious stranger. The question at once arose, "What are comets?" and teachers, preachers, and newspaper editors began to talk about comets, and the consequence was that thousands of people who never before had been led to study the character of the heavens had their attention drawn thereto, and from the contemplations of the heavens they were led to study the character of God. The comet was a great religious teacher, and it would prove no ineffective teacher if it led them, as it led David, to the contemplation of the heavens. He then went on to describe the amazing distances, revolutions, velocities, &c., of the planetary worlds, and then came the question of "What is a comet?" Describing the comets of 1811, 1858, and the present one, and after giving the generally received opinions as to the constituent elements of comets, and dilating upon the immensity of space, and the wisdom and power of the Almighty, he said well might the Lord be called the Lord God Omnipotent. Let them now consider the lesson that these planets, stars, and comets taught them. Truly, when they looked at the comet and the other heavenly bodies they were reminded of man's utter insignificance, and the overwhelming power and wisdom of God. What was man? A guilty, ungrateful wretch—ungrateful to God to the last degree for mercies heaped upon his head. God, who was a Being of infinite wisdom, boundless benevolence, and almighty power, had revealed Himself in His Book, which was a necessary supplement to the great volume of Nature, as a God of mercy, and had sent His Son into the world to save rebellious man. He concluded a very forcible and interesting lecture, by calling upon all, young and old, rich and poor, to repent now and turn to the Lord, so should they be adopted into His family and made His children for evermore.'[1]

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[1] The *Bristol Daily Post.*

The people of this generation have a vivid recollection of the excitement, which might almost be called a panic, produced about ten or a dozen years ago, by the armaments and threatening attitude of France. It was seriously apprehended that a descent on England was contemplated. Such patriotic men as Cobden and Bright employed their powerful eloquence to allay the fears of the nation, and induce the government to maintain a peaceful attitude, and cease to augment the national expenditure by unnecessary preparations for war. But the national apprehension excited by the war party operated so far as to cause great and expensive preparations, and originated numerous regiments of volunteers. Mr Maughan was an advocate of peace as well as a promoter of temperance and a preacher of the gospel, and he saw, moreover, various social evils growing out of the system of volunteers. A great sham fight had taken place about that time, and he felt it his duty as a minister of Christ's peace-proclaiming gospel to raise his voice against such proceedings. He therefore announced his intention to deliver, on the 30th June, a sermon unfolding ten objections to sham fights and volunteer reviews.

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[1] The *Bristol Daily Post.*

'The congregation was large, and his discourse impressive. His text was John xviii. 36, "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight." Having enlarged somewhat upon the text, and shown it to be the duty of the Christian minister to bring the doctrines and precepts of Christianity to bear upon the duties of every-day life, the preacher went on to remark that he had not a word to say against that noble-hearted and patriotic band of men who came forward at the cry of danger to form themselves into one of the bulwarks of our land. But he had something to say against the folly and wickedness of fighting, and also against sham fights and volunteer reviews. He then stated his ten objections to them as follows:—First, they were unnecessary; secondly, they were entirely contrary to the spirit and precepts of the gospel; thirdly, they were not in harmony with the practices of the early Christians; fourthly, they caused a great waste of precious time; fifthly, they caused a great waste of public and private money; sixthly, they occasioned an unnecessary risk of human life; seventhly, they engendered a spirit of haughtiness and national defiance; eighthly, they were productive of political and international animosities; ninthly, they contributed to the injury of the public morals; and lastly, they had a tendency to lead men's minds away from the great object for which they were sent into the world. On the last point he said he did not object to men fighting, if they fought with right weapons. It appeared to him to be folly for persons to be preparing against enemies which were never coming, and to anticipate evils which were never likely to arise. If they wanted to fight, let them fight against the evils of infidelity, ignorance, intemperance, sensuality, and other soul-destroying agencies which were slaying their thousands yearly; if they wished to be soldiers, let them become soldiers of Christ and ally themselves with the great and good men who were attempting to sweep the land of the great evils under which it groaned. Let them remember that God had sent them into the world to do all the good they could; let them therefore be valiant for God, and when they left the world they would have the approbation of their Divine Master.'[1]

This lecture brought upon him the odium of some, who in the public papers denounced him as a Pharisee, as egotistical, and as uttering Pontifical anathemas. Mr Maughan wisely abstained personally from the newspaper controversy; but others, both in and out of his own Denomination, came forward to his defence, and in defence too of the peaceful principles he advocated, which are doubtless the principles of genuine Christianity.

In addition to the Sunday evening lectures, Mr Maughan delivered another series on the week nights, continuing them successively for four nights on the same week, as the following programme indicates. Sunday evening, Jan. 13, 'A struggle for life;' Monday, Jan. 14, 'The effects of the frost;' Tuesday, Jan.

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[1] The *Bristol Daily Post.*

15, 'Problems in arithmetic;' Wednesday, Jan. 16, 'The rival candidates;' Thursday, Jan. 17, 'The tears and joys of angels;' Friday, Jan. 18, 'A fellowship meeting.'

In addition to these efforts he delivered 120 week-night lectures on the first chapter of Genesis, taking occasion to illustrate the Mosaic narrative by geology, astronomy, and the numerous vegetable and animal remains found in the strata of the earth. These several engagements would average one lecture nearly every week during the whole time he laboured in Bristol; and that his week-night should not interfere with the ordinary services, which commenced at seven, he began his lectures at eight o'clock p. m., so that he would often have two services on the same night. These 120 lectures were mainly of a scientific character, embracing questions on geology, astronomy, optics, physiology, and chemistry; they were delivered in a popular and familiar style, and were rendered attractive and instructive by numerous diagrams and experiments.

In connexion with these labours he formed a society for the special instruction of young men, in which he had two classes, one for theology and the other for science, the two consisting of about 100 members.

In the midst of these numerous duties he kept up the spiritual means of grace. Class-meetings, prayer-meetings, and fellowship-meetings were held for cherishing the spiritual life of the Church, and he personally watched over the religious welfare of his members with the diligence and fidelity of a shepherd, and the affection and sympathy of a father.

It is a matter of wonder as to how Mr Maughan could find time for such diversified and numerous engagements. But his constitution was hardy and vigorous, his health excellent and uninterrupted, and his application intense. Moreover, he had a remarkable power of endurance, and could do with less sleep than most men. I know that when he laboured in London he seldom retired to rest until beyond midnight, often, indeed, sitting up until the small hours of the morning had passed; and yet he was usually in his study as early as most men. I used to wonder when the good man got his sleep, or whether he had the power of largely dispensing with that repose which other men require. In the power of wakefulness he most resembled the indefatigable Baxter of any man I ever knew; and in some of his excesses he surpassed him. I find among his papers a memorandum penned by his devoted wife, stating that when preparing for two special anniversary sermons in Bristol, he sat in his study the whole week. 'From Thursday morning he continued at his desk until Sunday morning, when he washed, dressed, and went to preach. He just slept, perhaps, an hour and a half in his study during the three nights. I sat up most of the nights to get tea for him to keep him awake.' This is not to be commended; it must be denounced as presumption, a trespass upon Providence; and the wonder is that the effort did not bring on paralysis, or softening of the brain, or some other fatal malady. Let this part of Mr Maughan's conduct not be followed, but shunned, as highly injudicious and dangerous.

We scarcely need say that the labours of Mr

Maughan yielded some gratifying results. The congregation was much increased, the chapel being sometimes crowded; the number of members was increased to 166, with 12 probationers, and the financial condition of the Church was so far improved that the next Conference was requested to raise Bristol from the list of Mission Stations to the position and privileges of a regular Circuit. This step, we think, was premature, as the cause still needed more consolidation and strength.

During the latter part of the third year of Mr Maughan's labours in Bristol the Missionary Committee, acting under the authority of the Conference, resolved upon sending a missionary to Australia. The subject had long been under consideration, and calls for help had often been sent from that distant country. Mr Maughan was requested to become the pioneer missionary, and without conferring with flesh and blood he at once consented.

May 24th was fixed for Mr Maughan's departure, and on May 11th public services of solemn dedication to the great enterprise were held in our own chapel at Bristol, the Rev. H. O. Crofts, D.D., preached on Sunday morning, and William Cooke, D.D., in the evening of the same day.

On the following day, Monday, 12th, the dedicatory services were resumed. In the afternoon 500 persons sat down to tea, and in the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel. Mr James Phillips presided, and besides the two ministers already named, the Rev. J. Hudston and ministers of the town took part in the proceedings. It was a solemn and impressive occasion. Before the close of the meeting Mr Brason, on behalf of the young men's scientific class, and Mr Ellis, on behalf of the theological class, presented to Mr Maughan a number of very valuable philosophical instruments and apparatus in token of their high esteem, and of their grateful appreciation of the services he had rendered them in their various studies during the three years of his ministry.

Our brother spent the next Sabbath in Bristol, where he preached twice, in the evening delivering a valedictory discourse to his sorrowing people. In six days more he was on board the good ship 'Blanche Moore,' leaving Liverpool for the distant sphere of his labours.[1] Writing to the Rev. Dr Stacey, then the general secretary of our Mission, just as the vessel was leaving the river Mersey, he says, 'We are now fairly under weigh. I have just taken a last look of the shores of the Mersey, and expect to see very little more of land for the next three months. Last Monday, as you know, we held our Dedicatory Services and our farewell Tea Meeting. I trust those services will prove as permanently beneficial as they were immediately interesting. Sunday last I preached my farewell sermons to as kind a people as it was ever my lot to labour amongst. On Tuesday I had the painful task of repeating to them all at the Railway Station that terrible word Adieu. On Thursday we got all our heavy luggage on board, and this morning at three o'clock we started for a sail of 15,000 miles. I am very much obliged to you for all your kind and encouraging letters, and sincerely trust that your confidence and that of the Conference will prove not to have been misplaced. . . . We are all in capital heart. We have faith in God and in the Connexion. We held a little Prayer Meeting last night in the back part of the saloon; Mr Jackman and Mr Walker, two of our members from Bristol who accompany us, beside the steward and stewardess, with Mrs Maughan and our servant, being present. The steerage passengers were fiddling and dancing at the same time. They had the larger gathering, but I have no hesitation in saying that we had the happier meeting.' A brief note written off Cape Clear to the author, concludes with 'Good-bye, God bless you. I hope you will have a happy Conference. I shall be present with you in spirit, at least at the Missionary Meeting.'

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[1] His early friend Mr H. Atherton and other friends accompanied him to the ship to bid him farewell, and express their fervent wishes for his safety, usefulness, and happiness in the distant land for which he was destined.

CHAPTER VI.

VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA, AND COMMENCEMENT OF HIS MISSION, 1862-3.

Mr Maughan is now on the mighty deep, and we hear no more of him for several months. Mrs Maughan was extremely ill at sea, scarcely able to raise her head, and continued in this state nearly all the voyage. One day when beating about Cork in a heavy sea, Mr Maughan playfully asked her whether he should put her on shore in a fishing-boat. 'No,' replied the noble woman, 'I am suffering in God's cause, and will die and go to heaven rather than go back.' That is the true missionary spirit, giving up all for Christ!

Mr Maughan was almost as busy on sea as he had been on land. There were 493 souls on board, and our brother could not move amongst them without endeavouring to do them good. We have seen that he commenced a prayer-meeting in the ship before starting, and on the next day, the Sabbath, he held public worship, himself the preacher. There was a large attendance; and this service he repeated every Sabbath, when weather permitted, during the whole voyage. He formed also a Bible class, held each Sabbath afternoon; or, if the weather was unfavourable on the Sabbath, he took a week-night for that useful meeting. He also delivered a lecture to the passengers on the poop of the ship on Wednesday, the 14th of June. His theme was 'Social habits, and the law of consequences,' a most appropriate subject for emigrants, as 'the object of the lecture was to show that every man is to a great extent what he makes himself; and that a man's social habits are the key to his elevation or degradation. Let a man be sober, intelligent, and industrious, and nothing can hinder him from rising; but if he be ignorant, thriftless, and intemperate, nothing can prevent his fall.' The lecture was illustrated with appropriate and telling anecdotes, and listened to with great attention. Shortly afterwards a deputation waited upon Mr Maughan to request another lecture on some topic of interest at his earliest convenience. He cheerfully complied by lecturing on 'The way to succeed.' How many more such he delivered during the voyage we cannot state. Certainly they were the right topics to do good to people just entering a new country and engaging in a new and untried course of life. As another means of interesting the passengers Mr Maughan started and conducted a manuscript newspaper, to report everything of interest that might occur each day on board, to note the progress of the ship, to describe any place of importance they might pass, and to afford a medium of friendly intercourse during the voyage. This was a source of innocent entertainment, and while interesting and instructing the passengers it increased his influence for good.

How far Divine and saving impressions were made upon the minds of the passengers generally we cannot tell; but there was one instance of salvation. A man being afflicted with typhoid fever, and not able to attend preaching, heard the gospel through the boarding which divided the hospital from the saloon, and the word was applied by the Holy Spirit to his heart. He sent for Mr Maughan, who visited him, directed him to Christ, and united with him in prayer for salvation. The man found peace with God, and died in the faith. Thus God affixed His own seal upon our brother's mission before he arrived at the field of labour.

The varied services of Mr Maughan as chaplain, lecturer, teacher, and friend to the passengers could not but be gratefully appreciated by them; and to give expression to their feeling, a number of them on landing met together at Tankard's Temperance Hotel for the purpose of presenting to him a testimonial. A deputation was appointed to wait upon him with a suitable address and a binocular telescope. Mr H. Ball, on behalf of the passengers, said, 'Sir, I have the honour and privilege of being deputed by the passengers of the "Blanche Moore" to present you with this small testimony of our appreciation of your ministerial services during so long a voyage.' The address presented reads thus:

'Rev. Sir, As, through the great mercy of God, we have now approached the termination of our voyage, we, the passengers, should not think it right to separate without expressing to you our deep obligation for the kind and generous manner in which you have acted as our chaplain since we left the shores of England.

'We feel very thankful that you were on board, or in all probability we should otherwise have been destitute of the services of public worship for the space of three months.

'We beg your acceptance of this achromatic binocular telescope, as a small tribute of our gratitude and esteem. We sincerely trust that your valuable life and that of your amiable partner may be long spared, and that great success may attend your mission to this colony. With fervent prayers that Almighty God may bless you and make you a blessing, we beg to subscribe ourselves yours, &c. &c.,

'THE PASSENGERS OF THE "BLANCHE MOORE."'

Mr Maughan, in his brief reply to this address, said, among other remarks, 'He thanked them for their kind appreciation of his services, and their handsome gift. He was glad that he had been in any way useful to them during the voyage. When he volunteered his services as a minister of religion it was from a pure desire to do good, and without the slightest idea of testimonial or reward of any kind.'

In this we believe Mr Maughan spoke the simple truth of his heart: no man cared less for human reward than he did. He did good because the active benevolence of his heart prompted him to do good; it was his element; he delighted in it, and the gratification of this feeling was itself his reward.

Mr Maughan landed at Melbourne on Monday, September 1, and having the address of Mr Dufrocq, he went in search of him. Walking in Swanston-street, he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and on turning round a gentleman said to him, 'You're a new chum.' 'How do you know that, sir?' 'Very well; and you are Mr Maughan, and I am Mr Dufrocq, whom you are seeking.' Dr Collenette of Guernsey had written to say that he was coming, and when the 'Blanche Moore' arrived Mr Dufrocq was expecting him. From Mr and Mrs D. they received much kindness, he giving just the counsel they needed as to the things for housekeeping which in England they did not require.

Mr Maughan found himself in a splendid city, but subject to terrific expenses. He could not get suitable lodgings under about £7 7*s.* a week besides £2 2*s.* for warehousing his luggage. He therefore rented a very small house, containing five small rooms, as a weekly tenant, worth about £14 a year in England, but for which he had to pay at the rate of £65, while a few articles of furniture cost about one half more than English prices. However, he extemporized his boxes for tables, and made shift with as little bought furniture as possible for the present.

In Melbourne he met with some old friends, and soon sought out others, who hailed his arrival; but before permanently fixing his tent he thought it desirable to visit several outlying townships, and obtain the fullest information for his guidance. He went, therefore, to Ballarat, which he found to be a large and flourishing settlement, with populous localities around it, utterly destitute of religious means. He went also to Gordon, about 15 miles from Ballarat, where there were 500 people, who had built a chapel 12 months ago, but could not get a minister of any kind, and several other places were similarly situated.

Adelaide, however, was the town to which many years before this time we had received a loud and earnest call from a number of our own people who had settled there. They had, indeed, formed themselves into a Church, in hope of a missionary being sent. In 1843 the Rev. Ralph Waller was actually appointed for Adelaide ; but a severe and protracted illness laid him aside, and no other suitable minister being found at the time, the mission had been suspended until now, much to the disappointment and grief of our faithful friends there. Mr Maughan, therefore, having reconnoitred the places around Melbourne, hastened to Adelaide, which was 500 miles distant. He put an advertisement in the newspaper that James Maughan, a New Connexion minister, was at the Temperance Hotel, and would be glad to communicate with New C. friends. The first call was from Dr Whittel, whom he had known in Birmingham. While the Doctor was reading the paper in the morning he said to Mrs Whittel, 'I wonder if that is our Mr Maughan ? I'll go and see.' Off he went, and when the cab stopped, and Mr Maughan appeared at the door, the Doctor jumped with surprise and pleasure. Mr Maughan went off immediately with Dr Whittel to his home, and ever since he found in the Doctor and his lady true and warm-hearted friends, and the Doctor rendered them medical service. 'I have heard him say,' says Mrs Maughan, '"I never took a penny from a minister yet."'

He, though a Congregationalist, attends professionally on the ministers of all Denominations, rendering his services free.

After this Mr Maughan found Mr Samuel Marshall, and went to stay with him. While talking to Mr Marshall he said, 'Didn't you come out in the "Orient"?' 'Yes, and you in the "Blanche Moore."' In crossing, the two ships, the 'Orient' and 'Blanche Moore,' were both becalmed, and a boat from each vessel was put off to visit the other. Mr Maughan had talked the most of the time with Mr Marshall perfectly unconscious that he was one of our old friends.

Mr Maughan found that near 20 years' delay had worked disastrously for our prospects of immediate success in Adelaide. Some friends had died, others had removed, some had become united with other Churches: even the remnant of the old Church was gone; and not only so, in the mean time the town had become tolerably well supplied with ministers and religious ordinances. Some worthy friends formerly connected with us in England gave Mr M. a most cordial greeting, but only a few of them were in a condition to assist him in the inauguration of a mission Church. He had now to decide between the rival claims of Melbourne, the rapidly-growing metropolis of Victoria, and Adelaide, the capital of South Australia. The latter was a beautiful town, but had a population of only 18,000. After taking the counsel of friends, and carefully considering the claims of outlying districts, Mr M. felt it a duty to open his Mission in Adelaide as a centre of further operations in the destitute places around, and with a conviction on his part that the Connexion would very soon send another man of energy to Melbourne, to make it a second centre of operations, embracing necessitous districts around that city; for he expected his efforts would be sustained by at least three or four other energetic missionaries. His purpose, no doubt, was influenced by the counsel of the Honourable Anthony Forster, who at one time had supplied our little expectant Church in Adelaide with his valuable ministrations. That gentleman said, 'You have kept away from these colonies until the capitals have become, at least for the present, well supplied with ministers; and yet it is essential for you to get into the capitals before you can do much good in the distant townships. What then are you to do? If you send us ordinary men, we don't need them; but there is a great lack of really able men in the colonies. Such men here can secure congregations, and meet with support, to whatever Denomination they may belong. If then the Connexion desires to take an immediate and influential position here, and to establish at once a self-supporting Mission, it must send us three or four of its very best rising men.'

Supposing that to be the purpose of the Denomination, Mr Maughan fixed his standard in Adelaide. A room was taken 'in one of the best thoroughfares of the city, though not in the most frequented part of it, capable of seating 250 persons.' The first services were held on the 21st of December, 1862, at both of which the congregations were good. January 5th a public tea-meeting was held, presided over by the Hon. A. Forster, M.L.C. This meeting was numerously attended, and was addressed by several ministers of the city, who came to give a Christian welcome to Mr Maughan and to the Community whose agent he was. Methodist ordinances and discipline were immediately instituted. 'Our little Church,' so writes our good brother, 'was formally inaugurated: twelve persons, all old members, gave their names; three of these members were of my own family, two of the family of our old friend Mr Marshall, two others from Halifax, and three from West Broomwich. Mr Marshall (formerly of Ambler Thorne) was appointed treasurer steward, and the following resolutions were passed:—1. That this meeting recognizes with thankfulness to Almighty God the safe arrival of the Rev. J. Maughan, with his family, among us, as a minister of the Methodist New Connexion. 2. That we who are now present resolve to form ourselves into a Methodist New Connexion Church, under the pastoral care of Mr Maughan, and solemnly pledge ourselves to assist him, to the utmost of our ability, to make this Church a blessing to this city and to this colony at large.'

Mr Maughan distinctly stated at this meeting that though commencing his labours in Adelaide, it was by no means his intention to confine his efforts to that town, but to get out other ministers and establish missions in other colonies. His mission was to Australasia, and he hoped there would not be wanting in him the desire and the effort to render the Mission a praise and a power in these southern climes.

In a subsequent letter Mr Maughan thus writes:—'We began with 12 members. Since that time we have been steadily increasing, so that now we number 28, and we hope by Conference we shall number at least 40 members. We have had several very interesting cases of conversion during the last few weeks. At the class, which meets at my house, from the want of a better place, we had an aged man seeking mercy last Monday week. He then got so much blessed that last week he brought his wife, who was also seeking the Saviour. On the same night we had another woman seeking salvation, and she has now brought her husband. All four have had their names inserted in the class-book, and though comparatively poor people, they insist on paying sixpence a week as class-money. Several other instances of almost a similar character might be recorded. God has already set the broad seal of His approbation on our Mission, and we have the prospect of soon having a flourishing Church.

'Having long felt the importance of garnering young men into our Churches, I resolved here to make special effort to enlist their sympathies and co-operation in organizing our infant cause. I announced a series of special lectures for young men as soon as 20 could be found to promise to attend. The number was soon made up, and for want of a better place I was obliged to begin the lectures in my own house. We can only have the Assembly Room for one evening in the week, and on that evening we have preaching service. What we shall do to-morrow evening I can scarcely tell. We have, however, secured a fine band of young men, whose co-operation will be of great service to me in the Church. I am already arranging to select ten or a dozen of them to form a

Church Vigilance Committee.' This letter is followed by a slip from the Adelaide *Register*, containing a report of Mr Maughan's first lecture to this society of young men, and the following programme of subjects for succeeding lectures to be delivered by him.

Feb. 19.—THE FALSITY OF ATHEISM; or, the Existence of God Proved to be in Harmony with True Philosophy.
„ 26.—THE UNREASONABLENESS OF DEISM; or, the Bible Proved to be of Divine Authority.
Mar. 5.—THE NON-ETERNITY OF MATTER; or, Nature's Testimony to the Origin of the Universe. —(Geological Testimonials will be exhibited.)
„ 12.—THE CHEMICAL ELEMENTS OF MATTER; or, the Materials Employed in the Creation of the World: With interesting Experiments.
„ 17.—INAUGURAL SOIREE; with Selections from Nature exhibited through the Oxyhydrogen Microscope.
„ 26.—THE NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF FRICTIONAL ELECTRICITY: With various Illustrations.
Apr. 2.—FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS OF FRICTIONAL ELECTRICITY.
„ 9.—THE NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY: With various Illustrations.
„ 16.—FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS OF VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY.
„ 23.—MISCELLANEOUS TOPICS.
„ 30.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE INDUCTION COIL: With interesting Experiments.

May 7.—FURTHER CALORIFIC AND LUMINOUS EXPERIMENTS WITH THE INDUCTION COIL.
,, 14.—THE NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF THERMO AND MAGNETO ELECTRICITY: With various Experiments.

Mr Maughan's lectures on philosophy and science, however, were not in any sense allowed to divert his mind from the spiritual objects of his Mission. They were but subservient thereto, as will appear from the following letter to the General Secretary of the Mission dated March 27, 1863.

'You will be glad to hear that our prospects still continue to brighten on this Mission. You may remember that in a previous letter I reported that the Hindley-street Assembly Room here had been fitted up to seat 250 persons, at an expense of about £75. That room, I am happy to say, is becoming too small for us. It is now generally about two-thirds filled on the Sabbath morning, and packed as full as it will hold in the evening. The Wednesday evening congregation is also quite as large as the Sabbath morning. Our number of members is also weekly increasing. Last month I reported 28 members; this month I have great pleasure in reporting an increase of nine members, and three on trial; so that our return for Conference will be 37 members and three on probation. As we only opened our Mission here on the 2nd of December, and have therefore existed as a Church but four months, I think you will agree with me that we have not spent our time and money in vain. One remarkably pleasing feature in our progress is, that two-thirds of our additions consist of the converts of my own ministry, and that two-thirds of the remainder had previously been members with us in England, so that our Church is eminently Connexional in its character. We have been only one week without additions to our numbers since our cause commenced. We had our first quarterly meeting last night. Owing to the intense heat during the last three days, and the consequent prostration which it has induced, the attendance of members was not so large as it otherwise would have been; but we had a short and happy meeting. The class contributions for 12 weeks were £10 1*s.* 6*d.* Had our 37 members each met with us from the first night, we should not have raised less than £20 in the class for the quarter. The people here give to God's cause with the most astonishing liberality. Some of the very poorest people here, by their contributions, would put to shame many of our well-to-do friends at home.'

Mr Maughan's lectures on science made a considerable impression on the intelligent inhabitants of Adelaide; they brought him into association with the literati of the city, and its scientific organizations. He was elected a member of the Adelaide Philosophical Society; and on the first night of introduction he had the honour of exhibiting some of the beautiful philosophical apparatus kindly given to him by his Bristol friends, before the Governor of the Colony, the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, and a large portion of the literati of the city.

Soon after this he held the inaugural soiree of the *Methodist New Connexion Young Men's*

Literary and Philosophical Society in the Assembly Room. About 150 sat down to tea. An hour was spent in looking at stereoscopes, thaumatropes, kaleidoscopes, microscopes, debuscopes, dioramas, and other philosophical instruments; after which Mr Marshall was called to the chair. He made a neat and suitable speech. The Secretary reported 'the enrolment of 40 members, which at our meeting this week,' he stated, 'has been increased to 50. We are very awkwardly situated for a room to meet in, as we cannot have the room in which we worship for less than 30*s*. a night.' Mr Maughan, writing to the Mission Secretary, states—

'The great outcry now is for a new church. This we must have at once, or our progress here will be seriously retarded. We are only waiting to hear from the Committee at home in relation to a grant in aid, after which we shall proceed to action with the greatest possible vigour. We want you to give us £500, and to lend us £1000 for seven years. I and the friends here will give you our personal security for the loan. As a matter of principle, I think ministers ought to be exempt from such personal responsibilities; but as you know me, and at present are not supposed to know much of our other friends here, I think it desirable in this instance that I, as your agent, should join in the responsibility. Not that this is pecuniarily necessary, but it is, I think, Connexionally desirable. I hope you will not hesitate to meet our proposal in its entirety. We cannot proceed if you do. A really good church we must have, and no other plan than the one we propose is practicable to secure it. The Hon.

G. F. Angas, one of the most wealthy and benevolent gentlemen in the colony, worshipped with us a few Sunday mornings ago. At the close of the services he came and kindly offered me a site of land on which to build a new church—half an acre in extent—in Whitmore-square. The value of the gift would be nearly £300. Unfortunately, it is not quite near enough the centre of the city for our purpose. It closely adjoins the three-quarters of an acre previously offered us by Mr Marshall for the same purpose. There is a beautiful site in the very centre of the city, for which, by Mr Forster's advice, we have offered £600. There is another party after it for a similar purpose, so that it is doubtful whether we shall secure it; but if we fail, there are other sites, very nearly as eligible, which I think we may have. In anticipation of a favourable reply from the Committee, we have already organized a sewing meeting to get up a bazaar. The first meeting was held at my house last Monday. There were 21 ladies present, and they set about their work with considerable spirit.

'I think I told you before that we have several members residing at a pretty place called Norwood, about three miles from here, where it will be necessary for us to form a society and build a little church soon.

'Yesterday I was waited upon by one of the trustees of the North Adelaide Temperance Hall, a fine building about a mile and a half from here. On behalf of the trustees he offered us the use of the hall for 12 months free of rent, if I could go and occupy it either on Sundays or during the week evenings. As we have one or two families residing in that locality, I will endeavour in some way to avail myself of this proposal. As, however, preaching three times in this climate on Sunday is out of the question, without keeping a horse, which most of the ministers are obliged to do, I can scarcely yet see how I can arrange to do so.

'Another man will be wanted here almost immediately, and as we must have one at once for Melbourne, I hope the friends of enterprise in our Connexion at home will pour the means upon you in such a way as to convince you all, of what I have already become convinced here, namely, that the *set time* to favour our Zion has already come. You cannot afford to trifle with this Mission. The people in Australia do not do things by halves. All other denominations are working here with vigour, and we shall lose caste in 12 months if we do not follow their example. You at home have long yearned for an Australian Mission. You have now all the opportunity of realizing your heart's desire. Let the friends subscribe with increasing liberality, and the Committee select and send out the right men, and soon the reproach that the "New Connexion needs a little more steam" will be wiped from our Australian history. Your kind and encouraging letter reached me here a few days ago. You cannot conceive what a happy influence a few kind words exert upon one's mind, while toiling all alone in this far off country. In England you cannot possibly realize the eagerness with which the arrival of the monthly mail is watched in these colonies, and the avidity with which home letters are torn open and read. There is precious little work done here after the flag has been hoisted to indicate that the mail is in sight, until every letter has been delivered, and read, and pondered half-a-dozen times over.'

It is gratifying to state that the Sunday scholars in this country inaugurated a movement to aid in the erection of the Adelaide chapel. They raised above £600 for this object. The late Mr John Whittaker of Hurst gave one-tenth upon that sum, and the General Mission fund supplemented the whole by a grant of above £300; and thus the total amount of £1000 was given. The Adelaide friends themselves raised the handsome sum of £1800 for the chapel.

CHAPTER VII.

MR MAUGHAN'S LABOURS IN ADELAIDE, 1863-4.

In the course of a few months the congregation had so far increased that the Assembly Room in Hindley-street was found too small for their worship, and they were under the necessity of removing to White's Assembly Room in King William-street. This was formally opened in the month of May, 1863, and by a singular coincidence the opening services of this Assembly Room occurred exactly on the day when 12 months ago Mr Maughan preached his farewell sermon to the Church at Bristol. To this fact he alluded in the speech he delivered at the public meeting held on the following day. He said it was just yesterday twelvemonth that he preached his farewell sermon in Bristol—just that night twelvemonth, at the same hour as that in which he was then speaking, he was addressing some persons there, and thanking them for a testimonial which had been presented him. When first he arrived in the colony he succeeded in collecting 10 persons.

Preaching was then commenced in Hindley-street, and he was happy to say that since that time many had been converted to God and added to the Church. They had been compelled to remove from Hindley-street to the present building. He was happy to say, moreover, that although a small, they were a united and loving Church, and he trusted God would continue to prosper and bless them. Connected with the Church there was an organization for the improvement of young men. Organizations of that kind he considered very important, and it had ever been his endeavour in connexion with the preaching of the gospel to contribute to the improvement of young men. They had associated with the Church a Literary and Philosophical Society which now numbered about 70 members, some of which were connected with the Church, and others were not. It was established on a catholic basis, and his wish was not to confine it to their Connexion merely. The object of the society was not simply literary and philosophical, but his wish was, through studies of that nature, to direct the minds of young men to the higher claims of Christianity. He then made some pertinent observations in proof that each one was the centre of the peculiar circle in which he moved, and enlarged upon the proposition that every man was sent into the world to do good. He exhorted all to do as much good as possible in the circles of which they were the centres, and concluded by an eloquent appeal to the people's hearts for God, and their hands for His Church.

The coincidence referred to by Mr Maughan was accompanied by another equally remarkable; for on the self-same day he was addressing them he and his people had purchased ground for a chapel. It was situated in Franklin-street, in a central position, accessible from every part of the town, and, containing as it did ample space for chapel and schools, was reckoned cheap at £800. The friends themselves, under the stimulating advice and example of their minister, agreed to raise £1000, requesting the Missionary Committee to make a grant of £500. Mr Maughan himself with a princely liberality gave the munificent sum of £100, an amount which indicates the profound and zealous interest of his soul in the good cause in which he was embarked. The promise of the friends at Adelaide to raise £1000 was subsequently raised to £1800. All honour to the noble-minded men!

In the month of June, while lecturing on the chemistry of 'Animal and Vegetable food' at Gumeracha, about 25 miles from Adelaide, Mr Maughan had occasion to illustrate one part of his lecture by the use of phosphorus, which exploded, and severely burnt his hands. But he continued his lecture without letting his audience know the torture he was suffering. At the close, however, they had to undress him and help him to bed. For about a month he was unable to do anything for himself. But he could speak as well as ever, and he was resolved the cause of God should not suffer through the accident, and therefore he preached as usual on the Sabbath with both hands bandaged, and one arm in a sling.

The little Church, now consisting of 37 members, was full of encouragement and hope, yet much restricted in its operations for want of a place of its own in which to worship God and put forth its appliances. But both pastor and people resolved to make the best of their circumstances until Providence opened their way for the erection of their projected chapel.

The state of his own mind and the earnest spirit of the people may be seen in the following brief communication from Mr Maughan.

'On the first Monday evening in the month of August we had one of the most delightful meetings it was ever my lot to attend. As God had blessed the ministry of the Word during the previous quarter, it was resolved that a Church tea-meeting should be held, for the purpose of receiving the new members into the privileges of Christian fellowship, and that the financial position of the Church should be laid before the friends on the same evening. With about four exceptions, the whole of the members of the Church were present at tea. After tea and devotional services, I delivered an address upon the responsibilities, privileges, and duties of Church-membership. The names of *sixteen* candidates were then read over, and having been proposed for Church-membership, each was presented with a quarterly ticket, a copy of our General Rules, and the history of "The First Methodist Reformer," and the whole were solemnly dedicated to God in praise and prayer. After the solemn spiritual duties of the evening had been discharged, the question of raising the sum of £200 during the present year for the support of the Mission was discussed. The most delightful tone prevailed in the meeting. It would have done the soul of the Connexion good to have heard all the generous and self-reliant things that were said by the members of the meeting. Suffice it to say, that we all separated resolved to give ourselves more than ever to prayer, and to efforts for the salvation of souls; and further resolved, not only to raise £200 during the present year, but to make the earliest possible arrangements for entirely supporting ourselves. God is with us, and we believe that we shall prosper.'

The labours of the year were prosecuted with unremitting energy, and God continued to smile upon his efforts, and added to the Church by the conversion of souls. Cottage prayer-meetings were held in various parts of the city, all hands summoned to work in the cause of God, and ere the return of the following spring the Church had increased to 80 members in full fellowship. Meanwhile Mr Maughan continued to lecture on scientific subjects whenever he could command a spare evening, not only to the young men of the class he had formed in connexion with our cause, but also on special public occasions, both in Adelaide and the surrounding townships at a distance of 25 and even 50 miles.

Some persons may suppose that his frequent lectures on philosophical subjects interfered largely with his ministerial duties. But if we may judge from extracts from his own letters and diary, he worked harder than most ordinary men in immediate connexion with the Church, and made his extra scientific labours subservient to his influence in the duties of his sacred calling.

February 25th, 1864, in writing to the General Secretary of the Mission, he says—

'I am thankful to say that God continues to bless our labours. We still steadily increase in numbers. It is just 14 months since I commenced my work in this city. During that time we have increased from 10 members to 80 members, and three on trial; we have raised, for all purposes, in hard cash, about £650; and have secured a congregation which would be a credit to any second-class chapel in our own denomination. We long to enter our new tabernacle, where we hope for still more signal evidences of the Divine favour. We have organized a series of cottage prayer-meetings in different parts of the city, which give promise of being useful to us in a variety of ways; and we intend to form a Sunday-school as soon as our vestries have been finished. That we should have been able, in so short a time, to have done so much, is a matter of devout thankfulness to God; and that we should have before us the prospect of doing so much more, is to us a subject of joyful anticipation. Let it not, however, be supposed that we have reached our present position without great effort on the part of all concerned. In the giving department, especially, our friends highly distinguish themselves. The poorest of them here give as only merchant princes do at home.

'Since the last mail left I have been engaged in a variety of labours, and have had some pleasant opportunities of doing good, and of extending the range of my knowledge of the colony. I send you the jottings of the past 12 days, which may serve as a type of the rest.

'SUNDAY, Feb. 14th. Preached in the morning, in

White's Assembly Room, from John viii. 12, "I am the light of the world:" congregation good and deeply attentive. Thermometer 96° in the shade. Bathed in perspiration. Preached in the Primitive Methodist Chapel in the afternoon, on the character of Jacob. Weather sultry, but audience evidently interested: a few responses. Preached to my own people at night, on "The Character and Doom of the Speechless Wedding Intruder." Capital congregation. Conducted a good prayer-meeting after, in Masonic Hall. Returned home, "done up." Preaching three times too much for any man in this relaxing climate, especially in hot weather.

'MONDAY, 15th. Pulled up some arrears of correspondence, and prepared a lecture this morning. Conveyance came at two o'clock to take the ladies of the sewing-meeting to a friend's house in the country. Got 20 ladies packed in, and sent off four miles. Followed with my wife in half an hour. Returned immediately after tea to North Adelaide, six miles, and lectured an hour and a half in the Particular Baptist Chapel, for my friend Mr Prince, on "Christian Usefulness." Walked home with some friends, well tired.

'TUESDAY, 16th. Morning occupied with visitors. Two hours at noon spent with architect, in considering plans and tenders for new church. Afternoon and evening spent in pastoral visitation. Returned tired.

'WEDNESDAY, 17th. A hard day's study. Lectured at night to our Young Men's Literary and Philosophical Society, on the "Chemical Properties of Carbon, and its Compounds." The lecture was illustrated by a variety of successful chemical experiments.

'THURSDAY, 18th. Morning, pulpit work. Noon, interrupted. Afternoon, practical and theoretical science. Evening, met trustees of new church, and contractors to arrange and sign contracts. Comfortable meeting. Sat up late preparing apparatus, infusions, and tests for lecture at Kapunda the following evening.

'FRIDAY, 19th. Having to leave home this afternoon for several days, spent morning in preparing strontium and baryta fires, and in collecting charts and apparatus for a lecture in the country next week, on light. Started at 4 p.m. for Kapunda, 50 miles distant. Was met at railway station by the Rev. C. Colwell, Wesleyan minister, and driven into town. Lectured for Educational Institute, in long room of principal inn, on port wine, brown stout, pale ale, and bitter beer. Stated some plain scientific truths. Invited to go again. Slept at Mr Colwell's.

'SATURDAY, 20th. Left Kapunda early. Got home at 11 a.m. Dined, and started off to Maclaren Vale, 25 miles on the opposite side of Adelaide, in coach. Mrs Maughan accompanied me. Got well jolted, and arrived at the residence of Miss Aldersey, a philanthropic lady, just returned from a Mission in China, where she had met my dear friend, the Rev. William Hall, a short time before. Chatted pleasantly, supped heartily, and slept like an honest man.

'SUNDAY, 21st. Cool. Preached two Anniversary Sermons in Congregational Church, their pastor supplying for me in Adelaide. Also, addressed Sunday scholars. Spent a happy day. Collections good. Hope the seed may be seen after many years.

'Monday, 22nd. Spent morning in reading the beautiful memoir of Dr Leifchild. Shall never forget a visit I paid him with Dr Waddington once. Dined with a few friends. Attended tea-meeting in the evening, and gave lecture on the life of Socrates and the character of Athens in his time. Audience large and interested.

'Tuesday, 23rd. Read Dr Kane's Search for Sir John Franklin in the morning, after some devotional reading. Met the ladies of the sewing-meeting in the afternoon. Was driven seven miles to Aldinga, where I lectured at the Institute, on the philosophy of light in the evening. The road by which we went was fearful. Almost jolted out. The return was better. Got back to Maclaren Vale at 12 o'clock at night.

'Wednesday, 24th. Left at six a.m. and got back to Adelaide at 10. Dined, and visited 17 families afterwards. Conversed with all on religious matters and prayed with most of them.

'Thursday, 25th. Hard at work writing letters for the mail. Am just finishing this at 11 p.m.

'These notes represent a fair sample of my regular work.

'I hope you will have a happy Conference. We shall not forget to pray for You that God may bless you; and for Ourselves, that He may put it into Your hearts to send a man with burning zeal to Melbourne.

'J. Maughan.'

Early in the spring of 1864 the foundation of the new chapel was laid, and the Lecture Room so soon as finished was occupied by the little band of worshippers for their temporary accommodation. In December the interior of the chapel itself was finished, and on the 12th of the same month the beautiful sanctuary was opened for worship, when a prayer-meeting was held to implore the Divine blessing on the solemn and interesting occasion. Early in the year Mr Clement Linley, another missionary sent out by the parent body, had arrived from England and begun his labours in Melbourne. He was therefore earnestly desired to take part in the opening services, but the great distance and other circumstances prevented the realization of this desire. Another arrangement had to be adopted : on Wednesday evening, December 14, the Rev. J. Jefferis, LL.B., preached the opening sermon. At half-past seven o'clock, when the preacher ascended the spacious and beautiful platform, the building was quite full. The Rev. J. Maughan commenced the service by reading out the noble and appropriate hymn of Francis, beginning 'In sweet exalted strains,' &c., which was sung with great fervour by the congregation, led by a very excellent choir. The Rev. J. Jefferis, in earnest and feeling language, offered the dedicatory prayer. The Rev. J. Maughan then read suitable portions of the Scriptures; after which an eloquent and appropriate sermon was preached by Mr Jefferis from John xii. 32, 'And I, if I be lifted from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.' The sermon occupied 63 minutes in the delivery, and was listened to with the most profound attention. A collection was made at the close of the sermon, and the usual devotional services terminated the proceedings. The acoustic properties of the building appeared to be almost perfect. The faintest tone of the speaker's voice could be heard in the remotest corner. The Rev. J. Maughan preached on the morning of the following Sabbath, in the afternoon the Rev. J. Hannay, and in the evening the Rev. C. W. Evans. The sermons were appropriate, earnest, and impressive. These services were followed by a public meeting on the Monday evening, and were resumed on the following Sunday. The attendance was large, at night the place was crowded, and the collections handsome.

The public meeting deserves special notice. Six hundred persons sat down to tea, and after the refreshing cup the chapel was crowded with people. J. S. Way, Esq., connected with the Bible Christians, and a gentleman of truly catholic spirit, was called to preside.

The Chairman, after referring to the willingness with which he consented to fill that position, spoke of the pleasure attending the opening of a church in which the pure truths of the gospel would be preached, free from popish rituals and rationalistic dogmas—a church where the fall and the depravity of man—the futility of man to rid himself from sin—the great atonement of the Saviour—the full and free salvation on condition of faith and repentance—would be set forth.

The Rev. James Maughan then spoke as follows:

'Mr Chairman—It is with devout thankfulness to God that I stand here to-night to report our proceedings as a Church during the past year. It is two years, I believe, this very day, since I commenced my ministry in this city. It is exactly 12 months since the foundations of this church were commenced; and, to borrow the figurative language of the Prophet Micah, we are now permitted to worship God beneath our own vine. We are constrained to look back upon the past with gratitude, and to say, "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad." It may be a matter of interest to state that the cost of the chapel and school, including land and all expenses to render the building complete, makes a total of £4570. To meet this expenditure there has been about £1100 promised in subscriptions, of which about £850 have been paid. The bazaar held in June last realized about £350, making a total of £1200 raised by the Church and friends during the past 12 months, exclusive of these opening services. £1000 have been sent to us from England, and £2000 have been borrowed here, making a total of £4200, thus leaving a deficiency of nearly £400, besides £100 which will be required for gates and palisades. How to meet this deficiency is the question for our great consideration to-night.' With respect to the clearing off of the debt, he had to tell them that there was a gentleman present who was anxious to see all the liabilities cleared off, and had made a liberal offer. It was that if 100 persons would subscribe £5 each, 250 persons £2 10*s.* each, or 500 persons £1 each, he would subscribe £100. Of course it depended upon them that evening as to whether this offer should be accepted; and he hoped the gentleman referred to would not be allowed to leave the building that night without the assurance that his cheque for the amount of his promise would be required in the morning. He had large faith that this appeal to them would be successful, as he felt sure they would wish to secure the desire of his heart, as his people had hitherto been so ready to anticipate all his desires. He cordially thanked the friends of other denominations for their presence and assistance at the opening services, and also for the valuable aid they rendered at the bazaar, especially their Wesleyan brethren, to whom he was very grateful. The collection was then made. Mr Maughan assured the people that if they that evening subscribed the sum of £500 (which would secure the £100 which had been promised) he would ask them for nothing more for a considerable time to come. He thought every one should ask himself, 'How much owest thou thy Lord?' and on that principle he would commence the list by subscribing £20 himself.

Collectors then went along the aisles of the church to see what they could get towards the £500, and after an energetic effort the sum of £131 9*s.* 6*d.* was collected or promised. This, with the opening services, which realized about £120, made a gross total of £251 9*s.* 6*d.* subscribed towards the aforesaid £500. The Chairman on behalf of the trustees thanked the audience for their liberality.

He might well thank the congregation,—they deserved his commendation. That an infant Church of only two years' standing and situated at the antipodes of the Parent Body, should have acquired sufficient strength and influence to give and raise such sums as are here reported, is marvellous. Yet this large amount was subsequently increased, and the total raised by this infant Church for the erection of the chapel was the remarkable sum of £1808 15*s*. 3*d*., towards which Mr Maughan and his devoted wife and family contributed £124 10*s*.

The Church now entered upon a new era of its existence. Contemplating their more favourable position, Mr Maughan says two things only are now needed to make the cause everything that can be desired, and these are an earnest ministry and a praying Church. Oh that the Holy Ghost may come down, as in days of old, upon the people like unto cloven tongues of fire! Brethren, pray for us, that we may be richly endued with power from on high. Minister and people united heartily in their work, adopting those scriptural means adapted to consolidate and expand both the material and spiritual interests of the Church. It was the regular practice of Mr and Mrs Maughan, who was as zealous and laborious as himself, to devote the whole of Monday to pastoral visitation. They set out together about half-past nine in the morning, and went the whole day from house to house, visiting the sick, strengthening the weak, and stirring up the negligent. If all our ministers diligently and faithfully performed this duty, the bond of sympathy and love between the pulpit and the pew would be strengthened, and the power for good would be immensely increased. When this duty is neglected coldness and estrangement, inactivity and declension invariably follow. No amount of pulpit ability can compensate for the neglect of pastoral visitation.

Having now accommodation for a Sunday school, one was formed at once, consisting of 126 scholars. The congregations were greatly enlarged, and the prospects of growing usefulness encouraged both minister and people. Mr Maughan, in a letter written shortly after the opening of the chapel, thus writes respecting the state of the Church under his pastoral care :—

'Of our success here there is now not the slightest doubt. Our congregations have greatly increased on the Sunday morning, and on the Sunday evening the church is quite full. We have resolved to raise this next year, if possible, £200 towards my salary, and probably the following year we shall raise it all. Our quarterly collections yesterday amounted to £9 13*s.* 6*d.* We have now 82 members in church-fellowship. We have 14 Sunday-school teachers, and a most flourishing Sunday-school of 126 scholars. We are shortly to have a Juvenile Missionary Meeting. The scholars are now collecting, in imitation of the scholars at home. They say if the English Sunday scholars have raised so much for them, they must raise something for themselves. They intend, therefore, to present us with a handsome eight days' clock to cost 10 guineas. I ought also to say that we have a fine tone of feeling in our congregation at the present moment.'

June 26th Mr Maughan again writes to the General Secretary of the Mission :

'I am happy to say that we experience no diminution here of the hold which we have obtained upon the public attention. I have been delivering a series of special discourses during the last six weeks, which I shall continue for some time longer. These discourses have for their object to warn men of their spiritual peril, and to rouse men to flee from the wrath to come. Our congregations in the morning are now all that we can desire, and in the evening they are overflowing. I am sure it would do your soul good to be able to look inside our beautiful church during any of our Sabbath services. We are also steadily gathering numbers into the fold again. Several interesting cases of conversion have recently come under my notice, which I trust will be found abiding in the day of the Lord.'

The Conferential year was now closing, and we find the following statistics of the Mission, 82 members, four probationers, and 126 Sunday scholars.

CHAPTER VIII.

LABOURS IN ADELAIDE, ETC., 1865-6.

Up to this period Mr Maughan had resided in a small house, which was inconvenient and damp as well as small, and yet at a rent of £70 per annum. Yet here, prior to the erection of the chapel, the class-meetings, meetings for young men, and meetings for church business had hitherto been conducted. It was extremely desirable that a suitable house should be erected as a Mission residence, and to this important object Mr Maughan's attention was next directed.

The Hon. G. F. Angus, who had previously given £20 towards the erection of the chapel, and also offered a piece of ground for the same, but which, on account of its locality, was not accepted, now generously offered a most eligible site comprising half an acre for the erection of the minister's house. This was another important and responsible undertaking. The plans were soon prepared, and the building commenced.

Mr Maughan at this time had as much to do in fostering the infant Church at Adelaide as most men would deem quite sufficient to occupy their whole energies, yet he continued to fill up every vacant evening either with lectures on some scientific topic, or other meetings of a specific character. Nor did even these satisfy his yearnings for usefulness. He felt urged by an irrepressible desire to get into some of the outlying townships, and to this end he sought to raise up a band of local preachers, and so soon as the men were ready a sphere of usefulness was opened. In a letter to the Rev. S. Hulme, the General Secretary of the Mission, we see the workings of his active and aggressive spirit.

'Adelaide, Feb. 24th, 1866.

'Since I last wrote you several matters of interest have arisen indicative of the progressive character of our Mission. About three months ago we resolved on the formation of a staff of local preachers, believing that we had now acquired sufficient strength in the heart of the colony to justify us in commencing aggressive movements. The question, however, arose, of what use were local preachers on a plan, without local places to which to send them? But all God's works have logic in the order of their arrangement, and so ought those of the Adelaide Methodist New Connexion. Let us then organize a staff of men for work, and trust to the yearnings of human necessity, and the openings of a gracious providence for the rest. Strange to say, three brethren had barely preached their trial sermons when the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," from a distance of nine miles, fell upon our ears. A small township in Hope Valley, comparatively destitute of religious ordinances, required our help. On visiting the locality and preaching to its people, I found a door of usefulness open to us. The matter was duly laid before our January Quarterly Meeting, and Hope Valley placed upon our plan. During the following week I paid a pastoral visit to the people of the neighbourhood, and formed a Church of several members, as the nucleus and starting-point of future labours.

'We now had to direct our attention to the question of a place of worship. A cottage we could have, but there were many reasons against its occupation. A small "Anybodies' chapel," that nobody, for various reasons, cared about attending, was available without cost, and therefore accepted by us; but it was felt that a new chapel must be at once erected, if permanent results were to be secured. Several commanding sites of land were inspected, and the owners inquired after. One of the latter proving to be a gentleman with whom I was personally acquainted, I resolved to use my friendship in the service of the Church. In reply to my request for the gift of half-an-acre of land, I received the prompt response, "I shall be most happy to oblige you, and also to give you a guinea towards the furtherance of your pious object." Great vigour and promptitude, however, were now required. The gentleman, Capt. Stephenson, would leave for England in ten days. If the land were not conveyed before that time, expense and delay must necessarily result. The land was leased, and the lease must be surrendered before the transfer could be signed.

Fortunately the lessee, Mr Reeves, was allied with us in the project. By laying hold, therefore, of the matter with a firm hand, and performing sundry long but rapid journeys, we succeeded in getting the lease surrendered, the land conveyed, a new lease prepared, and all duly signed, sealed, and delivered, within nine days after the land had been promised to us.

'But now arose the greater question,—having secured the land, whence were to come the means to build the house of worship? Hence a tea-meeting was held, and subscriptions towards a new chapel were promised amounting to £75. Plans for a small but beautiful little church, to cost about £250, have already been prepared, several trustees have been selected, and we hope in a very short time to be able to report to you the completion of this, the second place of worship in connection with our Mission to these Colonies. That Hope Valley may become a fruitful field for my own labours, and those of my local brethren in this city, cannot but be a subject of "Hope" to us all.

'We have held our January Quarterly Meeting, and in connection with that meeting our usual Church quarterly tea-meeting. The day of the tea-meeting was unusually hot, yet there was a goodly attendance of members. The meeting after tea was opened with prayer, suitable portions of Scripture were read, and after an address by myself, on the nature, importance, and obligations of Church-membership, 17 probationers were formally admitted into full membership with the Church. The quarterly balance sheet was read by the stewards, and the transaction of several items of ordinary business concluded a very happy meeting.

'Our Quarterly Meeting was the largest we have ever held; the presence of Brother Linley from Melbourne, and a deputation from Hope Valley, heightened the interest of the evening. Brother Wallis, who had just arrived from St Ives, in Cornwall, was received upon our plan as a local preacher, several brethren were received on trial, and the usual items of quarterly business were discharged; the Church was reported to be in every respect in a healthy and prosperous condition, and after singing the doxology the brethren departed to their homes with emotions of gratitude and joy.

'On the following Lord's day, February 4th, our anniversary sermons were preached in the morning and evening by the Rev. Clement Linley, who had come from Melbourne for the purpose; and by the Rev. W. Taylor of California, in the afternoon. Although the thermometer, which had been steadily rising during the whole of the week, was standing at 110° in the shade,—a point which it seldom reaches in this colony even during the hottest weather—there was a large congregation in the morning, an excessively crowded one in the afternoon, and one in the evening quite as large as could be anticipated from the temperature of the day. Mr Linley's sermon in the morning, from Jude 20, was both appropriate to the occasion and profitable to the people. The sermon in the evening, from Philippians i. 21, was a comprehensive exposition of the text, and was delivered with great eloquence and energy. The three collections amounted to about £26. On the following Monday evening our public tea-meeting was held; the temperature was still at roasting point, which considerably interfered with the attendance of our friends. The proceeds of the whole of the services amounted to £50, which was increased by subscriptions to £200.'

Up to this time Mr Maughan's health had been almost uninterrupted. His vigorous constitution had sustained herculean toils, and probably would have remained unbroken for a number of years, but the damp experienced in his old residence brought on congestion of his right lung. Here was the beginning of those complicated ailments which ultimately proved fatal. He now left that unhealthy dwelling and entered his new and suitable residence, and it is in his notice of this change we have the first intimation of his illness.

'April 28th, 1866.

'I have now begun to recover some of my old elasticity; but I am sorry to say, that although receiving the very best medical advice, I still suffer much respiratory inconvenience from congestion of the right lung. I have now bitterly to regret that I did not leave my old residence at least a year before I did so. But anxious to reside in the neighbourhood of the scene of my labours, and the impossibility of sparing more out of my salary than I was then paying in the form of rent, restrained me from yielding at an earlier period to the remonstrances of my friends. I am happy, however, to inform you that last week I removed into our new and beautiful Mission House.

This event forms another and not the least interesting of the many little eras which have arisen in such rapid succession, in the brief history of our Mission to South Australia. There were, only three years and four months ago, our opening services in Hillier's room; then followed our removal to the Assembly Rooms; then came the tea-meeting for opening our subscription list; then the laying of the foundation-stone of the church; then our first bazaar; then the opening of our lecture room; then the opening services of the church; then the enclosure of the property by an ornamental wall; then our second bazaar; then the gift of land for our Mission House; then our first anniversary services; then the opening of our new cause at Hope Valley; and now the completion of the Mission House and my comfortable translation thereto. For all that God has enabled us to realize during so short a period, we ascribe to Him the glory. I ought to explain that the Mission House is two stories high. It is about 580 yards from the church, and stands 50 feet back from the road, on the east side of Whitmore Square. Besides the 50 feet of land in the front, we have 34 feet on each side of the house, and 116 feet at the back. There are three rooms on the ground floor. Behind these have been attached a large kitchen, store-room, and wash-house. The upper stories consist of three bed-rooms, with a small bath-room, which is much needed in this climate, and a wardrobe. The whole building has been finished in a style which is as creditable to the builders as it is ornamental to the neighbourhood, and satisfactory to the trustees. The total cost, including the fencing of the ground, the outhouses, and the architect's commission, will be about £1000. It is said to be the cheapest house of its kind, as it is also one of the best, that has been erected in this quarter of the city. The rent I shall have to pay the trustees will be about £100 a-year, which will be equivalent to 10 per cent. on the outlay.* This may seem to our friends in England an enormous rental, which it most certainly is; but when they learn that I have hitherto paid £70 a-year for less than half the conveniences, in a house which I had better have given £200 never to have seen; and that I should have to pay at least £150 for such a house as this, under the circumstances they will probably agree with me and our friends here, that we have taken the very best course possible for us to take. To have built a smaller or less convenient Mission House would have been unwise economy. The labour and sacrifice will be nearly all my own; as, in a few years, the charge for the rent will be first greatly reduced, and then finally extinguished.

'We have now got, in the way of city property, nearly all our hearts can wish. It has been a great effort, and the amount of money contributed by a handful of people has been truly astonishing. It now only remains that we steadily pay off the debts we have contracted, and continue to seek a larger measure of Divine influence upon our religious services. That God has been with us during the past year has been abundantly proved to us; as upwards of 40 members have been added to our fellowship during that period.

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* Rents are enormously high in Adelaide, and the missionary pays his own rent.

This would have been an increase of 50 per cent. upon the returns of the preceding year, but for the fact that the very large number of 21 members have either removed or have been discontinued during the year. Still we return an increase of 25 per cent. for which we have reason to be thankful to God. We have raised, with a slight special effort, the £200 we volunteered for the Minister's support; and, but for the long drought, and the almost famine prices of provisions to which we are now subjected, we should have made a self-supporting experiment during the ensuing year. As, however, our trust responsibilities are heavy, and the future year looms somewhat darkly in its commercial aspects, we can only pledge ourselves to do our best to raise £250, and thus to exceed by 25 per cent. our last year's effort.

'The total amount of money raised for all purposes by us last year is as follows:—

TRUST ESTATE:

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions paid	282	18	8			
Bazaar	193	19	7			
Tea Meeting and Collection	33	11	0			
Lecture	19	5	6			
Three Collections	25	10	7			
Seat Rents	150	2	6			
				705	7	10
Support of the Ministry				200	7	4½
Sabbath School				18	10	0
				£924	5	2½

'This, I think, you will credit as being a large amount, considering that at the commencement of the year we numbered only 82 members, and at the present time number only 102, and five on trial. That we may be able to labour with greater earnestness and success during the ensuing year than during the past, and that God may still more abundantly bless you in Conference deliberation, and us in Missionary employment, is my heart's wish and my fervent prayer.

'JAMES MAUGHAN.'

During this year Mr Maughan entered the lists against the presumptuous prophets of a premillennial advent, and Mr Baxter especially, as the rash theorist who had identified Napoleon III. as the Apocalyptic Beast. Mr Maughan delivered a lecture both in our own church, and subsequently in the Assembly Room, exposing the rashness and folly of these prophets. The lecture was subsequently published by request. A copy now lies before me. It exhibits no small degree of research and logical acumen, and is a brief but thorough refutation of those pretentious interpreters who have presumed to determine the times or the seasons which God hath put in His own power, but which for wise and holy reasons he hath hidden from the most penetrating sagacity of man.

CHAPTER IX.

FAILING HEALTH AND ARDUOUS LABOURS, 1867--8.

Two causes now combined to interrupt that bright and prosperous course which had hitherto marked Mr Maughan's efforts, namely, the loss of his own health, and the commercial depression of the colony; but he struggled against both with a manly energy and a fortitude unsubdued, and he was so far successful as to maintain the ground he had won, and secure even a small increase in the number of members. The monetary difficulties of the Church were somewhat oppressive, but he lightened them by the financial results of his own lectures. We have seen that in the previous year he thus supplemented above £19 to the ordinary income of the estate; and during the present year he presented nearly £37 from a repetition of the same efforts. His own benevolence stimulated the generosity of others, and the Church and trust estate at Adelaide during that year of commercial depression raised above £600 for various purposes. It is worthy of record, too, that during the same year of adversity the chapel at Hope Valley was erected, and a project was started for reducing £500 of the debt on the minister's house. Truly the liberal soul deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand.

The state of the Church, both financially and spiritually, and the efforts of himself and the friends to sustain and promote its interests, may be seen from his own words. In giving his report of the year 1867 he says—

'I should have been glad if my report for the present year had been of a more glowing character. To me nothing is perfectly satisfactory that does not indicate real and clearly defined progress. On every previous occasion like the present I have been able to record some positive advancement, either in the work of extension or of consolidation. But during the present year I fear that we have done little more than maintain our well-earned ground. You are aware, from my previous reports, that this colony has for the last twelve months been passing through a terrible commercial crisis. Our staple products are wool, wheat, and copper. From the two latter a large portion of the population derives its subsistence. But it is from our pastoral and wool producing pursuits that our colony has for a great length of time derived its chief wealth. Our squatters have for many years been the pillars of the state. In consequence, however, of two long years of drought, the immense flocks of many of them have perished, and their fortunes have correspondingly collapsed. The losses of the squatters have fallen upon the banks; these have therefore been compelled to put the screw on the smaller tradesmen; the smaller tradesmen have been compelled to put the screw on their customers, and the consequence has been that the entire credit of the colony has failed, and one great commercial crash has followed another, till there is not an individual to be found who has not, in some way, been a sufferer from the panic. All Churches in the colony have suffered more or less from this cause; but as our building enterprises had put our friends under high financial pressure just at the time when the panic was portending, we have probably suffered more than others. Still, we have reason to be thankful that we have been able so far safely to outride the storm. If, to use a nautical figure, we have been for a short time compelled to "lay to," and therefore to lose our "headway," we have been able so to adjust our canvas as to save ourselves from drifting "astern." To our Father we give thanks for this. At our October Quarterly Meeting the first real shadow of disappointment we have ever experienced came across the horizon of our hopes. Our congregations were becoming slightly thinner, and from the number of deaths and removals, we had a decrease of 15 members. During the following quarter, however, God blessed the preaching of the word in such a way, that our congregations recovered their ground, and our losses of members were entirely restored. Our statistics stand as follows: chapels, two; societies, two; Circuit preacher, one; local preachers, seven; members, 108; probationers, two; deaths, four; removals, 12; Sabbath schools, one; teachers, 15; scholars, 107. The total amount raised during the year for the support of the minister is about £200; and the following abstract, prepared by the treasurer, will show what has been done for the trust estate.

1866. Receipts.	£	s.	d.
Jan. 1. Balance	49	1	0
Loans ..	707	14	0
Subscriptions	99	1	9
Seat Rents	94	8	0
Collections	54	15	11
Tea Meeting	32	15	2
Two Lectures, by the Rev. J. Maughan	36	17	0
Sundries ..	27	4	0
	£1101	16	10

1866. Expenditure.	£	s.	d.
Builders, for Mission-House	665	14	9
Gas	16	11	6
Interest ..	167	12	8
Printing ..	11	12	6
Loans repaid	155	14	0
Insurance ..	6	5	0
Expenses of Tea	6	15	0
Attendant's Salary ..	24	19	0
Sundries ..	45	3	0
Balance ..	1	9	5
	£1101	16	10

'The liabilities of the trustees are very considerable. The debt upon the church at Christmas last was nearly £2500. It is absolutely necessary that this debt should be greatly reduced as early as possible. The friends have done nobly the last year. Our unassuming friend Mr Peck has promised £50, and the Hon. G. F. Angus £50, towards £500, which we propose to raise during the next six months.'

Mr Maughan took a deep interest in our Foreign Mission, and the general usefulness of the Body. He loved it with the fervour of a child towards his own father, and it was an object of his intense desire to render the Infant Church at Adelaide not only self-sustaining, but a source of pecuniary help to the Parent Body, in extending the gospel to the regions beyond. Hearing of the gracious work of God in China, in which about 100 heathen were converted to Christ, he writes, April 9, 1867 :

'I am truly glad to hear the glorious news from China. Coming at the moment of the arrival of two new agents, it seems happily providential for both ends of the Mission. These tidings will put fresh life into our missionary friends, and ought greatly to improve our status in the eyes of the missionary world.

'I am happy to be able to report a very healthy state of things in connection with our Mission here. Since last mail our congregations have continued to improve, and we have had several interesting cases of conversion. There is a precious feeling experienced in our public services. Our praying men, steadily increasing in number, enter with greater fervour into our religious services, and altogether we have in our midst the unmistakable evidences of spiritual life. I am looking forward to a happy and successful winter in connection with our Mission. We are not yet quite through our pecuniary anxieties, but there is no question that we shall surmount them. Our quarterly Church-meeting is to be held in the course of a fortnight, when I intend to propose a plan by which as speedily as possible to make our Adelaide Church self-supporting.

'We intend to lay the foundation stone of our Hope Valley little church next week. The pressure of the times has long retarded that work, but we think our way is now open to advance. Next to the conversion of sinners, there are two things required here in the coming year. The first is the reduction of the floating debt upon our beautiful church and noble Mission House, and the other is the raising up of our local contributions for the support of the Mission. To all these objects I mean by God's help to devote my untiring energies during the approaching winter. That my heart's desire may be realized, I am sure you will join me in earnest prayer.'

On Thursday, May 9th, the foundation of the little church at Hope Valley was laid, on the land given by Captain Stephenson. Many friends from Adelaide were present, and Mr Maughan went through services on that occasion by no means compatible with his state of health. He opened the devotional services, he then addressed the assembly on the character and objects of the building; after the stone was laid he mounted the platform and delivered an address on the doctrines and polity of the Denomination; and after tea, in an adjoining tent, the company proceeded to the German chapel, kindly lent for the occasion, and there he delivered a lecture of two hours' length on 'The Bible, the Foundation of the Christian Faith.' An effort this, however indicative of his zeal, was by no means a display of his prudence. To a man in the full vigour of health the labour was excessive, to one suffering from disease it was self-immolation.

Mr Maughan, being now a citizen of Adelaide, took a deep interest in the social and sanitary condition of his adopted city. He might indeed say in a spirit of cosmopolitan humanity higher than that of the old Roman in Terence, 'I am a man, and whatever concerns man is interesting to me.' The city of Adelaide was badly drained, or not drained at all. Many of the houses in consequence were damp, and in some cases the sewage had percolated the soil to the wells, and, by polluting the water, had caused typhoid disease and death; and Mr Maughan had suffered in himself and his family from the same cause. He had lost one darling child five years of age, and his own vigorous constitution had received irreparable injury from a damp residence. Mr Maughan, therefore, called the attention of the civic authorities to the subject of drainage, and delivered a most able and scientific lecture thereon. This lecture by special request he was called upon to deliver before the Adelaide Philosophical Society. In the lecture Mr Maughan took a most thoroughly comprehensive and practical, as well as scientific view of the subject, and recommended the adoption of deep drainage as the only means of effectually securing the health of the city. The lecture was highly applauded by the Philosophical Society, special thanks were voted, and it was printed by their request and expense. A copy of the lecture now lies before me, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing it a masterly production.

During this year there was also another noticeable fact indicative of the versatile talent and abundant labours of our friend, in the production of 'A prize essay on the Diseases in Wheat.' It appears that during successive years the harvests of Australia had been blighted, and farmers were ruined by the prevalence of disease in the wheat. This led to much inquiry and discussion as to the cause of the disease and its cure; and on November 8th, 1866, the committee of the South Australian Agricultural and Horticultural Society resolved 'That a prize be offered of £50 on the diseases of wheat, commonly known as "the Red and Black Rusts and Takeall," and the best practical remedy for them; also a second prize of £25, and a third prize of £10.' Due notice was given, and 11 essays were sent in for competition. May 3rd, 1867, was fixed for the award, and on that day the five judges, men of high position and competence, delivered their verdict, awarding the first prize to Mr Maughan.

A copy of this important and successful essay now lies before me. It is replete with scientific information, and reflects high honour on the extensive knowledge and scientific research of Mr Maughan. It is well worthy of being republished in this country for the amount of valuable information it supplies on a subject intimately connected with the general good.

Mr Maughan's lectures on scientific subjects, illustrated as they usually were by experiments, had made him an authority on many questions of social interest. He was frequently applied to by private individuals and public bodies to analyze various substances, and give the results for their guidance. Sometimes the properties of certain ores, of certain soils, of food, and of water, were submitted to his analytical investigation, and his judgment was generally accepted. The water in the Northern Territory having been represented as being impure, and as having caused the illness of an exploring party, by its being impregnated with copper and sulphuretted hydrogen, bottles were filled with the water and sealed, and sent by the ship 'Beatrice' to Mr Maughan and Charles Clarke, M.D., F.R.C.S., for their special analysis, and their analysis was published under government authority.

His experiments, while beneficial and valuable to others, were not always equally so to himself, for besides the trouble they entailed, in one or two cases they were personally injurious. On one occasion a friend of his having been supplied from a store in Adelaide with a material he had bought for the oxide of manganese, and part of the substance having exploded in an experiment, he brought a portion of the same to Mr Maughan for examination, when it was ascertained to be the chlorate of potash, and produced a second explosion which seriously injured Mr Maughan. The purchaser instituted legal proceedings against the vendor for damages, when Mr Maughan was summoned to give scientific evidence on the question. He did so, and the firm was fined £50. His judgment had now become quite an authority on scientific questions.

In the year 1867 Mr Maughan felt it his duty to oppose the pretensions of one Dr — C., who had come to Adelaide as an experimental lecturer on phrenology and mesmerism. Believing the public to be gulled by artifices, and science itself degraded by charlatanism, Mr Maughan both wrote and lectured against the pretence. He also challenged the professor to a scientific investigation before a competent committee of gentlemen. The professor, however, declined to submit his pretensions to the committee, and the matter terminated without a full investigation being made. Mr Maughan, however, delivered a series of lectures entitled respectively, Objections to phrenology as a scheme of mental science; the Psychological and swindling aspects of phrenology; the Psychological and swindling aspects of mesmerism, animal magnetism, electrical biology, magnetic somnambulism, and clairvoyance.

We come now to a period when Mr Maughan's illness became so serious that he was compelled not only to slacken his extraordinary efforts, but at times to suspend even his ordinary ministerial labours. He had long and manfully struggled against his growing infirmities, but in the year 1868 it became evident that he must have some continuous relaxation. His medical attendant and his friends indeed strongly urged a voyage to England, and some continued residence here as essential to his recovery—advice which he was extremely reluctant to adopt. This arrest to his labours was to him a sad and sorrowful disappointment, as it not only interfered with his ministry, but broke upon his plans, and defeated his sanguine purposes for the effectual relief of the Adelaide estate, and the rendering of the Church a self-sustaining cause. He did not murmur or charge God foolishly, but his submission was accompanied with an eagerness for work which affliction itself could scarcely restrain. A supply was engaged for his relief, and in the mean time he postponed his return to England, and rendered such occasional service as his dilapidated health permitted him to perform. The spiritual state of the Church at this trying period was sustained to a gratifying degree, and the returns to Conference report 112 members, being an increase of four.

As an evidence of the elasticity and recuperative power of Mr Maughan's constitution, the graver symptoms of his disease became considerably mitigated by partial rest, and he clung to the hope of recovery without the necessity of returning to England for the present, and unwisely resumed his labours too soon, and to an extent far beyond his physical strength. Preach he would, when more fitted for his bed than the pulpit, and out he would go among his people, and present he would be in their midst when his ailments required careful nursing on the couch. Hence under date June 22nd he writes :—

'Though now entirely free from the pain which I have so long suffered at my heart, the attacks of dyspepsia are still frequent and sometimes distressing. I am, however, able to give active superintendence to the Church, and with the assistance of Mr Merriman (the supply) to keep everything in satisfactory operation. I am thankful to say that God's presence is still with us. We have recently had several interesting cases of conversion. Last night, at the moment I was obliged to leave the prayer-meeting, after preaching from "Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent," Luke xvi. 30, three penitents were presenting themselves at the communion rails.' This brief passage shows where his heart was—in his work, the most spiritual and important part of his work, the work of converting souls.

We have mentioned the name of Mr Merriman acting as an assistant to Mr Maughan. This young man was a resident of Melbourne at the time he was called to help Mr Maughan, and the expense of his removal to Adelaide and his subsequent support would of course be considerable. To meet this, at least in part, Mr Maughan had recourse to his old expedient, that of raising money by lectures. About that time several terrible earthquakes had shaken America, and the wave of concussion traversing the great Southern Ocean, had extended to Australia. Here was a theme affording an opportunity of conveying much instruction, and of raising means to assist the cause he so much loved. No sooner were the purpose and plan conceived than with his usual promptitude he began to carry them into effect. Writing to the General Secretary, Mr Hulme, he says :—

'Soon after the last mail I got up a lecture on the great earthquake in South America towards the expense of bringing Mr Merriman from Melbourne, or, in other words, towards the expense of the Mission, which I want to increase at once by £50 a-year if possible. Mr Merriman is working promisingly, and I wanted to take advantage of that. The lecture was delivered in our own chapel, and was listened to with marked attention, and the proceeds were devoted to the object intended.'

Having now a colleague, Mr Maughan thought there was a favourable opportunity of extending the Mission by opening a new cause among the gold-diggers at Jupiter Creek, about 25 miles from Adelaide. He was at that time somewhat improved in health; and on the least return of strength he could find no rest until he had expended it in fresh labours. So away the invalid starts for the creek. The account of his excursion we give in his own words.

'Just as I was getting stronger, and able to preach twice on the Sabbath, a new gold-field was discovered about 25 miles from Adelaide. There was an immense rush to it from all parts of the colony. For two or three Sabbaths there were from seven to twelve hundred men encamped on the hill-sides of the Jupiter Creek, with no religious services but such as they extemporized among themselves. It therefore occurred to me that, as I could be spared for a Sunday or two from my own pulpit, it was our duty to visit the gold-diggers, with many of whom I was well acquainted, and to hold a few religious services amongst them. Mr Merriman kindly consented to take the whole of the Sabbath services in town, and we got a few placards published announcing my coming.

'Accordingly, on Saturday afternoon, September 19th, Mr Curtis, one of our Circuit stewards, and myself started in a trap for the gold-field. The weather was beautifully fine, and the drive through our magnificent hills, and over an elevation of 2000 feet, was to me exceedingly refreshing. We reached the "Wheat-sheaf," a quiet and respectable hotel, a little before sundown, where we had arranged to stay for the night, intending to drive the remaining four miles and a half through the bush to the diggings on the following morning.

'Unfortunately, the next morning the rain poured down in torrents, and as the critical condition of my health was such as to forbid all foolhardy experiments, we had no alternative but to stand for seven hours waiting and watching for such a break in the clouds as would justify a "rush to the diggings." Fortunately, about three o'clock in the afternoon the rain relaxed for a short time, and the sun burst from behind the clouds. Mr Curtis instantly ran to the stable for the horse, and in a few minutes we were off full drive through a bad bush-road, jolting over stumps and tree-roots, and threading our way through bushes and gum-trees, with as much expedition as a very capital horse could enable us to command.

'When we got about half-way to our destination we saw, from the black, descending clouds, that ours was simply a race against time. If we could get there before fresh torrents of rain began to fall we should get a congregation; if not, the people would be all within their tents. Our good horse seemed to understand that he was engaged in missionary work, and appeared to be trying to illustrate that magnificent pæan of the prophet, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." At all events we beat the rain by a few minutes. When we reached the top of the hill a man, by arrangement, began to blow a ram's horn, and by the time we got to the appointed rendezvous, where a religious service was being closed inside a small store, the people began to swarm from beneath their tents, which were pitched in a most picturesque fashion all round the sides of the hills. After a few minutes' conversation with the parties on the spot, it was resolved to proceed at once with the service.

'After brief devotional exercises, joined in most heartily by the people, I preached from Heb. i. 1. I told them the two finest things in the world were gold and the gospel. They had been toiling hard all the week after one, and I had now brought them the other. Gold and the gospel were the two greatest powers beneath the sun. The gospel without gold was like machinery without oil; and gold without the gospel was like a crown without its gems. I commended them for coming to search for gold; but I told them the story of Atalanta and of Bunyan's Hill of Lucre. I reminded them of Paul's caution to Timothy, and of his big tree with the love of money for the root; and I entreated them neither to let gold nor anything else prevent them from running with patience the race set before them.

'I stood in front of Mr Barker's store, with an inverted tub for a pulpit and an umbrella for a canopy, while the rain poured down in torrents, in spite of which the people manfully kept their ground to the last.

'I promised to visit them again for two services that day fortnight. I also held a short conference with the men after the service, and agreed to give them a lecture on some week evening during the full moon, on the best method of getting gold, and how to use it. One man was afterwards heard to say, "If Mr Maughan can tell me how to get gold, he is just the man for me."

'Immediately after the service we returned for tea in the pelting rain to our lodgings. On the following day, in the face of pelting rain and hail-storms, we got to Adelaide, thankful that in spite of difficulties we had, to some extent, executed our mission.'

A correspondent writing a few days after to the Register's gold-field Reporter says, 'While there I heard on all sides expressions of thankfulness and gratitude towards those who had come forward to declare the truth to them on last Sabbath.'

'A fortnight later, which was last Sunday week, I again visited the diggings. I went on the Saturday afternoon, and delivered my promised lecture. I drove about eleven miles afterwards through the bush, a considerable part of the way in the dark, to Mount Barker, where I spent the night with our friend Mr Dew, and returned to preach at the diggings on the following day. My lecture on the Saturday evening secured for me both the ears and hearts of the diggers.'

Such exertions were enough for a man in health and vigour, but far too much for a palpitating invalid, unable to rest for pain, and taking a large quantity of ipecacuanha every twenty-four hours.

The next time we see him he is not at the gold-creek, but embarking for England to seek health, but, alas, seeking it in vain.

CHAPTER X.

MR MAUGHAN'S VISIT TO ENGLAND, 1869.

It had now become painfully evident even to himself, that his labours could not be continued without endangering his life, and a suspension of them for some time was imperative. Therefore on April 22, 1869, Mr Maughan left Adelaide for England. His departure, which had been delayed about two years for the reasons previously assigned, took place suddenly and unexpectedly. On the morning of the above day he received intimation that his friend Mr Way was just leaving Adelaide for England; and feeling, as he did, the need of friendly attention and succour during his voyage, and knowing the kindness of Mr Way, he resolved at once to avail himself of this opportunity, the most favourable one he could expect, and in 20 minutes he had packed up and was ready to embark.

On arriving at Melbourne, where he had to remain a short time in order to change vessels, Mr Maughan preached twice for the Rev. C. Linley. He was now severed from his people, but his heart was with them, and he wrote them the following pastoral letter.

'Elmbank Terrace, Victoria Parade,
'Melbourne, May 4th, 1869.

'To the members of my congregation in Adelaide.

'My dear Friends,

'I am just now going on board the "Great Britain," which is to sail at daylight to-morrow morning for England. Before I do this, and almost the last act that I perform before I leave the residence of my friend and brother minister Mr Linley, I deem it my duty to write you an affectionate letter of farewell. I little expected last Sunday week, when I was announcing to you the subject on which I should preach the following Sunday evening, that I should then be 500 miles away from you, on my journey to our fatherland; but circumstances with which most of you are acquainted have rendered it necessary for me to start at once on a short visit to England. For nearly two years I have had this step in contemplation, but the very terrible suffering through which I was passing, and the difficulty of getting my pulpit supplied during my absence, for a long time prevented my taking it. The accident to my ankles having hindered me from leaving by the Adelaide early sailing ships, I had made up my mind to go overland in the course of a mail or two; but last Monday week, when I learnt from my friend Mr Way that he was going by the "Great Britain," I also learnt that it would be exceedingly perilous on account of the great heat to attempt a voyage by the mail steamer until the summer was over, which of course would throw me into the English winter, and therefore be far too late for me to venture. I saw at once that so far as this year was concerned, my voyage to England was a question of "now or never." I was slowly and steadily improving in health. To start off to England at once would be to take the condition of my health upon the rising tide, and might set me up, and make me strong to labour in the Church for many years to come. To delay my departure till another return of my old bronchitis might destroy my hope of restoration for ever. After therefore a momentary conference with two or three friends, in whose judgment I could confide, I resolved to rush off to England without a moment's hesitation or delay. I had only 20 minutes at home to pack up and get away, but through mercy I have got thus far towards my destination, and hope by the continued good help of God to reach in safety the haven I desire.

'May I ask for a special interest in all your prayers that my voyage may be a safe one, and my visit to England in every respect successful? It is my intention to send out, if possible, by the return trip of the "Great Britain," an able young man to take my place till I return. If I should by any possibility fail in this—of which, however, I have no fear—I hope to return myself by the December mail.

'I wish the time I have just now at command would admit of my giving you a few kindly pastoral counsels to guide you in my absence; but as I cannot do this, I would just say to the members of the Church, be particular to attend properly all the class-meetings, prayer-meetings, and other ordinances of the Church, and in this way your souls will be kept like the green willows by the watercourses. And to the members of the general congregation, I would add, Give yourselves to prayer, and the word of salvation. Do not absent yourselves from your pews during my absence. Be in your seats whenever God's house is open, in order to encourage those who shall occupy my place. I commend especially to kindly consideration, and to your attendance at the Church services, my beloved young colleague, upon whom the greater part of the burden of my absence will fall. Hold up his hands, cheer his heart, and encourage him in every way you can, and so shall the blessing of our great Shepherd and Lord rest upon you.'

I regret to find that the remainder of this letter is missing. As it was sent to his congregation generally, it probably passed into many hands, and the concluding portion was lost in *transitu*.

In the early part of the voyage Mr Maughan improved in health, but while passing through the tropics he suffered much. He received every attention from his friend Mr Way, and as he came nearer to England his sufferings abated, and his health became improved. He arrived in Liverpool July 2, 1869, and now he once more inhaled the air of his native isle, and hoped soon to experience its restoring and invigorating influence. But while anxious to obtain a restoration to health, he had equal anxiety for the prosperity of his Church, and no sooner had he landed than he wrote another pastoral letter, in which the reader will see how intensely solicitous his soul was for the continued union and love, the prayerful and zealous efforts, of his people for the welfare of Zion.

'To my dear friends, the members of my Church and congregation in Franklin-street.

'My dearly beloved Friends,

'Since I last wrote to you I have been the subject of many mercies. From a brief diary which I have kept, and which may be read to you, if you desire it, at the close of one of your week evening services, you will find that we have had one of the swiftest and pleasantest voyages ever made from Melbourne to England. For the first 18 days I enjoyed wonderfully good health, excepting about two days, when I suffered from an influenza cold. After the first five days we got very fine fair winds, which carried us along at a beautiful rate, until we got round Cape Horn. The weather was much finer than we expected. It was raw and damp, with thermometer two or three degrees below freezing point, which made us bring out all our furs and warm clothing; but we had only a few showers of snow, and it happened to be that favourable time of the year when there was no ice to be seen in the neighbourhood of the "Horn." The damp air at Cape Horn began to affect me, but we soon got out of it, and I got nearly all right again, until we began to approach the tropics. I became very ill after entering the tropic of Capricorn, and had a hard struggle to live for several days. With only occasional intermissions my lungs continued to be seriously affected, until we began to approach the English coast; I became then as well as I was when I left Adelaide, and I have continued much about the same ever since. I think I am on the whole a little better than I was for the last fortnight before I left the colony, but I have yet the English winter before me, and my past experience teaches me not to be too sanguine until I see what the winter may produce. On arriving in England Mr Way, who was extremely kind to me during the whole of the voyage, accompanied me to the residence of our Missionary Secretary, the Rev. Samuel Hulme. There we were delighted to learn that the Conference, which had only finished its sittings ten days before we arrived, had sent for Mr Herbert Fenton, a young and rising minister, and got his consent to start off to Adelaide to take my place for a short time, by the "Great Britain" after she arrived. They had little idea that the very ship which was expected to take Mr Fenton to Adelaide was at that moment bringing me to England. I had a Conference with Mr Fenton a few days after I landed, and heard him make an extemporaneous, but most interesting and suitable little speech at a ladies' congratulation tea-meeting. He is a young man, apparently of about 24 or 25 years of age. He was two years at Ranmoor College, and has since laboured for three years as a candidate for our ministry. He spent one of these years in London, and is here highly spoken of by the friends. He is a very modest and unassuming young man, of a strong build and healthy appearance. He is an earnest preacher, and I am told a diligent pastor. He was greatly interested in the history I gave him of the Church in Adelaide. He is possessed in an eminent degree of Christian piety and good sense. I do not know another young man who could have been found in our ministry so suitable and willing to come to Adelaide. I trust you will pray for him, that his labours may be made a blessing to you and to the city. Instead of coming by the "Great Britain," I have arranged for him to come by the "Yatala," which is one of the best and swiftest of our own ships. He will leave on the 29th of this month, and will reach Adelaide in about 76 or 78 days, if all goes well. There will be a saving of fifteen or twenty pounds by his coming direct, and he will arrive much about the same time as he would get round by the "Great Britain."

'My friends here are very anxious for me to get the best medical advice in London as to the present condition of my lungs and heart. Personally I do not need this, as I believe that our Adelaide medical profession are perfectly reliable in these matters, and I have now, as I always have had, the most perfect confidence in the skill and judgment of my own medical attendant. Still, to satisfy my friends here, I have arranged with Mr Way for him to accompany me to Dr Fuller of St George's Hospital in a few days, in order to get his report on my case. I am very sanguine that the report will be favourable to my being able yet for many years to fulfil the duties of a missionary in Australia.

'The subject of a union between our own Denomination and that of the Bible Christians has recently been largely discussed, and the union is now almost certain to be consummated; but it will be, perhaps, a few years first. Mr Way, Dr Cooke, and myself go down to the Bible Christian Conference on the 26th of this month. After that I am, if able, to take a tour through our principal Circuits, and to preach and speak on behalf of the Missionary Society.

'I do not forget you either collectively or individually in my personal supplications. May I ask for a continued interest in your prayers? Let me still entreat you to hold up the hands of my friend Mr Merriman in his efforts to minister to your edification and to build up and extend the borders of the Church. Be in your places at the appointed times for the religious services, be diligent in your attendance on prayer-meetings, class-meetings, and especially at the Lord's table. Think and speak kindly of each other, and pray for one another, forbearing one another and forgiving one another, as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you. And may the God of peace, the Friend and Father of us all, bless, sustain, and comfort you all in Adelaide and me in England, for Christ's sake, Amen. So prays your affectionate minister,

'JAMES MAUGHAN.'

When Mr Maughan's old friends first met him in England they were all deeply affected by the change which a few years had wrought upon him. In 1862 he left us a hale vigorous man, and in seven short years he returned pallid, shattered, and white-headed; his step was feeble and tremulous, his breathing short, palpitating, and at times convulsive; and though only 42 years of age, he had the appearance of a feeble old man of threescore. But amid these signs of dilapidation and decay, his spirit was as buoyant as ever, and his desire for labour as ardent as in the days of his vigorous youth. He at once offered his services to the Missionary Committee, undertaking to preach once, and address the Sunday scholars on each Sabbath, and to deliver a speech or a lecture at a public meeting once every week on behalf of the Mission. The Committee, wiser and more merciful than himself, found it necessary to restrict his labours, and to enact a positive prohibition upon his engaging in various extra services which injudicious friends requested him to perform, and which in his excessive zeal he was too ready to undertake.

Early in the month of August he visited his old friends in Bristol, who gave him a most hearty greeting, and he remained amongst them for several weeks, being kindly entertained by Mrs Ellis at Sneyd Park, and his warm-hearted friends Mr and Mrs Phillips of College Green. While here, he preached at Bath and Bristol; and as he could not walk he took a cab at his own expense to visit every member of the Church at their own house, that he might encourage them in the Lord, and strengthen their attachment to His cause. At the anniversary of the Bristol chapel he rendered his assistance, and at the public meeting he inaugurated an effort to remove a troublesome Circuit debt, by starting a subscription, heading the list with a handsome donation from himself, and handing round papers to others, with a winning importunity that realized promises or gifts amounting to about £50.

Mr Maughan received much attention and many marks of affection from his old friends both at Bristol and elsewhere; but his soul was constantly anxious about the people of his special charge in Adelaide: he felt for them with the sympathy and tenderness of a father for his children, as will appear from the following letters.

'Avon House, Sneyd Park, Clifton, Bristol,
'August 12th, 1869.

'To my beloved friends the members of the Church and congregation worshipping in our beautiful Adelaide church in Franklin-street.

'My dear Friends,

'At this moment I have you every one in my eyes. I fancy I see you seated in your accustomed places, and I do not think there is one of the old seat-holders amongst you that I have not in my mind.

'I am thankful to say that my health during the past month has, on the whole, been quite as good as it was before I sent my last letter to you. Since that time I have been very busily employed, and I think you will be pleased with a report of my proceedings. In the first place, let me say that, accompanied by my dear friend Mr Way and his brother, who is a medical student, I have visited two of the most eminent medical men in London. They both agree that the state of my health is sufficient to give rise to the most serious apprehension; but they both affirm that it is possible even yet for me to be cured. I am now going through a course of altered diet and medicine at the hands of Dr Fuller, and if I do not find relief from his treatment I intend to try that of Dr Wilkes, the eminent physician of Guy's Hospital, so that I may have the satisfaction of feeling that I have done everything possible to get myself set right again.

'In the second place, you will be glad to learn that

I have got Mr Fenton, the able and earnest young man whom our Conference has kindly sent to take my place for a short time, safely sent off by the "Yatala." This vessel did not sail till Saturday, August the 11th, which was five days later than she was advertised for, but I think you may reasonably expect her in about 79 days from that time. He left in very excellent spirits. He is a young man with a warm heart. He is deeply pious, and bent upon the one great object of bringing souls to Christ. My heart filled as I bade him good-bye, and thought of the great work to which I was sending him, and of the kind friends, and my own loved ones amongst the rest, to whom he was going. I could scarcely mutter to him the customary parting words; but the last sentence he uttered to me was, "*By God's help you may depend upon me. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to keep the friends together till your return. I go in the spirit of my Master to save souls, and do His work.*" Receive him kindly, help him heartily, and I am sure he will be made a blessing to you. He will begin to arrange for the anniversary services as soon as he arrives. He will also assist you in the coming bazaar. I trust he will find you all in the enjoyment of health and prosperity.

'In the third place, you will be glad to learn that I have been able to attend the Conference of the Bible Christians in Bristol. They received me very kindly, made me a member of the Conference, allowed me two or three times to speak at its sittings, and to address their public missionary meeting. I was much pleased with the great ability displayed, and the simple piety evinced by many of their ministers: it was really delightful to hear them. The amalgamation between them and us will, in all probability, be effected in about two years from the present time. Both parties have agreed on the general principles, and only a little time to arrange the details is required on each side. These, I think, are the principal things to which it is necessary for me to refer. I may, however, farther say that I have now commenced preaching once each Sunday on behalf of our Missionary Society in different parts of the Connexion, and to give one lecture in the week on "Australia." I sincerely trust that you are all living near to the great Fountain, and pressing on to the glorious immortality. Be diligent in your attendance on the Church ordinances, and so live as that we may all at the last be found perfected before God's throne.

'I am, my dear friends, very affectionately, your old minister,

'JAMES MAUGHAN.'

Before a month had expired Mr Maughan wrote again to the dear friends and members of his Church and congregation.

'Bristol, September 10th, 1869.

'MY DEAR FRIENDS,

'As the mail for Adelaide leaves again at two o'clock this afternoon, I take my pen to address you once more. Since I last wrote you my health has been much as it was before the last mail left. I have been well enough to preach once each Sunday, and on two occasions twice, besides lecturing once during each week. But I find this quite as much as I can do without injury to myself. On the first Sunday after the last mail I preached twice in the old city of Bath, and gave a lecture in Bristol on the following Monday evening on Australia as a field of religious and missionary enterprise. On the following Sunday I and Dr Cooke preached the anniversary sermons of our beautiful church in Forest Hill near the Crystal Palace, and both attended the tea-meeting on the Monday. On the third Sunday I preached missionary sermons in Britannia Fields Chapel in London and lectured on "Australia" on the Monday night, giving the friends a lengthened account of our rise and progress in Adelaide, and not forgetting to speak to them of all your assistance and kindness to myself. Last Sunday I preached twice in a large town hall taken for the purpose at Brierley Hill in the Dudley Circuit, and next Sunday and two following days I and Mr Innocent (who has just returned on a temporary visit from China) have to conduct missionary services in our two largest churches in the Staffordshire Potteries. It is not my intention to preach twice on the Sabbath again during my stay here, as it is rest I have come to seek.

'Since I wrote you before I have seen Dr Fuller, my medical adviser, again. He tells me he does not think that my disease is caused by the South Australian climate. If it were, I should have broken down before the end of three or four years. He is of opinion that over-work and my former unsuitable residence have been the cause of my illness. He takes a hopeful view of my case, and thinks I may yet be able to do a large amount of work. I am carefully following his prescription, though I have not yet found much benefit from doing so. I am happy to say that I am now able to walk much farther than I was able to do in Adelaide for two or three years past.

'I trust that by the time this letter reaches you Mr Fenton will have nearly arrived. As you will find him to be a young man of great energy, I trust you will do all you can to encourage and help him. As I feel that I can safely intrust the Church to his care, it is now my intention to stay here over the winter, and to get put right, if possible, for resuming my labours amongst you. Our Missionary Committee here have arranged for Mr Innocent and myself to visit the principal Churches in England in connection with our Missionary anniversaries. Our work has been already fixed for every Sabbath up to Christmas. I sincerely trust you are all caring for the "one thing needful." Need I remind you of the wise words of the Great Saviour, "Seek FIRST the kingdom of God and His righteousness?" To do this, make your religious duties the first objects of your lives. Live to prosper by living for God and His Church. Strive to be useful, and you will all be sure to be happy.

'To those of you who are Christ's followers let me say, "Be in earnest." Leave nothing in the Church to be done by others that you can do yourselves. It is a Divine command, "Let no man take thy crown." No real Christian can be indifferent to the prosperity of the Church, and every Christian ought to live and work as though the salvation of the world depended on him alone. As in a workshop every man is expected to be at his post at six o'clock in the morning, so in the Church every man's duty should be his delight. Forgive my uttering these counsels, for you know that my heart still beats in unison with your own. In fact, I can scarcely realize that I am not still amongst you. When I am sitting at the tables of my old friends, or riding through the green fields of England, it seems to me as though it were all a dream. I feel concerning Adelaide the truth of what our Divine Master said, "Where your treasure is, there your heart will be also."

'To those of you who are still "halting between two opinions," let my entreating voice from fourteen thousand miles away fall upon your ears. Be wise. Live as you desire to be found when you die. Don't so act in this life as to have to spend eternity in vain and fruitless regrets. Seek fellowship with Christian men, and make life on earth the stepping-stone to heaven. Pray without ceasing, and may Heaven's richest blessing descend on you all.

'Your sincere friend and minister,
'JAMES MAUGHAN.'

He sent a third letter, dated Sept. 29th, 1869:

'To the members of my Church and congregation in Adelaide. To be read at a special meeting to be called after the Sunday evening service.

'MY DEAR FRIENDS,

'By the time you receive this letter I trust that Mr Fenton will have arrived amongst you. I find the friends here speak most highly of him. Wherever he has laboured he has been greatly esteemed. He is in robust health both of body and mind. He comes to you full of faith and energy. He has told all his friends here that he is determined, by the blessing of God, to succeed. If, therefore, you receive him kindly and hold up his hands by praying for him, attending all his services and working with him, I have not the slightest doubt of his being made a great blessing both to the Church and to yourselves.

'I am sorry to have to inform you that I have not been so well during the past month. Just before I wrote you my last letter I caught an influenza cold, which as usual settled on my lungs. For several days I was entirely laid up. During the whole month I have suffered considerably, but now I am thankful to say that I am a little better. Mr Innocent, who has been labouring for ten years with so much success as a missionary in China, returned for the benefit of his health a few weeks after my arrival here. During the past month he and I have been attending missionary services together in different parts of the country. On the 12th we were to preach, and on the 13th and 14th of this month attend meetings at Longton and Hanley. I was too ill to take the services on the two first dates, but on the 14th I managed to get to Hanley. The church there is the largest we have in the Connexion. It was very full, nearly 2000 people present, and the friends were very greatly pleased to see and hear Mr Innocent and myself once more. The collections were £58 18*s*. 6*d*., or more than double the amount of the preceding year.

'On the following Sunday I lectured in the afternoon to about 500 Sunday scholars in Bolton, near Manchester, and preached in the evening. The weather was very wet, but there was a large congregation. On the following evening we attended the Bolton annual missionary meeting. On the Tuesday evening we attended a meeting at Mossley, and on Wednesday evening another at Lees. There were large attendances at all the places notwithstanding the wetness of the weather; and in every case the collections for the Mission were double the amounts of preceding years. I found these services to be somewhat trying to me in my present state of health. I was therefore obliged to take a week's rest immediately after them; and as my medical attendants had ordered me to try a more southerly climate, I spent a few days upon the south coast. I also took a run over to Paris, where I made some interesting and, I trust, profitable purchases for our forthcoming bazaar.

'Last Friday I reached the residence of my friend Mr J. B. Prockter of Gateshead. Here I am being most hospitably entertained during my stay in the north. On Sunday morning I preached to a very large congregation at Salem Chapel in Newcastle. Many of my old friends came in from great distances to hear the word. In the evening I preached at Wallsend. I could not refuse this extra service, as Wallsend was the place of my earliest boyhood. But I was far from fit to preach twice on the same day. On Monday night we had a crowded missionary meeting in Newcastle, and last night we had a similar meeting at Wallsend. In every case we have had excellent meetings, and in each case the collections have been more than double the amount of the preceding year.

'Next Sunday we preach and attend meetings in the Gateshead Circuit, after which we visit Leeds, Sheffield, Manchester, Dudley, Birmingham, and other circuits. We have already every Sunday engaged from the present time until Christmas, and the number of applications for services after Christmas, and for which at present I refuse to make any definite engagements, is something almost appalling.

'As I do not yet know how I shall be able to stand the winter, I find it would not be prudent for me to make any engagements beyond Christmas. Mr Hulme and the Missionary Committee insist that I should rest as much as possible. But for the unfortunate influenza to which I have referred, I believe I should have been even better by this time than I was when I last wrote you. Still, we must bow to the Providential dispensations of our Great and Loving Father. His ways are not our ways, and it is very much better for us that they are not.

'What a very Babel of confusion our world would become if every man had the ordering of his own concerns! We should be blindly blundering and perversely quarrelling at every step. How much better it is to know that we are in the hands of an All-comprehending and an All-powerful God: one who, while He sees everything we need, can subordinate everything to our good. Nothing can be more consolatory than for us to know that all our ways are "*ordered of the Lord,*" and that though we may be led through dark and perplexing paths, yet we are being surely led to heaven. It is only as we believe in the doctrine of an over-ruling Providence that we can sing with the sainted John Newton—

"Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The med'cine is food:
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, oh how pleasant
The conqueror's song."

And it is only as we are able to sing this that we are able to bear up with philosophic firmness in the midst of suffering and trial.

'But I must bring my letter to a conclusion. I trust that you have got all your arrangements completed for a very successful anniversary. It will give me great pleasure to learn that you have not come short of former years, and I shall not be surprised to learn that you have exceeded in my absence all that has ever been done before. I have always told you that God's Church was not dependent on any individual, but that God could carry on His own work even after I was carried up to heaven. I shall be with you in spirit both at your anniversary sermons and at your tea-meeting. I shall select two Sabbaths, and then shall be almost sure to be right. If I should be well enough I shall just be about finishing my breakfast in the morning when your evening meeting is being opened. Rest assured that, guided by past experience, I shall be following you through every part of the meeting, even to the collection, and shall be praying for the Great Head of the Church to bless you. I do not fail to tell our English friends of your great liberality to the cause, and of your great personal kindness to myself and family; and I may venture further to add that I believe my visit here, by the Divine blessing, is likely to prove of great importance and advantage to our cause in Australia. We must have at least £1000 paid off from the debt of the church. I have not been able yet to see the members of our Committee together; but if you can raise, by a great effort, say six or seven hundred pounds in Adelaide, I have no doubt but that I shall be able to get for you the remainder. Confer amongst yourselves on this matter, and if you can see your way clear to raise, by a very great effort, say £650, you had better pass a resolution to that effect, and apply to me in a formal way to get you a grant of say £350. I greatly regret that I have not a better account to give you of my state of health by the present mail; but you may rest assured that so long as I live I shall not fail to care and pray for you.

'I am, my own very dear friends, your affectionate but invalided minister,

'JAMES MAUGHAN.'

In these letters Mr Maughan feelingly alludes to a subject intensely interesting to himself and to all large-hearted men, especially those whose views and sympathies are expanded by travel and missionary labours—the subject of Christian union. Friendly overtures had been made by our Conferences and committees in 1867-8, and accepted by the Bible Christians; and in 1869 it was regarded as probable that the bodies would be united. Deputations from each body were sent and accepted at the Conferences of 1869-70; but unhappily the proposed union failed as an immediate event, though with the continuance of mutual affection and esteem.

This and other unions, however, between the several Churches of Methodism can only be a question of time. The affinity is too close, and the bonds of affection and mutual interest too strong, to admit of their being kept asunder much longer. Moreover, union is the tendency of the age, and the combined power of the outside forces of antagonism are accelerating its consummation. Several bodies of Christians have become united, and enjoy the blessedness of more intimate fellowship and augmented strength. Other Churches are yearning for it, and their prayers and tears are as holy incense before God; they blend with the availing intercession of Him who laid down His life for the Church, and among whose last pleadings we find the prayer for the unity of His people. Friends of union, pray on, ye shall not pray in vain.' Lovers of the Saviour, cherish and manifest towards one another all the tender sympathies and fraternal affection of your filial relation to God; and hold yourselves ready for those interpositions, which the good providence of God is sure to make for gathering His scattered sheep into the closest bonds, and rendering His people one with each other, even as the Father and Son and Spirit are one.

Mr Maughan continued to labour in advocating the missions by preaching and speaking on public occasions, when he was kindly entertained by numerous friends in various parts of the Connexion. But when winter had fully set in, the paroxysms arising from his heart affection became so frequent, and withal so serious, that the Missionary Committee declined even to accept the services he was still willing to render, and he was advised to rest altogether as the only means of preserving his life. At this time he returned to London, and remained for many weeks together under the hospitable roof of his warm-hearted friends, Mr and Mrs Whitworth, who rendered him every possible service which his broken health required. During this period the writer had frequent interviews with him, and saw him at times labouring for breath with almost convulsive efforts, as if every moment would be his last. In this state he sometimes continued for hours, until friends around could not look upon him without alarm. It was a grievous disappointment to become worse instead of better in health by the change of climate and of scene; and it was a trying dispensation thus to suffer at a distance of 16,000 miles from home; but he never uttered a murmuring word. Nor did he seem to have the least fear even in anticipation of a fatal issue. He calmly trusted in God, and confided in His wisdom and love.

With the returning spring he rallied once more, and even recommenced his labours to a limited extent. He attended the ensuing Conference at Sheffield, and was present at most of its sittings, but took little part in its proceedings. The Rev. John Innocent, another brother beloved, who after labouring about nine years as a missionary in China, had arrived in England about the same time as Mr Maughan, on account of the state of his health, and who had rendered valuable service to the Mission during the year, attended the Conference also. Both these brethren were heartily welcomed by the Conference, and the following resolution was passed.

'That the Conference welcomes the Rev. J. Maughan and the Rev. J. Innocent on their return to England with fraternal affection, after Mr Innocent's absence of ten years in China, and Mr Maughan's absence of eight years in Australia.[1] The Conference records, as on many former occasions it has already done, its grateful joy in the honour God has bestowed upon both our brethren in the success which has attended their labours, the reports of which received from time to time stimulated the songs of our Zion, and added fervour to our prayers. The Conference is grateful to the Giver and Preserver of life that the health of our brethren has been so much improved by their voyages and visit to their fatherland, as to justify their early return to their spheres of labour. The public services of our brethren in the pulpit and on the platform, as well as their private intercourse, have been a spiritual festival to our Churches, and have tended in various ways to quicken their missionary zeal into a more intense glow, and to draw forth their liberality in a larger measure. With their cordial assent the Conference again sends them forth as "the messengers of the Churches and the glory of Christ," assuring them of its highest confidence and love, and fervently praying that when they leave our shores their voyages may be safe and prosperous, that their lives may be long spared, and their labours rendered yet more successful in turning men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.'

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[1] This period includes the time of their voyages, and their public services in England.

CHAPTER XI.

MR MAUGHAN'S RETURN TO ADELAIDE, 1870.

Mr Maughan, though grievously disappointed by the failure of the projected union, was much refreshed by his intercourse with the ministers and friends, and greatly delighted with the services of the Conference. Painful experience had convinced him that he could not live in the damp and changeable atmosphere of England, and he now began to prepare for returning to his adopted country. He spent a short time with his friend Mr Hannay in Dudley, and then came to London to make some purchases for his voyage, during which he was again entertained by his generous friends, Mr and Mrs Whitworth, whose house for its hospitality may be justly termed 'The Pilgrims' Home.' But as the vessel, the 'Yatala,' had to call at Plymouth, Mr Maughan preferred to go on board at that port, in order to enjoy a day or two more of the society of his friends. He therefore repaired to Bristol, which lay partly in his route, and was kindly received and entertained by his devoted friends, Mr and Mrs Phillips. He preached in our chapel on Sunday, August 7, and after the public service administered the Lord's supper. This was his last service in England.

On Tuesday, August 9, Mr Maughan left Bristol to meet the 'Yatala' at Plymouth. In commencing his diary of the voyage he thus speaks of his latest hours in England, and his embarkation for Australia.

'Tuesday, August 9th. Got all packed up and ready to start from Mr Phillips' by one o'clock. Had a quiet but capital dinner (my last in England) with Mr and Mrs Phillips and Miss Geach. Mr Phillips kindly got the cab laden early, so that we all started about 2 p. m. for the Railway station. There I met some dear old friends,—Mr Edbrook, Mr Paddon, Mrs Downes, Miss Paddons, &c. After waiting 20 minutes, had a long "good-bye" to venerable old Bristol, my dear friends Mr and Mrs Phillips, and the other beloved friends; and with Milton by my side we were whisked away *en route* for the good ship "Yatala," which was at that moment entering the Plymouth Sound. Had a fine view of Clifton Bridge, saw Clevedon and Weston as we passed, but was especially struck with Taunton and its beautiful church spire. Stayed a few minutes at the station of fine old Exeter, and had just time to recognize Mr Bourne, the excellent editor of the "Bible Christian Magazine," and to inquire after the progress of the union at their Conference. The day was charming, and we enjoyed the ride down the Devonshire coast, as through the many watering-places we passed. There was a great crowd at the Plymouth station, and we had much difficulty in securing our luggage. From the station we drove to the Shipping Agent's office, where we deposited our luggage, learnt that the ship had arrived from London several hours before us, and were directed to suitable lodgings. After tea Miss Geach, who had come with us to look after the luggage and fit up our cabin, and in the place of her uncle to see us fairly "off," took Milton to see the ships in the "Hoe," and I was left to write up my letters for the Australian mail. On the following morning Milton went through the Devonport dockyard, and was greatly delighted with everything he saw. After returning from the dockyard they went to the Railway station, and brought away a dray load of "sent on" luggage. This was taken to the Shipping Office, a boat was engaged for 14*s.*, and the whole luggage was put into it to be taken to the ship.

'At two o'clock, having finished my letters, we started for the "Yatala," and reached her after half-an-hour's sail. On opening our cabin door to commence the fitting-up I found the three boxes and bale of cabin furnishings which I had sent to London had not been put on board. Here was a pickle! My friends had been toiling night and day for a month past to provide me with everything which the condition of my health required, or which their kindness or my own experience could suggest. In hot weather, in cold, in health or in sickness, everything which could reasonably be needed by *me* in a three months' voyage had been forwarded to the ship's steward a week before, yet nothing had been delivered. Fortunately we found in the cabin two mattresses with a parcel from our dear friend Mr Whitworth, containing two blankets and a rug. These, with a dozen towels, a dozen pillow-cases, and a couple of chairs, will have to make up the whole of our cabin furniture and bedding until we get to Adelaide. Fortunately the weather will be warm during the first half of the voyage, and if I can only keep as well as I feel on embarking, I care nothing for the inconvenience or discomfort. Under any circumstances repining would be useless. We must therefore summon all the philosophies to our assistance, and make the best of our unfortunate circumstances. After a three seconds' bite of the lip, which physiognomists say is the symbol of mortification, we began to arrange our beds and boxes. On finishing I confess to a feeling of disconsolateness. I see the room without a piece of carpet, and without a brush or comb-bag, or a looking-glass, and the beds with no pillows, and no covering but the blankets and the rug, and to think after all our trouble of having to live for three months in that way, burning in the tropics, and freezing in the Southern Ocean, and myself during much of that time literally struggling for existence, was to experience feelings anything but elevating in their character. At five o'clock Miss Geach left the ship in a state of great exasperation with all and sundry railway carriers, intending to catch the midnight train to Bristol, and to make inquiries after the lost luggage. At six o'clock I sat down to finish my letters to English friends, and to close my Australian mail. At one o'clock next morning we weighed anchor, at two I finished my letters for the pilot, and delivered them. We had then got all sail set and the ship under weigh, I crept under my blanket after commending myself and mine to God, and thus "turned in" for the night.'

When on board Mr Maughan wrote the following epistle to the author of this volume, in which we perceive the sentiments he cherished towards his brethren and friends in England, and the spirit in which he returned to the scene of his labours.

'Plymouth Sound, Aug. 20, 1870.

'MY DEAR BROTHER,

'Forgive my delay in writing you. With capital health, which continues till this moment, but with limited strength, I have been engaged without intermission for the last three weeks for the close of, what will probably be, my last visit to the fine old country of my birth and education. Without an almost miraculous change in my physical condition I have no hope that I shall ever dare to encounter another English winter; but I thank God that I return to the country of my adoption with better health (so I at present believe) than I left it. I now feel so much better, that if I get home as well as I at present am, I hope I shall yet be able to do several years of hard work for Christ and the Connexion we love.

'I have a very grateful recollection of the kindness I have received from all the friends with whom I have come in contact. To Mr Hulme, to yourself and Mrs Cooke, and to my dear friends, Mr and Mrs Whitworth of London, Mr and Mrs Hannay of Dudley, and, besides many other friends, last, but far from least, to my very dear friends Mr and Mrs Phillips of Bristol, I shall feel indebted as long as I live. From the whole Connexion I have received kindnesses which make me feel proud of the honour of being one of its missionaries. I only hope that God will give me a few years more of continued health, that I may prove myself increasingly worthy of the kindness and confidence I have experienced. If such may be, I shall toil in the future, possibly with greater discretion, but with not less solicitude for success. God never intended me to eat the bread of idleness. With normal health I can work cheerfully, or die hopefully; but I cannot sit idly.

'We are just starting on our voyage of 78 long days. To the pilot I shall be indebted for the postage of this letter. We have a fine ship, she is in fine trim. With God's blessing we hope to have a fine voyage; but whatever may happen, I have faith in God. Whether we trip along or touch the bottom it will be all right. The "dangers of the deep" have no terrors for me. I have as much faith in my Great Father on the sea as on dry land. Here, as there, He rules alike. The only difference is in the sickness; but I would rather be *sea-sick* for a few days in doing God's work than *home-sick* all my life.

'I have greatly enjoyed the few opportunities I have had of discussing Church politics. I long to see two things amongst us—first, that we should have an increasingly soul-saving ministry; and second, that we should soon see effected our union with the Bible Christians. For that union, till its consummation, I shall never cease to work and pray. Present my kind love to all the members of your dear family. Pray for us, and ask your friends and the Connexion generally, to pray for us, that our voyage may be short and prosperous. Write me often. Your kind letters cheer our hearts, and make our hands strong. I promise to reciprocate.

'I am, my dear sir, yours most affectionately,

'James Maughan.'

During part of the voyage home, especially while passing through the tropics, Mr Maughan's sufferings were very heavy, and at times it was thought he must expire. But his son was with him to soothe and comfort him; and as he advanced into the temperate zone his sufferings abated, and as he neared the land of his adopted home he became again hopeful of being able to resume his labours, at least in part. So soon as the vessel was sighted and officially reported, his devoted wife hastened to port and took a boat to meet him a number of miles out at sea. The meeting was one of mutual gratitude and joyous praise to God for His preserving care. On landing at Adelaide the faithful, affectionate, and laborious pastor was heartily greeted by his Church and congregation, as well as by a large circle of the general public.

It was now a question, not with himself, but with his medical advisers and friends, whether he should resume his duties as a minister, or take entire rest for a considerable period, so as to allow nature to exert her recuperative power. His medical attendants, after a careful examination, were of one mind that if he would abstain from all labour requiring mental and physical exertion, and live for a time in quietude and retirement, it was not impossible he might survive for some years, and be of future service to the Church of God;

but that the resumption of exertions like those he had been wont to put forth would undoubtedly cause his life to be of very short duration. He heard their testimony with respect, and appreciated their motives; but he was conscious of improved health at present: he saw that the state of the Church required his personal efforts, and he resolved to give them at all hazard. In his view it was better to die in his work than to linger in enforced indolence. His own feelings on this question are expressed in a letter, written shortly after his arrival, to his friend Mr Phillips of Bristol. After commending their newly-appointed minister to their warm affections and cordial co-operation, he says, in his own characteristic style, 'Tell him to swing at it, and go ahead. People blame me for killing myself, but I would rather it were written, "He killed himself in God's service" than "He died in idleness." Besides, why should not people die through their exertions in God's cause? Men die through their toils and exposures in mechanical labours, in commercial enterprises, and on the field of battle! I believe in success. With me the motto is, Conquer or die.' While this language evinces a soul and body consuming zeal, it betrays, it must be admitted, too little regard for his health and the professional counsel of his friends. Yet at a time when there are in the Church so many drones and so few hard workers, he may well be forgiven if he loved the Church of God more than his family, and his work more than his life. There is One of high authority who hath said, 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me.... He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.' Mr Maughan lived in accordance with the principle of this Divine utterance, though he mistook its application.

Mr Maughan resumed his ministerial and pastoral work with characteristic ardour and energy, and both Church and congregation felt his quickening influence, and in all departments there was a return of former unity and activity. Nor was this all,—he unwisely added extra labour to his ordinary duties. He lived only five months after his return to the colony, and yet he performed work enough to occupy a period of twelve. He preached and lectured on special subjects, such as 'The ancient and modern pulpit;' 'Mercies multiplied by millions;' 'The unfairness of some modern methods of estimating the character of Christ;' 'Modern rationalism and ancient miracles.' He took part also in missionary and school anniversaries; he preached and lectured at Hope Valley, 10 miles distant from Adelaide; he revived his Literary and Philosophical Society; he delivered a lecture on England; took part in a meeting held for chemical analysis; prepared a paper to be read at Prince Alfred's College; by special request examined, in the sciences of astronomy and optics, the students of the same college. Labours these certainly unsuited to the condition of a dying man, and enough or more than enough for a man in the full vigour of life.

In one of the above lectures Mr Maughan felt it his duty to animadvert on a work entitled, 'The Jesus of History.' This work was written anonymously by a gentleman well known and much esteemed by Mr Maughan as a conspicuous and influential resident in Adelaide, who during a recent visit to England had been knighted by her Majesty the Queen. Mr Maughan, therefore, felt it necessary as an act of courtesy before delivering his lecture to apprise the author of his intention, and to explain the reasons which had induced him to resolve upon introducing that topic to a public congregation. The following is the letter he wrote.

'Whitmore Square, Dec. 2nd, 1870.

'Sir R. D. H——,

'My dear Sir,

'I was very sorry that a severe attack of bronchitis while in London prevented my calling on you there to congratulate you on the well-earned honour which her Majesty the Queen had but a short time before been pleased to confer on you. Allow me now to do myself the pleasure of expressing my congratulations.

'My special object in now writing is just to explain that having undertaken a course of Sunday evening sermons on some of the popular questions of the present time, I am just overtaking the "Renan," "Ecce Homo," and "Jesus of History" questions. I have read the latter book with great interest, not only on account of its real literary merit, but also because of my knowledge of and very great respect for its reputed author.

'I have announced myself on Sunday evening to take exception to the stand point, "Of a Roman who happened to have heard of Paul's being sent as a prisoner to Rome," &c., and I shall probably take exception to some of the views obtained from that standpoint on two or three subsequent Sunday evenings.

'I am venturing to say of the selected standpoint that I think it is —

'I. Unphilosophical.

'II. Unfair.

'III. Impracticable.

'*Unphilosophical,* because with all the results before us, it is going the farthest way round to reach the conclusion; *unfair,* because if the authorship of the "Jesus of History" were tested in that way, it could be made all but certain that it could not have been written by the Chief Justice of South Australia; and *impracticable,* because it is impossible for any man now to put himself in the position of the ancient Roman. Without his character, temperament, education, association, prejudices, and habits of religious thought, the assumed position would be a mere "Will-o'-the-wisp." To deal fairly in estimating the "Jesus of History" it seems to me that, instead of assuming the sceptical or negative condition of mind, we are bound to take the character of Jesus as it now appears, and is now accepted; and with minds favourably prepared by the *prima facie* evidence, to ask if this character can be reasonably and fairly sustained?

'I shall treat the book as anonymous on Sunday evening, but as having a well-known author. I shall speak of the author in terms of great respect, and shall deal without acrimony, and in the spirit of real fairness with the argument.

'I do not write this to evoke a reply, but to disavow if not to prevent the appearance of personal discourtesy to one of whose hospitality I have often partaken, and from whom I have experienced other acts of kindness. Without this explanation my announcement for Sunday evening would have appeared even to myself to be towards you unfriendly, if not rude.

'I am, my dear Sir Richard, yours truly,
'JAMES MAUGHAN.'

The lectures were delivered, the duty was faithfully discharged, but no offence was taken at the preacher's fidelity, as we find shortly afterwards the Hon. Sir R. D. H. among the numerous friends who wrote to Mrs Maughan letters of condolence and sympathy under her painful bereavement, accompanied with the highest testimonies of the worth and usefulness of her departed husband.

CHAPTER XII.

MR MAUGHAN'S LAST HOURS, AND THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

We are now approaching the end of Mr Maughan's laborious life. His earnestness for the salvation of souls became intensified as he drew nearer and nearer the close of his laborious life. In a conversation with his wife, he said, 'Since my return from England I have felt impressed with the necessity of speaking to the people with greater earnestness than I remember to have done at any former period of my life, being determined to be clear of the blood of their souls.' Mrs Maughan, in bearing testimony to this, observed in a letter to the author, 'How true this statement was you may judge from the fact that having turned the Wednesday evening preaching service into a prayer-meeting, it was his custom to go round to the people, to plead personally with them on the necessity of an immediate decision for God, or to direct the penitent to Jesus; and in many cases he would remain with the members and congregation two hours together in this duty, while I was waiting outside with the horse and trap to convey him home. On such occasions he would say as he came out of the meeting, "I am very sorry, my dear, to have kept you waiting, but I felt it was now or never with some in the meeting, and I was determined not to leave until they solemnly promised to be the Lord's; and now my soul is clear of their blood."'

In the month of January the conviction grew upon him that his disease was incurable, and his days were numbered. He admitted this in conversation with his wife, and became intensely anxious that her health, which was then very delicate, should become invigorated, lest they both should be taken away, and their four young children left utterly desolate. His sorrowing wife, writing to the author of this volume soon after the demise of her devoted husband, refers to his concern for her future, and narrates with touching pathos the final scene. She writes thus:—

'Whitmore Square, Adelaide Street,
March 27th, 1871.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'Your loving and affectionate counsels came to hand on the seventh day after my beloved husband had entered into rest.

'Regrets in any form are useless. God ordered, he with love and submission obeyed. A death more peaceful could not have been vouchsafed to him.

'About the middle of January last he began to be alarmed that my health was breaking down, and insisted on my going away from home for a week. I resisted strongly, pleading that I did not need it, that I could not be spared, and that I did not like going away while he remained behind. His mind was, however, so fully set upon it that I yielded.

'He said one morning, "Now listen to me. It is very evident we cannot both live. I have organic disease; at present you have none. I must die sooner or later from the disease; do go away from home and recruit your strength, and let not the children be left without us both. If you do not, you cannot stand up much longer, and what then must be done with the children? I am pretty well now, I can do without you; but it will not last long, and when I am ill I cannot spare you, I cannot do without you."

'I felt, reluctant as I was, it must be done, and accordingly I went away with one of our friends for a week into the country.

'On Sunday, Feb. 5th, he took the morning service. Mr Smith, knowing I was away, kindly invited Mr Maughan and Mr Fenton to his house to dinner, bringing his conveyance to the church to save my husband from walking down.

'Unfortunately Milton had that morning got a cold in his face; his father had lanced his gums, and Milton asked to stay at home. It was a very warm morning, and my husband walked down without his overcoat or scarf, not needing them; the other children and Mary had preceded him on the way to church. Consequently when he rode with Mr Smith, he felt chilled, and suffered from an acute attack of congestion during the whole afternoon. In the evening Mr Smith brought him home.

'I returned home on the Monday, and on his first speaking, I felt he had taken cold. I said, "You have a cold?" He answered, "No, I don't think so, but I am poorly. I feel low and depressed." I got him out a little in the garden, and after great difficulty I had him dressed to go out. The husband of our church attendant had died on the previous Sunday morning, and she was very anxious that Mr Maughan should inter him. He had, however, wished Mr Fenton to do it; but it was our Ladies' meeting, and as he felt so low, I desired him to go out a little, thinking it might cheer him. He dressed, but was unable to go further than the verandah, and I found him still there when I returned from the meeting. He had been superintending the weeding done by Mary and the children during the whole afternoon. The whole week he continued poorly, but insisted that he should be better by the Sunday, and advertised to preach on "Purgatory."

'When Sunday came, however, he was not well enough. The church was crowded, about 50 persons remaining in the porch. Mr Fenton preached, and read a note from him, saying he regretted not being able to be there, but would, God willing, be there the following Sunday evening. He went out on the Wednesday, conducted the Church-meeting on the same evening, though going and returning in a closed hansom. He took the class on the Thursday, but with great pain, and conducted the young men's meeting half through later on in the evening. On the Friday he was very poorly, and on Saturday much the same.

'I had said to him when advertising, "I fear you will not be well enough to preach; had you not better put it off for another Sunday?" He said, "No, I shall be better for Sunday, and it will do us great harm if I do not keep my word."

'On Sunday he preached at night his last sermon. He was too weak to walk to the church, but got through with his accustomed ease, and very few in that crowded church would imagine the suffering he had been enduring.

'When he got home I said, "You feel very wearied?" "Not a bit of it; I am ever so much better. It has done me good." I said, "Well, we shall see tomorrow how much."

'On Monday he was frightfully depressed; he said he never felt anything like it, except during the illness at Mr Whitworth's, when you saw him for several days. The Doctor came in to see our little boy, and with his usual hilarity said, "What's the matter with you?" My husband replied, "Oh, Doctor, I am very bad—such depression, that I feel as though I were going to die." The Doctor playfully said, "Well, you know you are of very little use in this world, and if you are going to die, make your will, and we'll see to the rest." He looked up very pathetically, and said, "You say true, Doctor, I am of very little use, very little use." It was something new to the Doctor to see him depressed. He wrote a prescription, which was immediately sent to be made up, but which did not relieve him. The Doctor continued in attendance from that time.

'He seemed to be getting over the attack of bronchitis. He had taken two Turkish baths, and must, I fear, have taken a chill. He had suitable medicine on the Friday or Saturday, and baths on Saturday and Sunday.

'On Monday night a leaders' meeting was held in his bed-room. He wished to go down-stairs, but found his strength unequal to the task, and the meeting was held in his bed-room. The friends said, "Mr Maughan, you are very poorly—we had better not sing." He replied, "Yes, you must sing, you must sing." He then conducted the business of the meeting, until Mr Fenton's arrival from his class. It was the annual meeting of the leaders, and he was very anxious and earnest in making arrangements that every one elected to the offices should not merely hold the office, but work. Besides the usual announcement from the pulpit on the previous Sunday, I had written a note from his dictation to every member of the meeting, so as to ensure their attendance. Among other matters the mission services were arranged for, and he engaged himself for the evening service.

'When the meeting was over he said, "Well, a great load of anxiety is now taken off my heart; I have been so anxious about that meeting, I did want to get the officers elected for the year. I feel now quite relieved and comfortable about the Church, and I did enjoy that singing; oh, I did enjoy it."

'On the Tuesday dysentery set in. He seemed at once to settle in his own mind that it was come for his end, and said so to our Mary. To me he said, "I shall not rally." Still we hoped.

'On the Wednesday four of those who had been on the Monday night came up to see him. He said, "Let them come up, but tell them I cannot talk, and ask them not to stop long." Mr Curtin and Mr Smith had also come up. He was sitting up, and as soon as they entered the room he said, "I am very ill, very ill; but I am all right. This is my experience—

"Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When heaven and earth are fled away."

'The friends, men as they all were, burst into tears; they wrung his hand in silence, and went quietly down-stairs, never to look on his face again until they saw him departing, or viewed his cold remains. Some of them, with others, carried him to his last resting-place. Mr Curtin turned a moment. Mr Maughan said, "Good-night." Mr Curtin said, "I am coming back to stay the night with you."

'From that night Mr Smith and he came and stayed, one in the early part, and the other the remaining portion of each night so long as he survived.

'On the Thursday a shivering, which greatly alarmed me, took place while he was dozing. I wished to send for the Doctor, but he would not let me. Not feeling satisfied, I left Milton and Mary with him, ran down-stairs, and with great haste wrote a note to the Doctor, giving the symptoms, and asking for advice in case the shivering returned. I was convinced the heart was weakened, and it seemed to me to have stopped for a moment. Minnie with great speed returned, bringing a little bottle, 30 drops of which were to be given if needed. The Doctor had been for many days visiting twice each day. When he came at night he said, "Well, any more shivering?" "How do you know, Doctor, about the shivering?" my dear husband said. "Because your wife wrote and told me, and she did quite right." He said, "Well, I call that a downright piece of disobedience, and my wife is not accustomed to do that." I said, "James, you would not let me send, and I felt I must have something if it should return. You will not believe you were so bad as you gave signs of."

'When the Doctor went, I followed him downstairs, and pressed him to tell me what he thought. He said "he would get over the dysentery, but that spasm of the heart showed that it is very weak, and if the heart fails I can say nothing, for that is a more serious matter than the dysentery." James asked me what the Doctor said. I told him.

'On the Friday Mr Way came to see him. He talked over his temporal concerns with him, telling him what at one time he had proposed concerning Milton; but that he must now work his own way up through life. He then went into a religious conversation, saying that on minor matters he had thought for himself, and his views on all the great doctrines were in harmony with those of his own Denomination; and emphasizing the atonement, he said, "And as to the atonement, let there be no mistake there. I rest upon it without a doubt, without the shadow of a doubt. I am conscious of many imperfections, but I can honestly say that I have served God and the Methodist New Connexion, not as a hireling, but with all my powers, and now I can die peacefully, resting not on any merit of my own, but solely on the atonement made by my Saviour." He then repeated with great emphasis the verse—

"Fix'd on this ground will I remain," &c.

'After Mr Way left he made all arrangements for his funeral and for me. It was a great struggle for us both, but each was trying to keep up for the other's sake; and as I wanted to carry out his desires in everything, we talked long and often, and if I broke down he would say, "Now be a heroine; if it is God's will we must submit, and be ready to say, Thy will be done."

'On the Friday after his arrangements were made he said, "About my memoir. You know I always intended to write an autobiography; but it is too late now, and there is no one I should like to trouble to write my memoir but Dr Cooke. Don't be in a hurry about it; take plenty of time; write him when I am gone, but tell him you will look together all the scraps concerning me. Arrange them in order and send them all to Dr Cooke, stipulating for their return to yourself. But don't be in a hurry about it."

'Turning to his son Milton, a boy of about 13, he repeated that beautiful hymn of Addison,

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!" &c.

And then addressing Milton personally, he said, "My son, that hymn is your father's experience through life, and at this moment."

'With Mr Curtin, when pain ceased, he would often hold conversation. On one occasion he said he never so fully realized the beauty of that hymn as he did then—

"When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith His promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!"

'Again he said, "I have not that rapturous joy which some have, neither do I want it. I have solid peace, and the poet has hit off my experience in four lines—

'Fix'd on this rock will I remain,'" &c.

'When Mr Curtin congratulated him on the Tuesday on being better, he said, "Well, it may seem strange, but I'm not glad." On Mr Curtin seeming surprised, he said, "I thought I was just stepping over the threshold into heaven, and now I've got to come back to earth,—at least, the Doctor says so." Mr Curtin said, "Perhaps your Master has got some more work for you to do." He replied, "Well, if so, I must do it; but I thought I had finished."

'He said the same day to me, "Well, it's not a thing to be talked about, but I feel rather disappointed. I have suffered so much and cannot do the work I would, and I thought God saw I was of so little use in the world, that He was about to take His suffering servant home."

'On the Tuesday night Mr Curtin wished to stay half the night, but we begged him to go home. About eleven o'clock we laid ourselves down for awhile. I felt his hands cold. He said they were warm. I wished to have hot water to his feet, as they were cold. He said No, they were quite comfortable, and begged

I would lie down by his side. For two days he had been able to lie on the bed. I laid myself down at his request, Mary lying in another part of the room ready at any moment to rise if called. About two o'clock I had to get up to attend to him, and on my turning round, I found him standing by the bed. I felt alarmed, knowing how weak he was, and I earnestly besought him to lie down. He did so, and for the first time his mind began to wander. Mary, immediately after, called Milton, then Mr Fenton, who went for Mr Curtin and the Doctor. Much of his wandering was about me, fearing I was ill.

'About seven it all ceased; he kissed all the children and called them each by name. I asked him if he knew me; he answered, "To be sure I do; it's Catherine."

'I repeated in his ear the 23rd Psalm. When I got to the words, "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me," he said, "They do comfort me; they comfort me now." I said, "Unto you that believe He is precious." He said, "Yes, He is precious, very precious; He is precious now."

'I said, "James,

'Not a cloud does arise to darken your skies,
Or hide for *one* moment your Lord from your eyes'?"

'He said, "No, not one—not one—not for one moment." He said, "Tell the young men to work, and not to let their armour grow rusty; for as they have worked and lived faithfully, so shall they triumph at last."

'After this a friend suggested that they should repeat him a hymn. He began with—"O speak of Jesus," and afterwards he read part of the 161st hymn, beginning with the verse—

"When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak."

Though he seemed to enjoy these new hymns, yet when Mr Curtin finished he began to hum (to the tune Nativity) the hymn, "My God, the spring;" then he sang in the same tone the greater part of the hymn commencing—

"Arise, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears:
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands,"

emphasizing greatly the words, "*That ransomed,*" and "*Father,* Abba *Father.*" After this, in a voice almost inaudible, he sang the hymn—

"We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confess'd;
But what must it be to be there!"

When Mr Curtin got to the chorus he was omitting part of it, but the dying saint repeated, "But what, but what, but what shall it be to be there?" These were probably the last words he uttered. He was too weak to sing the whole verse, but the words "but what, but what" he repeated to the end.

'After this he made an attempt to rise. He was raised into a sitting position, and from that time his breathing gradually became shorter and more feeble, until at last they who were standing by could scarcely tell whether the spirit had departed or not. So quiet and calm was his exit that it might truly be said, "He fell asleep in Jesus." As the last moments were nearing Mr Fenton, at Mr Curtin's request, engaged in prayer, which was responded to by the sobs of the children, and indeed of all present. Before that prayer was ended the dying saint had passed away. "Could he have chosen how to die, and where, he would not have chosen otherwise." In the room were many of the members and officers of the Church who, having seen his Christian life, were privileged to behold his Christian death. One of the friends who had sat up with him for a week, and to whom he was tenderly attached, was on one side supporting him, his head leaning upon his shoulder; on the other side I was holding him up, his hand in mine, our eldest son kneeling by his side. Thus attended he fearlessly entered the valley. The last sounds of earth which fell upon his ear were those of prayer and praise. But who can tell what lay beyond the valley? This moment we see him sinking into the arms of death; the next, by faith we behold him in the embrace of the blessed Jesus. This moment we see him exhausted, dying; the next, free from all pain, blessed and happy as the angels of God.

'Mary, Mr Curtin, and myself performed the last necessary acts for him. We laid him on his mother's sheets, and no other hands touched him until the men brought that evening his last bed. How much I begrudged them that last act I can scarcely tell you;

but, as I told the undertaker, "He must do all in my presence, as though I was not there."

'He lay in his own study, at his own request; but on the Thursday at 11 we had to take our last look. I cannot tell you how I envied for once your cold English climate that I might keep my dead in my sight, instead of wishing, as Abraham did, to bury my dead out of my sight.

'I had refused to allow the undertaker to come up as he wished on the Thursday morning; and he said, when here on the Wednesday night, "Well, Mrs Maughan, you will be very glad to send for me." I said, "With you it is business, with me feeling; leave it to me. I am not going to act foolishly; if I find it necessary I will send."

'At seven on the Thursday morning I congratulated myself on being able to take many views of his serene and happy face. At eight, rapid signs of what we dreaded to see had come on, and when Mr Way came to see him, he said, "Mrs Maughan, I must send the undertaker up at once." I had fondly hoped to view him longer, and had done all we could think of; but, alas! alas! another pang, and then—it was nearly the last.

'On the Friday Minnie gathered his best flowers; we wreathed them round the plate, tied them with white as my emblem of love to his spirit, which he said, if spirits were allowed to do so, would be ever guarding us; and then we followed him to the church, myself and Milton, Minnie and Marinus, Mary and Melville, Mr Way and Mr Prockter. Eight of his own people bore him to the tomb.

'My dear Doctor, what I have written about James I knew you would wish to know. I had intended to write to Mr and Mrs Whitworth, but I fear I must leave it now. Will you convey to them my love, my thanks for their kind attentions to my dear husband? My love to Mrs Cooke, Mrs Carlisle (with whom I can now sympathize in truth), and to Miss Cooke, and Mr William, and allow me to be

'Affectionately yours,
'CATHERINE MAUGHAN.'

Our dear brother died in his 45th year, just when his mental powers were maturing. The intelligence of his death rapidly spread, and hung like a dark cloud over the town of Adelaide, covering it with gloom and sorrow. All denominations bewailed the event as a common calamity; the public journals gave utterance to the general sorrow, and bore emphatic testimony to his worth, both as a citizen and as a minister. In a brief sketch of his life and labours given in 'the Adelaide Register,' I find the following eulogy:—

'During the seven years of his residence in the colony Mr Maughan has identified himself with many public movements, especially those of a literary and philanthropic character. He was an eloquent and forcible preacher and an able lecturer. He took great delight in scientific and philosophical pursuits, and his popular lectures on subjects connected with those pursuits were highly appreciated. His death will be a severe loss to his Church and the Associations connected with it, and will also be keenly felt by a very large circle of acquaintances. His genial disposition, gentlemanly manner, and painstaking anxiety to assist to the utmost of his information and ability all who appealed to him for assistance, won for him golden opinions, and will enhance the regret felt at his death. Besides a widow, he leaves behind four young children.'

'The funeral took place on Friday afternoon, March 10. Shortly after half-past two o'clock the mournful cortege, consisting of a hearse, four mourning coaches, and a considerable number of private vehicles, started from the deceased gentleman's residence, Whitmore Square, and proceeded to the church, Franklin-street, into which the body was carried by the officers of the Church. There was a very large congregation, including representatives of many denominations. Prior to the arrival of the remains, and whilst they were being conveyed into the edifice, the organ pealed forth the mournful strains of "The Dead March in Saul," producing a feeling of deep solemnity. The proceedings were begun by the Rev. H. Fenton giving out the hymn commencing—

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!"

Mr Fenton said this hymn had been selected because the Rev. Mr Maughan, in his last illness, desired to have it repeated to him, and when it had been repeated, he said to his eldest boy, "That is my experience throughout life." After the hymn had been sung,

'The Rev. W. L. Binks read from the 12th verse to the end of the 15th chapter of the 1st Corinthians. He then said—"My dear Christian friends, I feel that

I am quite unequal to comply with the request of the departed, who expressed a wish that I should take some part in this solemn service. I feel that this is indeed a very solemn occasion, and one full of the deepest moment to us all as members of the Church of Christ, and as members of this community; for it is not an ordinary calamity that has befallen us and befallen the Church of God in the removal of our dear brother. We may indeed feel to-day as those felt on a former occasion, of whom it is said that they made great lamentation over Stephen, and devout men carried him to his burial. We may to-day make great lamentation, because of the removal of one from our midst so greatly beloved—beloved, not simply by his own members and congregation, but by all the members of the Churches of Christ in this colony. He was always ready to render any assistance to them, and help on the work of God according to his ability. I was very much struck with the hymn just sung, which he selected to be sung on this occasion, because it seemed to me to speak so much of the sentiment of his heart how deeply indebted he was to the grace of God, and that it was the grace of God that had made him what he was, and that had given him so many loving hearts and so many affectionate friends, and that had raised him in the estimation of all Christian Churches. Ah! my dear brethren, this is not only our duty, but our highest privilege, to give all the glory to God; for what we are—for what we know—for what we possess intellectually, morally, and spiritually, all the glory belongs to God. I need not remind you that our departed brother was a man of distinguished ability; he would have been distinguished wherever his lot had been cast; he was so in his own beloved country, and not less so in this country. We may well say that we have lost a man of very extensive knowledge—of science as well as of Christian theology—that we have lost an able minister of Jesus Christ; and we can ill afford to lose such men in this land. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.' My dear friends, we ought on this occasion deeply to reflect upon our own mortality. 'What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might; for there is no work nor device in the grave, whither thou goest.' I feel that I ought to be more faithful, more devout, more humble, and more an imitator of my Master, because of what is before me, and very near to me—death; and I trust that the impression will be made upon this vast congregation, that you 'must work while it is to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work.' I am sure if the spirit of our departed friend is conscious of what is transpiring, that the determination of any present to give themselves to God and lead a new life would heighten his joy in the presence of God. I hope and trust that his labours in connection with this Church will be so sanctified of God, and so blessed to the congregation, that many will seriously reflect upon his advice and counsel to them, and at once identify themselves with the Church of Christ. My dear friends, I hope that young and old will take the matter to heart, and no longer delay the great business of salvation. I need not say that the bereaved family will need an interest, and demand an interest, in your prayers and sympathies. A greater calamity could not have befallen them; but even in this day of sorrow and painful separation, the great God can sustain and support His people as He has done in times past. Do we believe that the Saviour, who went to the family of Bethany in the time of their bereavement, will not also come to this bereaved family, and sustain and comfort them? I trust that we shall all from this time feel that 'in the midst of life we are in death,' and that we shall consecrate ourselves entirely to the service of God. May the Lord sanctify and bless this painful event to us all, and especially to the members of this Church and congregation, for Christ's sake. Amen."

'Another hymn, beginning—

"My God, the spring of all my joys,"

also chosen for the occasion by the deceased, having been sung, the Rev. Mr Binks offered an appropriate prayer, and the service terminated.

'The funeral procession then slowly wended its way to the West-terrace Cemetery, the number of vehicles constantly receiving additions. The hearse was preceded by the children connected with the Sunday-school of the Church.

'The Rev. James Way delivered a suitable address, urging the importance of ever living in preparation for death, and mentioning that the Rev. Mr Maughan wished it particularly to be stated that he died in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection; he then engaged in prayer, after which the Sunday-school children sung "The Realms of the Blest," a hymn which the Rev. Mr Fenton observed the departed minister sung just before his death. The benediction having been pronounced, the people gradually dispersed, many staying to take a last look at that which contained all that was mortal of the respected gentleman.'

CHAPTER XIII.

ESTIMATE OF MR MAUGHAN'S CHARACTER.

His personal piety. Mr Maughan's religion was not an empty profession; it was vital experience and practical obedience. When a youth of sixteen he was soundly converted; he obtained a clear sense of the forgiveness of sins, and I believe he habitually lived in the favour of God, and brought forth the fruits of holiness. I do not mean to say that his sky had no cloud, and his character no spot of infirmity. But as a rule, he walked with God, and had this testimony that he pleased God, and he uniformly exemplified the simplicity, the sincerity, the purity, and excellence of true religion.

He was a man of high principle, incapable of meanness and wrong-doing. He had fixed views of right, and adhered to them without compromise. Yet his high integrity had no mixture of moroseness or severity, but was blended with a kindly disposition, and unostentatious benevolence. I never knew a man less selfish in his nature: he laid his time, his attainments, his pecuniary resources, and his energies of body and mind under contribution for the good of others. He would rise at the hour of midnight to serve a fellow-creature; he would travel any distance to see a sick person, or help any one in perplexity or distress.

His benevolence was evident in his liberal contributions to the cause of God and his gifts to the poor. When a young man, his purse was not very full, but it was always open to the appeals of the needy, and his benefactions to the Church were really munificent. In the list of subscriptions to the Adelaide Chapel I see £124 10*s*. for himself and family; and besides this, he gave scores of pounds, the fruits of his lectures and extra labours.

The same disposition was evinced in his genial temper. He bore no malice, he remembered no injuries, and he seldom or never accounted any man an enemy. He would stand up tenaciously enough in defence of his opinions, but he was tolerant to his opponents. He sometimes received reproof, but he never resented the objurgation. I have seen him weep when he thought he had grieved a friend, and entreat his forgiveness; and I have seen him disarm all hostility by an outburst of genial humour, or the utterance of a playful expression.

His benevolence was manifest in a perfect freedom from envy, and his delight in the reputation, honour, and usefulness of his brother ministers. He was never jealous of another's eminence; he viewed no man as a rival, but regarded the honours won by the attainments and excellence of others as cause for common joy. The same spirit displayed itself in his genuine catholicity. Though he loved his own denomination with filial ardour, and thoroughly approved of its principles, yet he sincerely loved good men of all Churches. No doubt his extensive intercourse with men of all shades of opinion had an expanding influence, and his toils in the Mission field often brought him into immediate contact with the practical difficulties of the rival interests of sectarianism, while his brightening and enlarging views of Christianity itself raised his mind so far above the petty distinctions of creed and Church government, that he yearned, as great minds everywhere do yearn, for closer communion with the Churches of Christ, and more unity of action in their diversified operations. How long, O Lord, how long shall thy people keep open the festering wounds of controversy on points diminutive as an atom compared with the broad foundations on which Thy universal Church is built! and how long shall their strength be wasted in isolated rivalries, while the terrible combinations of evil around us everywhere demand the closest unity, the most compact confederation, and the most energetic action!

Mr Maughan was pre-eminently an earnest labourer. There was not a sluggish atom in his body, nor an undeveloped faculty in his mind. He showed his natural industry by working for his living at the early age of eight years, and in the career of labour he then entered he never relaxed until the wheels of nature stood still from utter exhaustion. Says Mr Linley, in language as beautiful as appropriate and forcible, ‘Our brother's life furnishes an example of *Christian earnest-*

ness. Earnestness!—intenseness of desire:—Christian earnestness!—ardour in the pursuit of objects pertaining to Christ. While exhorting others not to let their armour rust, he took care that his own was bright. He often declared that he would rather *wear* out than *rust* out. Young men, do you not feel the force of his example? Do not his *actions* as well as his words convey this injunction, Be in earnest? All things around you are in earnest. Time is passing; opportunities for usefulness are diminishing; eternity is at hand. If you would sow bountifully and reap bountifully, there must be no delay: the most miserable of experiences is that of the man who at the close of his life has to declare that life *has been a failure.* Behold that village boy, enjoying but few educational advantages, toiling for his daily bread when some have scarcely commenced with the first rudiments of learning. What bears him onward, enabling him to surmount the most formidable obstacles? What but his unwearying energy and perseverance, a spirit akin to that which glowed in the bosom of a great man who said, "I think *nothing done* while anything *remains undone*"? Let the young mark this! Persevering energy will enable them to accomplish anything, and secure for them lasting usefulness and honour. Let them read in the light of our brother's life those memorable words pronounced by the Rev. T. Binney in his lecture on Sir F. Buxton, "ENERGY, YOUNG MEN, ENERGY! *no talent, no station, no circumstances can make a two-legged creature a man without it.*"

Mr Maughan's intellectual attainments were extensive. He had naturally a mind of great acuteness and comprehension, and it was enriched by extensive reading and arduous study. Mr Linley justly observes, 'As a lecturer, it is astonishing on what a variety of topics he could speak. In particular departments of science and literature, there were men whose knowledge was more profound, men who have gained for themselves a greater name, men whose utterances are more authoritative. But take the whole field of science, and how few men we shall find who have examined so large a portion of it! We do not claim for our brother pre-eminence in every department of science, for breadth and depth of knowledge are usually in inverse proportions; but in what department of science, whether sacred or secular, would he not have been *pre-eminent* had he devoted to it his whole attention? It was, however, no mean advantage to a young colony like this, where the division of labour, whether mental or physical, cannot be so fully secured as in the old country, to have a man who was equally at home in the laboratory of the chemist, the observatory of the astronomer, and the chair of the divine.'

Though Mr Maughan was neither a linguist nor a mathematician, and though not so profound in any of the sciences as some men who devote their whole lives to their pursuit, yet his knowledge was far from superficial, and in some special branches it was both extensive and exact; far more so than many whose names are distinguished by certain appendages of supposed merit. When a man's opinion is sought on metallic ores, and his analytic skill desired to test the quality of food, water, and various chemical materials, and when his decision on such matters is sought and adopted by government authorities, it doubtless implies in himself an amount of exact knowledge, and on the part of competent judges a degree of confidence, highly complimentary to his attainments, and honourable to the Denomination of which he was a minister. Moreover, he died in the full vigour of his intellectual powers, and before he had reached the meridian of his attainments. As Mr Linley justly remarks, 'It is difficult to say to what eminence he would have attained had health and long life been afforded him. He was conscious of intellectual growth, a growth which was not arrested by the baneful habit which some preachers have contracted,—that of repeating in after life the feeble, immature productions of their early ministry.'

Mr Maughan was endued with invincible courage and fortitude. He quailed before no difficulties, however formidable, and even dangers excited no alarm. Where others desponded he was buoyant with hope, and where others were terrified he was calm and self-possessed. I was once present in Brunswick Chapel, when the lightning struck a place near to us; the thunder pealed as if the very heavens were crashed, and the chapel seemed as if it were fired; the congregation were terror-struck; but Mr Maughan kept on the service undismayed, and started off singing the hymn—

'His lightnings flash, His thunders roll,
How welcome to the faithful soul.'

He had the same courage when at sea and in all his labours, and it failed him not in the hour of death.

Mr Maughan's life was one crowned with usefulness. If we look back through his history we find it marked by a track of usefulness, first in his own village as a teacher and a temperance lecturer; then as a local preacher; and then as a minister; and in every Circuit in which he laboured we find not rents, divisions, dilapidated walls, and the disgrace of diminished numbers, but an increase of members in every sphere of labour, and connected with augmented numbers consolidated material interests. In fact, he loved the Connexion, and was ambitious to promote its prosperity; he loved souls, and longed to secure their salvation; he loved Christ, and intensely desired to advance His glory. Here we find the spring of his activities and diversified labours, and here we see the secret of his success.

When he entered a new Circuit, and found it low and depressed, he did not, like some selfish lazy souls, sit down at ease, determined to let things take their course, and get through the term of his appointment as comfortably as possible. But he at once grappled with existing difficulties, met pressing exigencies, and mustered his forces for a vigorous campaign and a successful issue. Never did a merchant set himself to succeed in business with an energy more determined than Mr Maughan did to revive the Church when languishing, and build up its walls when dilapidated. He visited the people, he organized young men's meetings, he gathered around him labourers and directed their operations; he delivered lectures and special sermons on week nights as well as on the Sabbaths; he held revival services, and he aimed to make all his efforts concentrate in the quickening, the strengthening, the increasing and consolidating of the Churches committed to his care.

And he succeeded to an encouraging extent. London, Bristol, and Adelaide bear special witness to this. As for London, we know what its weakness was when he came, and its improvement when he left. As for Bristol, Mr Phillips, who was a zealous co-worker with him there, states, in a letter now before me, that 'during the time Mr Maughan laboured in Bristol there were few congregations better than our own, and many not so good, as those we then had in Castle Green.' And while the number of members was increased by an addition of 64, the benefits of his instruction to young men cannot be calculated. Mr Linley says, 'In Leicester, and even in Melbourne it has been my lot to meet with young men who have spoken of the pleasure they experienced in attending Mr Maughan's lectures during the period of his sojourn in Bristol.'

In Adelaide we have seen the results of his labours while he had health and strength to pursue them, and very few in England can estimate the amount of labour and anxiety required in a distant colony to create and sustain a Church, and to connect with it the amount of material property he was enabled to obtain, and to gain the amount of public influence which he won. He was not only an able minister, but reckoned one of the chief men of the colony; and as an evidence of this, a meeting of gentlemen connected with various Denominations was held immediately after his death, to erect over his grave a suitable monument to his memory.

Far be it from the author of this volume to represent Mr Maughan as a perfect man, or a complete model. True, he had none of the adventitious and objectionable habits of the smoker, the snuffer, and the chewer of tobacco, nor the toper, nor the lounger in bed. During the greater part of his life he was a strict abstainer from all intoxicating beverages, and was temperate in all things except in his labours. True, also, he was a good man, a good citizen, and a true Christian, an able minister, and a philosopher of varied and extensive acquirements, and in some high qualities he had few compeers in his day; but, after all, he was human, and had his peculiarities and his faults. Some small scars and blemishes there were on the fair and well-proportioned statue of his humanity. In company his genial disposition and abounding information rendered him sometimes too loquacious; and his love for good society caused him sometimes to forget the flight of time, and miscalculate the exact moment for commencing his public duties. The titles by which he announced his subjects were not always in the best taste, and his anecdotes at public meetings were sometimes more amusing than instructive and edifying. Moreover, he was, at least during a considerable portion of his ministry, not so wise as he ought to have been in the appropriation of his time. Always accessible, he allowed the hours of the day to be too much encroached upon by friendly visitors, and less important matters; and then, to make up for lost time, he deprived himself of sleep by studying for many long hours at night, and sometimes for the whole night. I fear that the vital forces of his nature were largely drawn upon, and at last prematurely exhausted, by night studies. To this we must add a faulty indifference to his own health. The sword was too sharp for its scabbard; the wear and tear of nature were not gradual, but rapid, and a vigorous constitution was broken down and wasted at the age of 44, that might have worn well to the seventh or eighth decade of life, for the welfare of his family and the Church of God. In the prodigal waste of his strength we look at his early grave with profound regret, and point to his excesses as a beacon, not as a model. Emulate his zeal to the utmost of your power, but let it be regulated by a wise economy of the priceless blessing of health. The fidelity of an honest biographer compels me to say so much as to Mr Maughan's faults; but here my list of known imperfections is exhausted. Intimate as I was with him for 28 years, I knew no others. Doubtless, viewed by the eye of God, and tried by His holy and inflexible law, there were many others, which he deeply lamented before God. But the graces he exemplified in his affliction and the triumph of his death plainly show that his religion was sound and his preparation for eternity not a thing to be hastily sought in a dying hour, but a state already enjoyed, a meetness for heaven habitually realized. His end was peace—a peace which passeth all understanding, a complete triumph, a glorious entrance into everlasting rest.

His character is before us. Let us follow him as he followed Christ. There are in him a few things to be avoided, there are many to be admired and imitated. Young men, study his character as a whole. Follow him not (indeed, follow no man) in his eccentricities. In his protracted illness and early death there is an admonition against night studies, against neglect of health, and disregard of life. But in his piety, his thirst for knowledge, his love of labour, his zeal for Christ, his catholicity of spirit, and his persistent love for his Denomination, emulate our departed brother, and excel him if you can.

SELECT SERMONS AND LECTURES

BY THE

REV. JAMES MAUGHAN.

SERMON I.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

'For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.'—1 Cor. xv. 53.

These words form part of Paul's magnificent argument in favour of the resurrection of the dead. One of our modern poets, personifying the soul, and at the same time paraphrasing the noble sentiment of our text, has said with force and beauty—

'Gird up thy mind to contemplation,
Trembling inhabitant of earth.
Tenant of a hovel for a day,—
Thou art heir of the universe for ever!
For neither congealing of the grave,
Nor gulping waters of the firmament,
Nor expansive airs of heaven,
Nor dissipating fires of Gehenna,
Nor rust of rest, nor wear, nor waste,
Nor loss, nor chance, nor change,
Shall avail to quench or overwhelm
The spark of soul within thee.'

That there dwells in man a deathless spirit there is abundant evidence.

I. THERE IS, FIRST, THE EVIDENCE ARISING FROM THE UNIVERSAL RECOGNITION OF THIS DOCTRINE.

It is a fact that into whatever part of the world we go, or into whatever period of its history we look, we find, with very few exceptions, that all classes of mankind in all ages, and all grades and states of civilization, have believed in the doctrine of the soul's immortality. Belief in the existence of a future state has ever been one great distinguishing feature between man and the brute creation. It has formed the basis of every religious creed, whether Pagan, Jewish, or Christian, in all the history of the world. This sentiment has been so congenial to the human mind, that nothing has ever been able to eradicate it. No amount of intellectual darkness has been able to prevent its entrance, and no amount of learning has been able to cast it out.

We must either believe, then, that the finger of God has written a lie upon the tablet of man's heart, or that the doctrine of his immortality is true. But again—

II. THERE IS THE EVIDENCE ARISING FROM THE DESIRES OF THE HUMAN HEART.

Excepting where vice has beclouded the reason and depraved the affections, there is scarcely a man to be found on the earth who does not indulge in the hope of immortality. Many of the old Pagan philosophers reasoned with philosophical accuracy on this subject. Cyrus, the King of Persia, and the contemporary of some of the Old Testament prophets, said to his children before he died, 'Do not imagine, my dear children, that when I leave you I shall cease to exist.

I can never suffer myself to be persuaded that man lives only while he is in the body, and dies when it is dissolved, or that the soul loses all intelligence on being separated from an unintelligent lump of clay; but rather believe that the soul, on being liberated from all mixture with the body, enters upon its true intellectual existence.'[1]

Just before Socrates took that fatal cup of poison that terminated his life he spent several hours with his friends in discussing the doctrine of the soul's immortality. Amongst other striking things, he said, 'Those who have passed through life with peculiar sanctity of manners are received into a pure region, where they live without their bodies to all eternity, in a series of joys and delights, which cannot be described.'

Cicero, the great Roman orator, represents Cato as exclaiming, 'I feel myself transported with delight at the thought of again seeing and joining your father, whom on earth I highly respected and dearly loved; and, borne on the wings of hope and desire, I am speeding my flight to mingle with the honoured society, not of those only with whom I have on earth conversed, but of those also of whom I have heard and read, and the history of whose lives I myself have written for the instruction of mankind. Oh, glorious day! when I shall be admitted into the assembly of the wise and good, when I shall make an eternal escape from this sink of corruption, and this din of folly; and when amidst the happy throng of immortals, I shall find thee also, my son, my Cato, best and most amiable of men.'

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[1] This is stated on the authority of Xenophon.—Editor.

Now, can any one believe that God would have implanted such yearning desires after immortality in the bosom of man without the possibility of their being gratified? There is not a desire or tendency to be found in the natures of any of the lower orders of creation that does not meet with its corresponding gratifications; there is not another desire or tendency in man's own nature that God has not amply provided for; and can I believe that God provides for the instincts which He gives to the beasts of the field, and leaves the noble aspirations of my soul to be unsatisfied? Can it be possible that He has provided for the gratification of all the proper wants of my inferior nature, and left the aspirations of my better nature entirely without provision? Away with such a doctrine! That God, who has provided me with eyes, and has given me the power of seeing; who has provided me with ears, and given me the power of hearing, has never planted an instinct within me to believe a lie; has never deceived me by exciting hopes in my mind that are illusive, or implanted desires there that are only to be destroyed. It is a fair and reasonable conclusion to come to, that 'as God has provided for all the other yearnings of my nature, He has also provided for my yearnings after immortality.' But again—

III. THERE IS THE EVIDENCE ARISING FROM THE IMMATERIALITY OF THE SOUL.

When I look at the constitution of my nature I find it a twofold one,—matter and mind. But now I find the properties of matter as different from those of mind as they possibly can be. If I examine my body, I find it has the properties of extension, figure, solidity, impenetrability, divisibility, &c. But when I examine my intellectual and moral nature, I find its attributes different. Instead of extension, figure, &c., I find such things as consciousness, understanding, judgment, memory, reason, volition, and moral emotion. Here, then, are two things as distinct from each other as distinction can make them.

When the body dies it crumbles into pieces, and resolves itself into millions of atoms. But the soul is indivisible, insoluble, inseparable. When accidents happen to the body and the limbs become separated from each other, the soul still remains intact. If that soul were material it would be divisible and separable, and therefore capable of being subtracted from, like the body itself. But it is not divisible and reducible, and therefore cannot be material; and if not material, it must be spiritual, for we know of nothing but either matter or spirit in the whole universe. But besides divisibility, matter has extension and figure. You can take a divided scale and measure its length, breadth, and thickness. But whoever took a yardstick to measure a man's mind, or made use of a plumbline to fathom the depth of his soul?

The properties of matter are so diverse and distinct from mind, that it is impossible to suppose them belonging to the same essence. Even Voltaire, when ridiculing the materialism of Democritus, could ask tauntingly, 'How can matter think?' But again—

IV. THERE IS THE EVIDENCE ARISING FROM THE AMAZING CAPACITIES AND FACULTIES OF THE SOUL.

1. Think of its power of thought, of the recording pen of memory, of the creations of genius, the glow of enterprise, the light of reason, the voice of conscience, all proving to us that the soul of man is spiritual, intellectual, immaterial, immortal. You may subject matter to a million changes; you may analyze it, and alter it, and change it into every possible form of combination; but you can never make it think. No possible combination of matter can ever be made to produce a single thought. But oh, the power of the human soul! That can do what matter never can accomplish.

2. And then think of its power of acquiring knowledge. Rivers have their limits, the ocean has its bounds, but the soul wanders away on through limitless fields of investigation. It plunges into the abysses of creation, it ascends to the very footsteps of the eternal throne, and is stayed there only by the glory of Him who sits upon it. Of Alexander it is said that when he had conquered the world, he sat down and wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. And so of the human soul it may be said, that if ever it should acquire so much knowledge as that it should think there was no more knowledge to acquire, it too would sit down and weep. If Sir Isaac Newton had been living to this day, he would still have been employed in the acquisition of knowledge. God has endowed the human mind with capacities to which no definite limitation can be assigned. In this respect it has no resemblance, no rival, no compeer within the entire range of the visible creation. In childhood it begins the work of inquiry and research, in youth and

manhood it advances, in old age it still accumulates its stores. Every new attainment becomes a higher platform for a still loftier ascent; and when it is interrupted by disease or old age, it is the material organization that is interrupted, and not the soul itself. The mind fades not, it wearies not; and the presumption is, that if connected with an imperishable body, or liberated from a material restraint, it would go on expanding and advancing through all eternity.

3. And then think of its power of pleasing. How it can charm by description, dazzle by comparison, enliven by wit, convince by argument, thrill, captivate, and carry away by eloquence. Think of its power of acting on matter, in the glow of painting, in the symmetry of architecture, in the beauty of sculpture, in the enchanting tones of music, and in all the vast variety of the intonations of the human voice. How expressive the words of Dr Young:

> 'How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
> How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
> How passing wonder He who made him such,
> Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
> From different natures marvellously mix'd,
> Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
> Distinguish'd link in beings' endless chain,
> Midway from nothing to the Deity!
> A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb'd!
> Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine!
> Dim miniature of greatness absolute,
> An heir of glory, a frail child of dust!
> Helpless, immortal! insect, infinite!
> A worm! a God! I tremble at myself,
> And in myself am lost! At home, a stranger,
> Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast!

And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh, what a miracle to man is man.'

And let me ask, Can it be that God has given to man the capacities of an archangel with less than the duration of a tree of the forest? Has He endued him with unlimited powers only that they may be immediately extinguished? Has He endowed him with the lineaments of His own image only that they may be blotted out the moment they begin to be unfolded? Is every atom of rude matter to be spared from annihilation, and yet the only being capable of intelligently contemplating its glorious Creator to be consigned to everlasting oblivion? Are unconscious suns and systems to roll on for ages unimpaired, while the only being that can comprehend their laws is destroyed? Is the great temple of nature to stand with its portals open through all eternity, while the only beings capable of worshipping within its walls are to perish from existence as they cross the threshold? Is the volume of Jehovah's wonder printed for the instruction of mankind; and are God's children the moment they have learned to lisp its alphabet to wither, and to droop and die? Nay, this cannot be! It is impossible! Reason repels the thought as being utterly unworthy of the great Creator. The wisdom that has created harmony everywhere cannot create discordance here. The capacity of the soul for perpetual attainment involves an evidence of its perpetual existence. If there be adaptation and harmony in the works of God, if there be the same wisdom and goodness and adaptation of means to ends in the constitution of mind as there is in matter, then the immortality of the soul is not a matter of a problematical character, but one that is absolutely certain. But again—

V. THE NEXT ARGUMENT IN FAVOUR OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL IS THAT ARISING FROM THE INEQUALITIES OF PROVIDENCE IN THE PRESENT LIFE.

We know that God is a benevolent and holy being, and that His government must be of a righteous and holy character. But it is impossible not to see that there is not a consummation of the principles of justice and equity in the present life. We do indeed see even now such an obvious connection between vice and misery on the one hand, virtue and happiness on the other, as to convince us that a just and holy God governs the world. But the exceptions to this are numerous.

How often we see virtue depressed and vice triumphant; innocence murdered and guilt unpunished. A benefactor is traduced, imprisoned, tortured, and crucified, while a tyrant, a curse and scourge to society, prospers in the world, dies in honour, and then is deified as a hero. The best men often get worst on, and have to drink the world's vinegar and gall, while the worst men get on the best, and revel in the midst of luxury and ease. But are we to suppose that this state of things will continue as it is for ever? No, no! Reason recoils from such a supposition. If perfect equity demands that virtue shall be rewarded and vice shall be punished,—and these things are not always met with in the present life,—depend upon it these very inequalities prove to us that there is a great settling time yet to come, when the Judge of all the earth will do right; when all moral and social wrongs will be rectified; when the whole scheme of Divine Providence will be turned the other way up; when many of those who have got unrighteously to the top of the scale will have to come down to the bottom, and those who have been kept unrighteously at the bottom will be permitted to go to the top.

VI. BUT THE LAST AND BY FAR THE MOST IMPORTANT EVIDENCE IN FAVOUR OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL IS THAT TO BE DERIVED FROM THE TEACHINGS OF DIVINE REVELATION.

Here we are met on the very threshold of Divine revelation. In Genesis ii. we are told that when God created man He breathed into him a living soul, &c. But man's immortality is clearly seen in the threatening, 'In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.' That Abraham believed is clear from Heb. xi. 10, 'For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.' Then there was Job, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' Then Moses, 'Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward.' Then David says, 'Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore,' Psalm xvi. 11. Then Isaiah, Daniel, Ezekiel, and Malachi, 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.' Then the Great Redeemer, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' Then Paul, 'For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality,' &c.

Here, then, we think we have found the most overwhelming evidence in proof of the immortality of the soul. Let no one sceptically stagger at the difficulty respecting his own immortality that may present itself to his mind.

'Still seems it strange that thou should'st live for ever?
Is it less strange that thou should'st live at all?
This is a miracle, and that no more,
Who gave beginning can exclude an end.'

This brings us to the practical considerations which the important subject before us is intended to suggest.

1. If the soul is immortal it must live through eternity in weal or woe. But oh, who can define that word?

'Who shall imagine immortality,
Or picture its illimitable prospect?
How feebly can a faltering tongue
Express the vast idea!
For consider the primal woods
That bristle over broad Australia,

And count their autumn leaves,
Millions multiplied by millions.
Thence look up to a moonless sky
From a sleeping isle of the Ægean,
And add to these leaves yon starry host,
Sparkling on the midnight, numberless.
Thence traverse an Arabia,
Some continent of eddying sand,
Gather each grain, let none escape :
Add them to the leaves and stars.
Afterwards gaze upon the sea,
The thousand leagues of an Atlantic,
Take drop by drop, and add their sum
To the grains and leaves and stars.

'The drops of ocean, the desert sands,
The leaves and stars innumerable
(Albeit in that multitude of multitudes
Each small unit were an age),
All might reckon for an instant,
A transient flash of time,
Compared with the intolerable blaze,
The measureless enduring of eternity.'

The question has been asked again and again. I confess the only answer I have ever seen is the 'Lifetime of God Almighty.'

2. If the soul be immortal it is perfectly clear that the things of this world cannot be its satisfying portion.

I know that many men imagine that the aching void within them can be filled up with this world's pleasures. And if the soul were like the body, mortal, so it would; but if man has an immortal soul, that soul must have immortal food.

Now God's word, &c., Church, &c.

3. If the soul be immortal, then it is evident that its destiny is in our own keeping, and that upon our own conduct will depend its everlasting happiness or misery.

4. If the soul be immortal, then it is high time that we began to improve the few fleeting hours of this life that are still meted out to us.

'If we neglect eternity and fail to secure for ourselves a blissful immortality,' Robert Hall says, 'we shall be guilty of a piece of infatuation so horribly and inconceivably great that it will require one eternity to deplore it, and another to comprehend it.'

SERMON II.

ON THE INTERMEDIATE STATE OF DEPARTED SOULS.

'But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.'—HEB. xii. 22, 23.

WHAT contrast of thought is here! What strength of language! What consolatoriness of sentiment! What felicity of diction! How precious the announcement, and how delightful the congratulation! 'Ye are come.' 'Come' to the heavenly paradise; 'come unto mount Sion;' 'come' to its royal Ruler; 'come' to its angelic guardians; 'come' to its hallowed privileges; yea further, we 'come' to its glorified inhabitants. The spectral dead are here invoked. Their disembodied souls are here revealed. Not to alarm, not to startle; but to awaken spiritual-mindedness and to give impulse to hope. Two scenes are brought before us,—one to terrify, the other to relieve. Chastisements, rebukes, roots of bitterness; fire, blackness, darkness, tempest, sounding trumpets, entreaties and terrible sights, are all set on one side as the dark background with which the consolations of our text are intended to be contrasted.

And yet these words appear perplexing. They tell us we are 'come,' in apparent contradiction to our own experience. The very reverse appears to be the fact. We are not even in their presence, for they have gone from us. We see them no longer. We miss their loving voices. We lose their sweet communings. The link between themselves and us is broken. Wide is the separating interval. Their land is far from ours. They could not defer their departure; we could not arrest their flight. Access to them is denied. Approximation appears impossible. Are we not, then, being tantalized when told that we are come to those from whom we have been so ruthlessly and irreparably torn?

But our apprehensions are also excited. We naturally recoil from phantom visitation. Instinctively we shrink from contact with the spirit world. That ghost-story of the ancient patriarch is a forcible illustration of this fact,—'In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice.' As we read this thrilling story our blood almost freezes. We feel the throbbings of our pulse; we hear the beatings of our hearts; the pictorial vividness flashes before our eyes; its reality startles us. Then the New Testament gives other illustrations. When the tempest-tossed disciples saw Jesus on the sea, they were troubled, and they cried out for fear; for they said, 'It is a spirit.' When Christ attested His resurrection by His appearance amongst His disciples they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed they had seen a spirit. Who could wish to be confronted with the departed spirit, even of his dearest friend? What nerve could stand the interview? What heart could suffer the embrace? And yet we are told that we are come to the spirits of the just.

But even this is not all. To the creation of perplexity and the excitement of fear there is also to be added the repression of our pride. Men delight in detraction. 'Base envy withers at another's joy.' We are mortified in the sight of superior excellency. We revel in the sight of a rival's fall. We cannot bear that another should wear the chaplet for which we yearn. But here our rivalry is forestalled, our ardour is repressed, our imitation is debarred, our pride is humbled, for we are come to the spirits of just men made perfect. They stand inaccessible in height. Having fought and conquered, they are crowned with glory. Their pilgrimage is ended. Temptation and trial are no longer theirs. Their bliss is perfected, their purity is unalloyed.

But the counsel of God must stand, and that counsel is here most consolatory. Countervailing considerations notwithstanding, we are here assured that our loved ones are not lost. Stripped from the burden of the flesh, they now revel in immortal joys.

> 'Their voyage of life's at an end,
> Their mortal affliction is past;

The age that in heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last.'

Their exaltation is the pledge and model of our own; and notwithstanding the apparent impassableness of the gulf that separates us, the time of our happy reunion will come.

'E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.'

Let us then to-night come to these spirits, contemplate their blessedness, catch their fervours, and reciprocate their joys.

Two things here command our consideration:

I. THE DISTINGUISHED SUBJECTS OF THIS CONTEMPLATION.

II. THE DELIGHTFUL AND EXALTED SPHERE IN WHICH THEY MOVE.

I. THE SUBJECTS OF THIS DECLARATION.

Who are they? whence their origin? That they are not heaven-born is evident from their being the spirits of men. That they are not therefore by nature the rightful inheritors of heaven, but there by the issues of grace it were superfluous to prove.

But they are said to be the spirits of the just. But who are the just? Man is the subject of obligations. To render a complete and equitable discharge of these obligations is to realize the programme of justice. If he renders unrelaxing homage and obedience to his Creator, he is just with God; if he acts with perfect and unrelaxing equity to his fellows, he is also just with man. But where is such spotless and unceasing justice to be found? Have not all sinned and come short of the glory of God? Is there a just man upon the earth, that doeth good and sinneth not? High authority pronounces that there is none righteous; no, not one. By man's apostasy his race has become degenerate: he has fallen from the pinnacle of integrity, and self-redemption is beyond his power. Salvation cannot originate within himself; guilt cannot justify itself; pollution cannot purify. Of all the shining throng in heaven, not one sits upon the throne of inherent righteousness. In heaven, as on earth, the ransomed walk in borrowed splendour. Man's acceptance comes from another's righteousness; his justification from another's justness. 'By grace are ye saved through faith.' 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' 'He that is born of the flesh is flesh: but he that is born of the Spirit is spirit.' 'Ye must be born again.' These are the essential requisites. They constitute the just, and the just only can dwell in safety.

This term 'just,' however, frequently designates principle and disposition as well as character. 'The way of the just is uprightness: thou, most upright, dost weigh the path of the just.' When this term is attached to the saints its embodiment is expressed. Noah was a just man and perfect,—integrity was the illustration. John the Baptist was just and holy,—his taintless sanctity was the proof. Simeon was a just man and devout,—seraphic fervour was the development. Joseph of Arimathea was a good man, and just,—benevolence was the key-note. Cornelius was a just man, and one that feared God, and abiding obedience was the attesting fruit. Hence, in that beautiful apostolic enumeration of the Christian virtues, 'Whatsoever things are lovely' are most appropriately blended with 'whatsoever things are just.' They, then, who by faith in Christ exult in hope of immortality are those our text pronounces just, and the justness of their lives is the vindication of the justice of this pronouncement.

First, there is inflexibility of rectitude. To walk before God and before the world with unswerving uprightness is their highest aim. They allow no meaner standard. Hence they are designated the 'upright in heart.' They may sometimes fail to reach the goal of their ambition, but their eyes are ever thitherward.

Then there is unswervingness of fidelity. They are intrusted servants. They are representatives of Him for whom they act. They are God's almoners to those from whom it were baseness to withhold. To them talents have been intrusted that they might be improved. It is theirs, then, to occupy till the Master come.

But, again, there is unrelaxingness of obedience. Theirs is the constant care of duty. Their study is to know, their pleasure to obey. They evade evasion. They shrink from compromise. It is their conscious liberty and their confessed delight to do the will of God. Their purity of heart is the panoply of their defence. Its radiance beams out before them, and it is reflected around them. And this purity is obtained on earth. As the portion of the saints—the real heritage of the 'just,' it is the heritage of the just alone. Only in the present state can that external acceptance and that internal regeneration be obtained, which complete this state and character. On this brink only of the great eternity can man be titled and meetened for heaven. Theirs is an awful self-deception who, after living 'unjust' on earth, hope to become 'just' in heaven. When once the terrible rubicon is passed the terrible decision is sounded, 'He that is unjust let him be unjust still.' In heaven nothing can enter that defileth or maketh a lie. Having, then, noticed the origin of these just men, let us now observe—

II. THE EXALTED SPHERE OF THEIR EXISTENCE.

'Ye are come to the spirits of just men made perfect.' Here we are called upon to contemplate them in a new condition. We knew their characters on earth. But their nature is now no more compounded. The image of earth has been effaced. Mortality is swallowed up of life. And now their higher essence, their purest intellection, their unembodied consciousness, their immaterial and immortal selves, are conjured before us. What their relation is to space, how without organism spirits can interchange sentiment and reciprocate affection, it is not ours to know. All of subsisting life, all of actual perception, all of capacity to feel, all of power to act, is confined to the soul. Its body has become disorganized, and as such has ceased to be. If that body had some central undying nucleus, some rallying particle or identifying mark, anatomy has failed to find it. It is as if an utter outcast. It has passed from observation like the setting sun. Upon the spiritualism of the just, therefore, we have to-night exclusively to dwell.

That the destiny of the soul of man differs from the destiny of the inferior creation is clearly the doctrine of revelation. 'Who knoweth the spirit of a man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?' Such is the distinction. The spirit separates from the body; it departs, ascends—we fly away. The animal part, inseparable from organized life, sinks with the body to the ground. The dissolution of the man consists of this disintegration. 'Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall ascend to God who gave it.'

The doctrine that man is endowed with one simple unmixed nature finds no countenance in the word of truth. Whatever speculative philosophy may say to the contrary, if the nature of man be simply uniform and indivisible, he is simply a material being. Then, life and intelligence are not additions to a frame prepared for them, but the mere result of its organization. But the whole word of revelation is based in antagonism to this. It proclaims that there is a spirit in man. It honours the Creator as the God of the spirits of all flesh. It tells us that the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord. It tells us of man being in the body, and out of the body. In what incident of religious history is the doctrine of materialism to be found? Not in the burning bush of Midian, for there God proclaims Himself to be the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and yet that he is not the God of the dead, but of the living. Not surely on the hill of Calvary, for there the dying thief was addressed, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' Not surely at the martyrdom of Stephen, for we hear that seraphic moral hero crying, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' Not surely in the dissolution of an apostle, for we hear the most philosophical of these exclaiming, 'Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ.' Not surely amid the slate quarries of Patmos, for there the apostle and prophet of Christ exclaims, 'I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead,' &c. Not surely on the threshold of the parables, for 'the beggar died, and was carried to Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments,' &c. And not surely in the midst of the heavenly visions, for the great Apocalyptic seer says, 'I beheld, and lo! a great multitude stood before the throne, clothed in white robes,' &c. You may, then, find the doctrine of materialism in the brain of the visionary or in the heart of the sceptic, but you will not find even the shadow of it in the word of God.

As little does materialism find support in those conditions of the body to which it appeals. The body for the present is the instrument as well as the habitation of the soul. There is a mysterious sympathy betwixt them. It is not denied that both may feel the alternate influence. The mind may weary the body; the body may weary or obscure the mind. But there is one event of frequent occurrence which cannot be overlooked, and the argument from which it is impossible to withstand.

The Christian lies upon his death-bed. His corporeal frame is shattered, emaciated, wrung. It is wrecked in all its powers. His mind, however, is unimpaired in its vigour, and unshaken in its faith. It never so rose, it never so triumphed until now. It now flashes forth, not as an expiring taper, but as a precious gem, from which the last incrustation has just been cleared away. It is now in the crisis of its history. It is now in the eve of its glory. It is now in the dawning of its immortality. And can it be that the spirit just when being touched into a state of unearthly splendour is destined to collapse and perish? Is this departing greatness the simple precursor of nothing? Is this preternatural outbeaming of the soul the simple token of its approaching extinction? Away with such an assumption! If it were thus, the soul would simply be adorning itself in death as a victim for the sacrifice.

That the soul outlives the dissolution of the trembling tabernacle, Scripture and reason alike affirm.

But what is death? Here we hesitate and ponder. All that we know of death is that it has power over the body. It destroys its sensation, and occasions its decay. We know also that it has power over the spirit. But of its effect on spirit we can do nothing but presume. Does it extinguish or does it detach? Reason answers not authoritatively; but revelation cures our suspense. The soul goes forth. It rises from the body's ruin, and emerges from it. There is a receptacle fitted to receive it. There is a place of refuge. It can exist and act separately. But such existence and action are subject to modification. It retains its vitality. It maintains its activity; but these become subject to new conditions. It is absorbed within itself. It escapes the influences of mortality and death. Nothing of its own proper nature is changed. It waits the resurrection of the body. But the interval is that of spiritual delight. Paul abandons himself with unfaltering confidence into the arms of the Messiah in this moment. 'Nevertheless I am not ashamed, for I know in whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.' Hence, also, the exclamation of holy defiance, 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' Hence, also, the triumphant boast,—boast in spite of the evils which threaten life, 'For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

Heaven, then, is set forth as a present state on which the mind should rest. 'While we look at the things which are not seen.' 'We have a building of God.' The redeemed are 'the saints in light.' 'To an inheritance among them that are sanctified!' 'For now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly, wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for He hath prepared for them a city.' 'For if we believe in Jesus, and that He rose from the dead, even so them that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him.' That is, having since their death spent the interval with God, He will bring them in His train on the morning of the resurrection to become re-united with their long-vacated forms.

The promises and exhortations of the gospel are all based on the immediateness of reward in glory. It is through much tribulation we are to enter the kingdom. 'These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' Hence we are exhorted to be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises. 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life.' We can hold no sympathy with the quibble that if we continue under the influence of death till the resurrection, there can be no loss because of the unconsciousness of the interval. Men might in the same manner reconcile themselves to annihilation. It is abridgment, real and serious, of the purest felicity. This doctrine would involve the abandonment of a true immortality, and it impairs the motive which arises from the fact of undelayed retribution. It lowers every conception of the soul. It dislocates our being, destroys its continuity, relaxes our hopes, and intensifies our fears. But we need not be troubled. Every instinct and every aspiration of the soul rises in rebellion against such a creed.

The state of the redeemed in heaven is that of immediate and intimate union with Christ. They are absent from the body, but present with the Lord. They departed in the consolatory assurance of departing to be with Christ, which is far better.

In heaven the spirit is matured in its powers and consummated in its joys. According to its capacities it is complete. All its true aims are unfolded. It is a condition of true spiritualism. Many facts suggest themselves as the necessary accompaniment of such a condition.

Look, first, at the distinctness of the moral consciousness.

Amidst the distractions of worldly care it is too common and too easy to lose the remembrance of that solemn individualization in which each spirit is condensed. We are often reluctant to feel what we truly are. But the influence of religion induces us to commune with ourselves, and impels us to make diligent search into our own spirits. We then recollect ourselves; yet it is not without stern effort we succeed. But the spirit made perfect can know no dissipating nor forgetful mood. It revolves on its own centre, and lives in its own light.

Look, second, at the strength of the inward life.

The Christian's life is one of contemplation. But how often the habit of contemplation lapses or becomes weakened by the multiplication of the cares of earth. But not so with the spirit in heaven. Its introverted power is ever vigorous. Nothing can suspend, or mar, or weaken it. The whole soul and all that is within it is centred and absorbed in its joyful contemplations.

Look, third, at the clearness of the intellectual faculty.

Barriers restrict, clouds obscure the exercise of the mind on earth. But the spirit made perfect is gloriously freed from these impediments. Nothing can restrict its freedom, impair its judgment, or restrain its activity. The eye of its understanding never shuts and never wearies. It finds every object kindred to itself. It ranges amongst the works and attributes of the eternal. It follows on to know the Lord.

Look, fourth, at the intentness of the meditative abstraction.

The world is now a noisy intruder on our quiet retirement. It is in our heart. Evil is present with us. Our thoughts wander, our passions rebel. But the spirit of the just made perfect possesses the most undisputed control over all its operations. Outward scenes or outward sense can no more distract it. It is rapt in the deep things of God. Its heaven of contemplation no tempest can disturb, no cloud can dim. It is smitten by the loveliness of its own themes, and overwhelmed with the grandeur of its own meditations.

Look, fifth, at the earnestness of the adoring gratitude.

The Christian on earth is often amazed at what the Lord has done for his soul. He cannot conceal the wondrous tale. And yet his tongue falters in telling it, and his best efforts are partial and in miniature.

But there all is known and understood; nothing can arise to hide the full glory from the soul.

There the spirit has a harp on which to strike its melodies, and a crown by which to express its glory. With these it warbles its thanksgiving, and renders its everlasting homage of praises to its God.

And look, sixth, at the gladness of the awaiting aspiration.

The disembodied spirit ascertains the future stage to which it constantly approaches, it understands its nature, and is assured of its certainty.

Doubt and impatience can have no place in such a spirit. Weariness and suspense belong to mortals, but spirits made perfect sigh not their desires. Calmly and intently they see their complete redemption from afar, and possess in their own perfection the earnest of their ever-coming glories.

Of the perfection of such beings it would have delighted us to have spoken; this perfection must be ever intelligent and ever progressive.

There is the perfection of the spirit's holiness, the completeness of its wisdom, and the fulness of its beatitude.

Then there are the relationships subsisting between ourselves and them. There is the unity of sentiment, the resemblance of position, and the endearment of their sympathy, but of these we cannot speak.

Conclusion—

I. Have we come?

II. Then be thankful.

III. See you go not back. Persevere.

IV. Invite others, call men to repentance, to Christ, to salvation, to eternal life. All is ready. God is waiting.

SERMON III.

ON THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

'If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead.' —Phil. iii. 11.

'But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.'—1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.

Hope is an anchor to the tempest-tossed soul. Holding to such an anchor by the strong cable of an unfaltering faith, the Christian is able to maintain his equanimity even when hurricanes assail. To the mere untutored mind the beaming star of Christian hope can never rise. It is to the Book of Revelation that we are indebted for all that is consolatory and assuring beyond the grave. Men dread the grave. The thought of it disturbs their mental equilibrium. It is the great barrier to the consummation of their expectations. Even our own notions of death are often dreamy and indefinite. We fear it. We appear as if conscious that we must suffer loss, endure darkness, and experience a suspensive interval. And yet no doctrine is more assured than that of the immediate and exalted happiness of the righteous, without delay or pause at death.

The greatest of Teachers gave this assurance, 'I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.' The greatest of His apostles vindicated this great truth. To him neither principalities, nor powers, nor life, nor death, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, could arrest the progress of his being nor interrupt the felicities of his soul. In the event of mortal dissolution he could only see that which was transitive, expanding, climacteric. Death was simply the transference of the soul to the perfection of life. 'The body is dead,' said he, 'because of sin; but the spirit is life, because of righteousness.' Death, in fact, is accession to life. It is spirit hastened to maturity. The seed has germinated, the flower has blown, the fruit is ripened. 'Mortality is swallowed up of life.' In other words, it is the state in which life is disencumbered of much hindrance, and concentrated into much power.

Paul was qualified to pronounce on themes like these. He had been caught into the heavens, had gazed upon their inhabitants, had listened to their accents, and had mingled in their joys. But in no hesitating manner did he speak of their existence, with no faltering jealousy did he testify to their state. He calls that state by its name, he assigns its supernal position, and yearns for its immediate return, 'having a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better.' He was confident that death would bring him at once into the presence of Christ. He treads the awful confines of the great eternity, while all that is material between him and it seems only as the temporary curtain or the transparent fleecy cloud. His conviction is, that the moment death pronounces his releasement his ransomed spirit at a bound would spring into paradise, and enter upon the inheritance of the saints in light. The blessed groups of the glorified are perpetually before his eye, and as he goes forth in daily suffering and toil, he is animated by the consciousness of their presence; he stretches out his hands by faith to join them, and mingles the music of his songs with theirs.

And yet, dwelling in the ecstasy of such a vision, he still sets his heart upon that which is ulterior, and which could only be remote. He knew that the day of Christ was not at hand, and he was ever warning others against that strange illusion. To his prophetic view many dark portending ages stood up, defined, illuminated, and big with eventful issues, all of which must intervene before the saints could reach their final consummation. To be with Christ would be his portion during this protracted interval. His body, which had so often encumbered him with its weakness and infirmity, would have ceased to repress his aspiration and endanger his safety. His piercing intelligence and ardent love would have found congenial companionship. He would have finished his course. His warfare would be accomplished. What acclamation would have welcomed him! What a rest had remained for him! What a reward must he have found! But not slighting this, he passes over. It does not satisfy him: with a sublime impatience he outruns it. He pants with an ambition which this does not exhaust; he is fired with a zeal which this does not appease. Then, when the dead shall rise up at the sound of the trumpet; then, when the sleeping dust of the holy shall be reconstructed and resuscitated; then, when the body is given back to the spirit and the spirit to the body; then only will he have seized his aim, then only have realized his triumph.

The deduction is irresistible. What must be that sequel which can so fix, impress, and fill the mind, that while an instantaneous heaven stands out before it as the spirit's rest and home, it is carried over it, is transported beyond it to enjoyments that are more ample, to splendours that are more glowing, and to dignities that are more illustrious?

The language associated with our text is apologetic and agonistic. 'This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead.' Here, then, let us notice—

I. THAT GREAT CONSUMMATION OF THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE FOR WHICH OUR TEXT TEACHES US TO LONG AND LABOUR.

II. THE ACCOMPANIMENTS AND CONSEQUENCES WITH WHICH THIS HOPE IS ASSOCIATED.

III. THE CONDUCT AND DETERMINATION BY WHICH THIS HOPE IS TO BE SECURED.

I. THAT GREAT CONSUMMATION OF THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE FOR WHICH OUR TEXT TEACHES US TO LONG AND LABOUR.

'That ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection.' This of all other doctrines is one that pertains exclusively to revelation. The immortality of the soul was not unknown as an idea and a hope by the philosophers of the ancient world. But that the body should be restored, its structure reorganized, and its identity preserved, was an expectation too bold for human thought in its profoundest exercise.

Philosophy never grasped it among its greatest outreachings; poetry never fabled it among its sweetest inventions; that light which shines out in clearness and beauty in the Christian firmament never gleamed, even with fitful dimness, upon the heathen mind. To the Old Testament we are indebted for the first starlight glimmerings of our future glory. But it is by the discoveries of Christianity that the full power of the sunlight comes. Our Saviour Jesus Christ hath brought life and immortality, or life and incorruption, to light by the gospel: that is, hath revealed to us the interminableness of the soul and the imperishableness of the body.

The Scriptures tell us that there shall be one simultaneous resurrection. 'And (the) many that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and others to shame and everlasting contempt.' 'The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.' 'And (I) have hope towards God, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust.' It is but one event. 'I know that he shall rise in the resurrection at the last day,' said Martha. 'And this is the will of Him that sent me, that every one that seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day.'

And that one event is instantaneous. 'In a moment,' says the apostle in his great resurrection peroration, 'in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound—its echoing blast shall wind and girdle round the globe—the dead shall be raised, and we shall be changed.' To share in the happiness of this great resurrection, then, with all its surpassing glory, the writer of our text aspired. Hidden in the grave he should then emerge as a conqueror and a king. But though one event happeneth to the righteous and the wicked, the result in either case can never be the same. In one case it comes with triumph and with joy; in the other it is accompanied with widespread consternation. All the kindreds of the earth shall wail. The wicked shall cry to the mountains, and the rocks, 'Fall on us, and hide us.' Both wheat and tares shall come to the harvest, the wheat to be gathered into the garner, the tares to be burnt with unquenchable fire. To one class it will be, 'Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity;' to the other, 'Look up and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.'

When death knocks at the door of the Christian the spirit leaves its earthly tenement. It is a decease, a departure, an exodus. That withdrawment is at death. Animal life was the bond that bound the twin companions; but that bond has now been broken, and the body has fallen into consequent decay. The soul is now separated from its earthly framework, it is free. It lives, but we know not how it acts; it acts, but we know not how it lives. God never intended such a condition of divorcement. The soul in the separate state is not the complete person of the man. It is not integer of itself, it is the human being incomplete, imperfect. It can only feel in respect to itself correspondingly. There must therefore be consciousness of deprivation. It is under a certain influence of death. It is a part of death that primarily the spirit shall alone ascend to heaven. In that way our Lord was humbled. His spirit passed to Paradise on the day of crucifixion. The law and power of death in that disembodiment still kept their hold upon Him. It was release, but it was not triumph. The day of His resurrection was the day of His exaltation. All between that and His ascension was voluntary delay. His spirit dwelt apart, ere body and spirit were welcomed into heaven. It was by this twofold stage that He entered into His glory. He went forth into eternity, first of all in the nakedness of His spirit, and then He rose from the dead. It is by this twofold stage that we must be glorified. We go forth despoiled and denaturalized, until our investiture in the resurrection shall be complete.

The immediate happiness of the soul, which has left the present state of being, is perpetually assured us. 'Them who sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him.' The covenant relation between Him and them can never be annulled by death. They die in the Lord. Herein is consistency with the fact of the resurrection. That is but of the body. It is not a new creation. The higher life was never interrupted. He died for us, that whether we wake or sleep we should live together with Him.

But let it be remembered that this is not a material and temporary resurrection, but a resurrection unto everlasting life. It shall not be a resurrection of the flesh and blood such as they are now. From the animal body shall emerge that which is still more glorious and spiritual. Of the true nature of that which is spiritual, we have neither observation nor analogy to guide us. We can only suppose that the spiritual body is that which will become so refined, and so ennobled, and so adapted to the spirit, as to raise it to a richer competency and a more glorious elevation. Of the competency of matter to etherealize we have many illustrations. Light is but the vibration of the molecules of matter. Music is but the impulsion of invisible atmospheric waves. The perfumes of herbs and flowers are but impalpable particles of matter, which are diffused in the atmosphere around us. The sensation of heat is occasioned by the simple disturbance of the material particles, of which the heated object is composed. Even on earth, then, material things are capable of appearing to us in forms that are impalpable and immaterial. Besides, that which was once peculiar to earth has already found an entrance into heaven. Enoch, while walking with God in the duties of external obedience, was 'translated,' that he should not see death. Elijah, as he went on and talked, mounted the chariot of fire, and was rapt away to heaven. The Son of man ascended to the glory of His Father in all the proportions of our humanity, and He now stands there the pattern, as well as the Author, of His people's transformation. He shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself.

'In this identic body I,
With eyes of flesh refined, restored,
Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh,
See for myself my smiling Lord;
See with ineffable delight,
Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.

'Then let the worms demand their prey,
The greedy grave my reins consume;
With joy I drop my mouldering clay,
And rest till my Redeemer come.
On Christ my life in death rely,
Secure that I can never die.'

Such, then, is the doctrine of Scripture on the subject of the resurrection. We pursue no speculation, we indulge no fancy: we only search for the mind of God concerning it. That Paul might attain to this he pours out all the earnestness and puts forth all the effort of his soul. But let us notice—

II. THE ACCOMPANIMENTS AND CONSEQUENCES WITH WHICH THIS HOPE HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED.

In cherishing this expectation of the resurrection of the dead Paul hoped—

1. To possess the power of recognizing in heaven those with whom he had held holy fellowship on earth. Such recognition is divinely affirmed. But to many of you the fact may not have been presented that every passage of Scripture on which this truth is commonly supported stands in reference to the resurrection of the dead. Not a word is said of such recognition in the case of merely disembodied spirits. Not that we deny the fact. It may be very properly inferred. But after all, this is only inference,—it is not a part of Scripture declaration. But how different are the declarations which explain the remembrances, the greetings of those who were associated on earth, when they shall meet at the last day. 'Knowing that He which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you.' 'Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them (for whom we sorrowed) in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air.' 'For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?' When that which is perfect has come, then shall we see face to face, and know even as we are known. To realize this power and attain to this blessedness Paul yearned to be found ready for the resurrection of the dead.

But, again, Paul hoped by this—

2. To become conformed to the image of Christ. Our future happiness has been made dependent upon our resemblance to Christ. The perfection of this conformity will constitute our bliss. Hence the royal exclamation, 'As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness;' and hence also the apostolic congratulation, 'When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.' It is not the simple maturity of moral resemblance, it is the likeness of His resurrection. After this likeness the apostle yearned.

3. But again, he hoped by this resurrection to attain to the public and universal recognition of his piety before God. In this world the early saints were God's hidden ones. They were here unknown. The world hated them. When they died invisible were the angels which carried them to glory. Though their deaths were precious in the sight of God, no public honours were conferred upon them. There was no funereal triumph. There was no blowing of trumpets. Their departure was unobtrusive. They seemed to vanish from the world, and to steal away to bliss. Their memory may perish among men. Their dust is unrecorded. Yet their names are to be confessed. They shall yet shine forth as the sun. Before assembled worlds their allegiance shall be endorsed, and their piety attested. They are to be acknowledged and to be enrolled amongst the followers of the Lamb. But Paul knew that this blessedness was reserved until the morning of the resurrection. Hence

his yearning desire that he might attain to this distinction. And again—

4. He hoped by this resurrection to attain to the honours which had been reserved for the saints. High honours are reserved for the ransomed ones above. They are to be participators in the honours of their glorified Redeemer. 'Where He is, there shall they be also.' They are to sit down on His throne, and to be glorified with His crown. That crown is furnished with all its circlets, it is studded with all its gems. Its glory already dazzles the believer. 'Henceforth,' he exclaims, 'there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day.' How shall the poor become enriched! how shall the feeble be strengthened! how shall the aged be renovated! how shall the once despised be disabused! To these rewards and honours the righteous are ever aspiring. Towards this end they earnestly seek, and they exultingly hail the resurrection. Theirs is an attitude of imploring earnestness. They are looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour. They are looking for, and hastening unto, the coming of the day of God. 'Behold, He cometh with clouds,' exclaims the Apocalyptic angel! 'Even so, Amen,' responsively exclaims the Church. He saith, 'Surely I come quickly!' 'Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus,' with emphatic and joyful anticipation, respond the ransomed of the Lord. This is the high foresight with which they are inspired, the throbbing hope they can scarcely chasten, the onward speed they can ill restrain.

But what justifies all this vehemency of desire, this intensity of expectation?

1. It is the triumph of Christ. This is a hostile world,—all things are not yet put under Him.

2. It is the redemption of the believer. 'Ye are bought with a price.' We shall live by Him.

3. It is the restitution of our entire nature. God made us with a material conformation, as well as with an intellectual principle, &c.

Notice—

III. THE CONDUCT AND DETERMINATION BY WHICH THIS HOPE IS TO BE SECURED.

1. Examination should be made.

2. Prayer should be devoted to this attainment, 2 Peter iii. 12.

3. Anticipation should be cherished.

4. Preparation should be secured.

Then let us pause in our worldly work, and look to our own aspirations. What is our noblest object of ambition? Not surely to gather apples of Sodom, which burst to dust and ashes on our lips; not to follow painted bubbles which never yield us compensation for our toil, and sweat, and pains; not to waste and dawdle out a miserable existence, and then to plant a body in the grave, that shall shrivel and wither and decay, and then be raised to suffer eternally from the gnawing worm, and to burn in the remorseless anguish of an interminable hell.

Heaven forbid that we who worship here to-night should only furnish fuel for the lake of fire.

Look up, my fellow-sinners, to the cross. Redemption there was purchased for us. We need not perish, for the Saviour died. Start this very night on a career of spiritual aspiration. Think how you may attain to the glory of the resurrection. Forbid not your spirits' emulation. Seek not only heaven, but the station nearest to the throne. Pause not even then. Secure a triumph for your dust. Plant in that grave on your dying day a body that shall prove a holy germ, a body that shall rise as seed-corn from the ground in the morning of the resurrection, and bring forth, as its own inherent fruit, glory, honour, and immortal life.

Join with the solemn supplication of the poet—

'Thou God of glorious majesty,' &c., Hymn 444.

SERMON IV.

THE NEW HEAVENS AND THE NEW EARTH.

'Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'—2 PETER iii. 13.

THESE words transport us. They are words of high hope and self-congratulation. The hope is based on the recollection of a promise that has been made; the self-congratulation rests upon the strength of faith. We believe, and therefore have we hope. The sentiment, however, is disjunctive. It is antithetical, and therefore contrastive. Convulsive changes are anticipated. The heavens and the earth which are now are kept in store, they are reserved unto fire against the day of judgment, and the perdition of ungodly men.

But the day of the Lord will come, slowly, steadily, stealthily, as a thief in the night; the heavens shall pass away convulsively with a great noise; the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up.

'Nevertheless'—and here is the contrast, here is the antithesis, here is the basis of hope—'we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

Three things here commend themselves to our consideration:

I. THE FIGURE EMPLOYED.
II. THE FELICITY FORESHADOWED.
III. THE FOUNDATION SET FORTH.

I. THE FIGURE EMPLOYED.

'We, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth.' To the ancient prophets we are indebted for the primary employment of this terra-celestial phrase. Through Isaiah the Divine declaration comes down, 'Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth;' and again, 'The new heavens and the new earth which I make shall stand before me.' If the simple conversion of mankind to the true faith be meant by these words; if we are simply to understand them as gorgeous figures of speech, I can only say that they are marked by unwonted singularity. But whatever may have been their earlier meaning, there can be no doubt of their literal descriptiveness as employed in our text. If the old heavens and the old earth are to pass away, those that succeed them must be as real and as literal as those that shall have gone. Hence in the Apocalyptic scene John says, 'I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away.' By the words before us, then, we are manifestly to understand the future state of the Church, the everlasting condition of the glorified in heaven.

Heaven is a state. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' But it is also a place, a city, a royal city, 'a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.'

It is a kingdom. Its epochs, its chronicles, its monuments, its trophies, its riches, and its honours are worthy of its renown.

But it is also an empire, vast and limitless, a celestial world, a new heaven and a new earth. As indicating the felicity of its inhabitants, we are told that God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; as figurative of its royal grandeur, we are told that 'the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it;' and as expressive of its calm and holy security it is said, 'the gates shall not be shut at all by day.'

Three things, then, are clear—

1. The words of our text can have no prophetic reference to the Church on earth.

The approaching event which they foreshadow is post-millennial. We look for the new heavens and the new earth, but not till the dead have been raised; nay, not till the nations have been judged; nay, not till the heavens and the earth which are now have suffered calcination in the final fire. To the doctrines of the pre-millenarian advent our text gives no support. But again—

2. These words have no mystic character. If in other places the heavens and the earth are symbolical of the righteous and the unregenerate, it cannot be so here. The new heavens and the new earth are not to be unequal and distinct departments, but one

perfect economy of holiness and bliss. And then again—

3. These words cannot apply to any mere transformation of the present physical universe. That they have been frequently interpreted in this sense I know. Many of the most intelligent of our Biblical expositors believe that our future heaven and earth are to be sublimed and eliminated from our present ones. Their mode of reasoning is this. They say, 'Our earth was declared to have been destroyed when it was deluged.' This language, though very expressive, was yet hyperbolical. The earth was not literally destroyed. Though to some extent it was decomposed, yet it was really preserved. And in the same way the great fire, like the great flood, may transform, without utterly destroying, our present earth; that the earth, in fact, may emerge, renovated and purified from its great igneous experience, to become the scene of our future glory; and that the new heavens may smile and brighten forth from the ashes of the old, to constitute a canopy for God and His saints.

But many difficulties stand in the way of this hypothesis. To say nothing of the absurdity of so comparatively small a speck in the great and boundless universe ever being made the everlasting temple of God and of His Church, there is, in the first place, the difficulty of comprehending how a globe of cinders could be made to harmonize with our anticipations of the glorious Paradise and the New Jerusalem; there is, in the second place, the difficulty of understanding how (with our own earth's rotation) the alternations of day and night could cease, and summer and winter, heat and cold, could be dispensed with; there is, in the third place, the difficulty of explaining how, in that case, heaven could be that land which is now afar off, how those which are alive can be said to be caught up to meet their Lord in the air; how death can be properly designated a departure; and with what consistency Christ could say, 'I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go, I will come again, and receive you to myself.' And there is, in the last place, the difficulty of believing that the great Maker of the universe could ever be induced to vacate the glorious home of the past eternity, for such a heaven as our earth could make. To believe that changes may be introduced to adapt the present heaven of glory to the final state and condition of its inhabitants is not a task of difficulty; but to believe in such a descending transmigration as that already named is simply to trample on the rights of reason, and to act regardless of the authority of mind.

But you ask, What necessity can there exist for new heavens and a new earth? Why cannot the present heaven suffice for the introduction of the risen saints? Is not that heaven already the home of the Incarnate Messiah? Are not two embodied saints, also, already there? To these interrogations it might suffice to reply, 'Thus hath the Lord spoken.' But another answer is available. Heaven, so far, has been chiefly the sphere of unmixed spiritual existences. They are all spirits who dwell there. That the present heaven is perfectly adapted to spiritual existence there can be no doubt, but that it is as perfectly adapted to corporeal existence may be fairly questioned. Supposing that the physical susceptibility is not as amply provided for as the spiritual, it is not difficult to infer the rest. When the archangel's trump shall blow, and the spirits of the just shall have been embodied, the palace will need enriching as the dignity of the guest becomes augmented. More costly decorations are provided for the rooms of a royal prince than for those of an ordinary knight. Heaven at the present moment is not only a state of bliss, but also a state of suspense. Its happy spirits aspire to better things; they yearn towards the gloriousness of the great hereafter. That consummation which is never doubted is yet delayed. The new heavens and the new earth will terminate their suspense, and will fill their expectations. They will form a compound state exactly adapted to the spirit's necessities. While the old heaven was adapted to the spirit only, the new heaven will meet the necessities both of the body and the soul. In the exordium of the Pentateuch we read that God created the heavens and the earth. The roof and floor made up but one creation. That creation, now, is our abode. But while that is destined to pass away, there shall spring up a new earth for the habitation of the redeemed; and that earth shall be covered with a new celestial canopy. 'For we,' says Peter, 'according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

Having seen the meaning of the figure employed, let us next notice—

II. THE FELICITY FORESHADOWED.

That felicity is embodied in the text. It may be true that the day of vengeance will appear; but that day has no terror for our souls. We anticipate its coming, we hail its approach. Every step in the progress of its advent and every sign of its drawing near are so many heralds of our own advancing glory, for we look for a new residence, brighter than the existing heavens, and more lovely than the present earth; a pavilion, having a firmament for its curtain and a world for its foundation, one of richer texture than the star-woven skies, and the other of firmer stability than the everlasting hills.

How appropriate these symbols! How enriching and refreshing! How glorious the contrast betwixt that which is new and that which is obsolete, that which is advancing and that which is receding! How great and wonderful are the heavens above our heads! How they refine the imagination which wanders through them! How they attune, as with their own music, the minstrelsy which sings of them! How they enlarge the inquiry which studies them! They are made for meditation. While man gazes upon them his spirit seems to mingle with them and to grow up into them. What is so far above a man, so unutterably high, so dazzling, so vast, so alluring as the heavens? that arch, studded with its orbs, and garnished with its constellations; its mighty expanse, its gorgeous mechanism, its harmonious order, now like a symbolical web, then a regal embroidery; now like an embossed shield, then a molten mirror; now like the cupola of a temple, then like the pavement of a palace. 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handywork.'

The clouds of heaven are delectably marvellous. How rich are the reflections of their endless dyes! How manifold in beauty are their variegated forms! At one time they sleep as the lake, at another they surge as the sea. Here they unfold into the peaceful arbour, there they stand embattled as the host. They seem to form into a land of their own. Theirs is the birthplace of the rainbow, the womb of the morning, the pathway of the sun, the portal of paradise, and the trophied bier of departing day. We were created to look upward, and the heavens tell the reason, for they are type and symbol of and pathway to our everlasting rest.

And then look to the earth beneath. Is not ours a wonderful world? Sin-stained, it is true, and full of iniquity, but still intact in its original outline. How manifold are its charms! The flowers of Eden still grow wild, the fountains of paradise still run truant. How obedient is its soil! How tractable its inferior forms of life! How plentiful its gratifications! What melodies are in its woods and waters! What richness in its dawn and sunset! How spring walks forth and renews the face of nature! How she scatters her blossoms and paints her lilies, and makes the little hills rejoice! How autumn crowns the year with goodness and scatters out plenty from her horn! How she gives seed to the sower and bread to the eater, and makes the trees of the field to clap their hands!

But refulgent as is the concave above us, and exuberant as is the earth beneath our feet, they do not satisfy our souls' desires. We therefore look for new heavens and a new earth—heavens that shall rest upon their own moveless pillars, and be infinitely more august and beautiful than those they supersede; and earth that shall be so much more lovely and durable than the present state, as Eden was more lovely than the wasted desert, and as the spirit is more enduring than the dissolving tabernacle in which it dwells. In that firmament there shall be no storm, no blight, no scathe. 'Neither shall the sun light upon us, nor any heat.' And that earth! no violence shall be found in it. Its inhabitants shall not say, 'I am sick:' they shall be as the angels of God. It is the realm of endless life. But let us notice a few of the characteristics of this future state.

1. It is evidently a great system of vitality. Our present scene is one of vital existence. There is scarcely a spot where such existence may not be found. The air we breathe, the water we drink, and the earth we tread upon, are all crowded with various forms of life. But he who was last created is the greatest of all earthly creatures. To him they are all tributary. His creation alone can explain the reason for the existence of the rest.

For, thus saith the Lord, that created the heavens, God Himself that formed the earth and made it: He hath established it, He hath created it not in vain, He formed it to be inhabited. Rest assured, then, that the new heavens and the new earth shall not be the less inhabited. The central figure in the present state shall be the central figure there. That land shall never be forsaken of its inhabitants. They are immortal as itself. The new heavens and the new earth would be bereft of every purpose which their names suggest if they were not full of life angelic, intelligent, and immortal.

Again, the future state here spoken of is—

2. Evidently a material state. The world in which we dwell, with its appendages of circumambient air and supernal light, is a material fabric; it strictly conforms to all the laws, and completely develops all the properties, of material subsistence. All is extended, resistive, measurable, holding undivided and undisplaced position. Whatever is material must be related to space. It is somewhere. Take it away, and it leaves a proportionate void. Our only experience of matter is in its tangibleness, while of space the heavens and the earth furnish our only notion. When, therefore, the new heavens and the new earth are formed, they must be material, and related to space, or they can have no existence. We should refine away, we should subtilize into vagueness, all our most cherished and realized conceptions, were we to think of the great future simply as a state of being. A state of existence supposes a being who is the subject of it. He cannot be and not be at the same time. A created being cannot be omnipresent. He must therefore be related by some law to a particular material condition and to a particular point in space. The new heavens and the new earth must therefore correspond to the tangible things above and around us. They may, indeed, consist of a high and attenuated materialism, answering to the idea of the spiritual body; they may be less gross and obtrusive than anything with which we are at present acquainted; but still they must be truly and unquestionably material.

Again, the future state here spoken of shall—

3. Evidently bear the impress of its own Creator. The visible works of God are the means by which intelligent creatures rise in thought to the knowledge of His character and perfections. His works are at once the monuments of His existence and the proofs of His power. 'For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.' His wisdom and benignity are beheld in all His works. Heaven and earth everywhere multiply and vary the proofs of His bounty and power. When, therefore, we read of the new heavens and the new earth, we cannot fail to infer that they, like the old ones, will bear the stamp of the glory of their infinite Creator. If it were possible to obliterate the present manifestations of that glory, it could only be that they might be rewritten in more resplendent and indelible characters. The operations of the Divine power can never be forgotten amidst the higher proceedings of the Divine government; but in the new heavens, as in the old earth, the voices of the multitude, as the voice of many waters, will be heard reverberating in one grand, sweet song, 'Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are Thy ways, thou King of saints.

But again, this future shall be—

4. Evidently one of limitless and universal fellowship. The communion of saints is now a great and soul-refreshing fact. But this communion is very limited. The saints are scattered abroad. They do not dwell in the earth.

'Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place;
But hastening through this vale of woe,
And restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.'

There is here no such thing as perfect and limitless communion. Many of the Church's brightest ornaments are gone. Her candlesticks are being continually removed. Old companies have been gathered to their fathers; new and still newer companies appear in the places they have left. All are hastening to one place. But the time of the full gathering has not come. Excepting in the case of the first family, there never has been, and there never can be, a complete meeting on the present side of Jordan. But the new heavens and the new earth shall comprehend them all. God hath prepared a habitation for all His ransomed children. Not one of them shall be found wanting in that day. Grandsires and grandchildren, patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs, they whose spirits have peacefully melted into heaven, and they who have forced their way through seas of blood and flames of fire, shall all be found at last, commingling their souls in the joys of a limitless and enduring fellowship. How refreshing, then, the pilgrim's aspiration—

'Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

'There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my heavenly breast.'

Having, then, seen the figure employed and the felicity foreshadowed, we come now in the third and last place to notice—

III. THE FOUNDATION SET FORTH.

The story is one of culminating joy. Its essence is this,—we live in hope of a happier state. Old things are to pass away, and all things are to be made new. But this hope of future felicity is based upon a broad foundation. It is a foundation of promises. With the ancient Abraham God entered into a covenant containing promises of more than earthly kind,—from him was to descend a spiritual seed. That seed found not their rest on earth, and therefore they looked for a 'better, and a heavenly country.' Beneath that broad covenant we plead our right. Like Abraham, we believe in the Lord, and He counteth it to us for righteousness; and therefore, like him, we take the ancient warrant, which no time can either impair or cancel; and we, like him and his posterity, look for new heavens and a new earth.

Many are the quotations that we might give from the prophets in the metaphor and language of our text. But they all contain this thought, and they are all the earnest of this hope. The declarations come rolling down from all the earlier ages of the Church's history, swelling like new visions, always the more defined and aggrandized as they are more expanded, till they all combine, like the colours of the solar spectrum, in one complete and glorious pledge; and 'we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

The promises of God are great and glorious. They are all yea, and amen. Their compass and variety are as ample as are the exigencies they are designed to meet. They pass on from age to age unexhausted, and those of one dispensation are transmitted to another in larger meaning and in wider scope. The original testament is cleared by new codicils and is enriched by more munificent bequests. Having these promises, we thread on our earthly journey prepared for every exigency and instructed for every strait.

A British poet describing the man of Christian integrity, says, 'That were a crumbling world to burst around him, the fragments would strike him undismayed.' But while we read our text this fiction becomes reality; the glowing imagination turns pale and faint in the presence of a living fact. 'Here we see,' says one, 'the Christian triumphing amidst the ruins of the universe. He has long awaited the catastrophe. But now it comes! It brings no surprise, it excites no terror. He looks upon it with calmness and composure. It as much fulfils his desires as it agrees with his expectations. He now sees that his hopes are consummated and his prayers are heard. He knew that it must come.

'But what a scene is that which the Christian welcomes. The trumpet peals its most piercing clangour; the heavens are lighted up, and blaze with intensest fury; the mountains are heaped into cinder; the forests lie scathed and blackened with the scorching flame; the seas evaporate; the skies burn; the orbs of heaven rush from their tracks and kindle with the devouring element; the sun is turned into darkness, and the moon into blood; the stars fall. Oh, the crash of those jostling worlds! the roar of those devouring flames! the outburst of those liberated thunders! Oh, that furnace, that storm, that blast of fire! What a marvel of horrors is here. What could be more terrible? What could fan into wilder vehemence the awfulness of that hour? What could heighten the pomps of that great and terrible day of the Lord? There is only one thing that can be more sublime than these material prodigies, and that is the calm confidence and the holy heroism of the Christian in that hour. There is only one thing that rises in grandeur and glory above all the rest, and that is the unshaken, the untrembling saint, looking for it, hastening to it, calmly gazing on it.'

'The great archangel's trump shall sound,
While twice ten thousand thunders roar;
Tear up the graves and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.'

And we are looking for these things. To this promise we hope to come. It is the goal of our anticipated bliss. It is the bound of our future change. All may sink beneath us. All may perish round us. We may hear Nature's last groans. We may behold Creation's dying embers—the trump of God may have ceased to sound. 'Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

To the believer, then, we say, Stand fast, serve Christ, work for humanity, cherish hope, and the day will declare the wisdom of your choice.

To the sinner we have only one warning word. Trifle on, and then the terrors of the last day will find thee Godless, Christless, heavenless. Resolved to live without the Christian's hope, thou shalt stand in terror and dismay when earth is wrecked and worlds are crushed. As in this earth all thy hopes are centred, so with its destruction must they perish. A living soul with perished hope! May God in mercy save us from that terminus, and grant His blessing with His word, for Christ's sake. Amen.

MR BAXTER, LOUIS NAPOLEON,

THE COMING STRUGGLE,

AND

CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT:

A LECTURE DELIVERED IN THE METHODIST NEW CONNEXION CHURCH, FRANKLIN STREET, ADELAIDE, SEPTEMBER 11, 1866, THE HON. T. MAGAREY IN THE CHAIR, AND SUBSEQUENTLY IN THE ASSEMBLY ROOM, KING WILLIAM STREET.

The subject I have to present for your consideration this evening is one that is just now exciting extraordinary attention. With more poetry than precision it has been said that human life is made up of three great epochs,—yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. *Yesterday*, like

> 'The pale blue smoke, rising from a peasant's hovel,
> That melted into limpid air before it topped the larches,'

is already a thing of the past. It has dropped into oblivion, and few persons care to renew the remorses which its memories would awaken. *To-day* is the watchword of angels, the weft of which the web of life is manufactured, the thread on which the pearls of human blessedness are strung. But it is also the moment of man's greatest anguish. He reaps in suffering to-day what he sowed in sin and folly yesterday. The solicitudes of doubt, the rackings of care, and the bitterness of disappointment, have all to be endured to-day. To-day, then—the ever-present, drab, sober, prosy to-day—is a thing that few men care about. Carry them anywhere—within themselves, without themselves, beyond themselves; carry them in any direction, only carry them from the sorrows of to-day. To escape these is their chief solicitude. But *to-morrow* is the grand catholicon for the ills of life. Who is there that dreams not of to-morrow? To-morrow is the glittering rainbow of mercy which brings hope to the bosoms of the disconsolate. To-morrow is the paradise of illusion where fools are hoping to rest. To-morrow is the inexhaustible bottle whence topers obtain their supplies. To-morrow is the beautiful empyrean in which castles so quickly get built. To-morrow is the magical mirror into which all have a craving to look, and before which all take delight to be seen. We all desire to know something of to-morrow. The yearning is instinctive. From the untutored savage, watching the motions of the clouds, to the Grecian sage before the oracle of Delphi; from the blushing maiden of sweet sixteen, interrogating the old gipsy hag, to the modern expositor of 'oracles divine'—none can plead exemption from this weakness. But wherever there are dupes there will be agents of duplicity. Supply is always regulated by demand. Hence there have been magicians, soothsayers, astrologers, wizards, witches, and fortune-tellers in every age. Nor are such impostors likely soon to disappear. Religion and education have done much towards banishing ignorance and superstition from the world, but so long as the knowledge of the future continues so strangely fascinating, so long will men be made the victims of their hopes and fears. On this principle alone can we account for the sensation every now and then excited by a small class of men who pretend to see into futurity, and who appear to make a pretty fair living out of the excitement they create.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

To the sincere and humble student of God's Sacred Word who may reach conclusions different from my own, I would pay my profoundest homage. On no man has a monopoly of wisdom been conferred. But to those pretentious theological fortune-tellers, who are distinguished for nothing but for the brazen boldness with which they distort and shuffle texts of Scripture, I confess that I have no respect to render. These prophetic quacks are perpetually startling the world with their exciting crotchets. It is well known that the Book of Inspiration abounds in glowing language descriptive of the extension of Christ's Kingdom and of His second advent to our world. His Kingdom is to be 'an everlasting kingdom;' His people are to be 'all righteous;' He is called 'the Lord the Righteous Judge;' He is to appear 'the second time;' to 'descend from heaven with a shout;' to 'separate the sheep from the goats;' to 'be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe;' to 'bring to light the hidden things of darkness ;' to 'render to every man according to his works ;' and 'to take vengeance on them that know not God.'

This language is as beautifully figurative as it is boldly descriptive. It tells of the spiritual triumphs of Christ and of His final advent as our Judge. But the time and the manner of His reappearing have been subjects of much misapprehension. Scarcely had His last accents melted away on the ears of His disciples, and His footprints faded from the hills of Bethany, when the cry, 'Lo, here is Christ!' was heard. Since then that cry has frequently been renewed, sometimes by sincere but mistaken enthusiasts, at other times by clever but designing men. Just before the end of the tenth century the people were taught that the Millennium was to be calculated from the birth of Christ, and was at that very time drawing to a close ; that on its termination Satan would be set free, and, after a short season of triumph to the enemies of the Church, the last judgment would take place, and the world would be consumed in the final conflagration. Such was the startling effect of this teaching that multitudes forsook their homes, and fled to the city of Jerusalem, where they expected to see Christ set up His throne and begin the work of judgment. In order, however, that they might meet with personal clemency at His hands, they were usually persuaded by their priests before their departure to make over their property to some neighbouring monastery. The panic that ensued was terrible, but the catastrophe did not come. The impoverished victims had therefore to return to their homes to ponder in sadness the cost of their wisdom, and for many following years the augmented revenues of the Church bore testimony alike to the magnitude of the panic, and to the richness of the harvest its promoters had secured.

About the middle of the 16th century another great excitement was created; this time by a set of foolish enthusiasts, who called themselves Millenarians, or Fifth Monarchy men. These people expected Christ immediately and personally to appear to establish a new monarchy in the world. They believed that He would appoint them as His personal deputies in the government of His kingdom. Some of them even went so far as to give up their own Christian names, and to assume others befitting their anticipated station; and great was their disappointment when they found that no King came to require their services, and no kingdom arose to be ruled.

In 1832 we had another widespread panic. But this time it was science that misled theology. The comet of Biela, the world was told, was to cross the orbit of the earth, and to bring on the grand catastrophe. Numbers of people in France forsook their homes, and fled to other countries, where they expected to escape the pulverizing shock. Fortunately, however, the earth happened to be on the contrary side of its orbit, when the comet crossed. The predicted catastrophe, therefore, once more disappointed the panic-mongers, to the very great joy of sundry little children and very nervous people.

But from this time the prognosticators of evil began to multiply. Shortly before the year 1840 the United States of America caught the Millenarian infection.

For three years the epidemic raged with increasing violence. The people were told with all the confidence that is customary in such cases, that 1843 was to be the year of the Saviour's appearance. Numbers of weak-minded people believed the story, and laid aside their ordinary avocations in anticipation of meeting their descending Lord. Several shiploads of this class went from England and other parts of the world to be present in America at the moment of the advent, and seventeen persons in one State alone went mad with the excitement.

MR FLEMING'S PREDICTIONS.

Shortly before the year 1848 another Millenarian crisis was predicted. About 166 years ago the Rev. Robert Fleming, then an eminent Presbyterian minister in London, published a book on the Rise and Fall of the Papacy, in which he made several singular conjectures in connection with prophecy. He distinctly said, 'I pretend to give my speculations of what is future no higher character than guesses, seeing that no man can pretend on any just grounds to calculate future times.' He then proceeded to show from the words of prophecy that, according to his reasoning, 'the French Monarchy would begin to be considerably humbled about the year 1794,' and that 'about the year 1848 the Papacy would be very likely to be very considerably weakened.' Now the French Revolution, resulting in the *overthrow* of the French Monarchy, took place in the year 1789; that was about five years before the time that Mr Fleming conjectured it would *begin* to be *humbled*.' There is some difficulty in seeing any very extraordinary fulfilment of prophecy in this. Between the words of Mr Fleming and the facts of French history the agreement is so slight that it can scarcely be designated a partial coincidence. Still there were persons who believed Mr Fleming to be a correct interpreter of prophecy, and who concluded that as he had rightly predicted the French Revolution—though he did nothing of the kind—so he must have rightly predicted the weakening of the Papacy, and the other premonitions of the second advent in 1848. To this year, therefore, the eyes of our Millenarian friends were directed as the certain harbinger of the coming of Christ. Books were written, pamphlets were published, passages of Scripture having no connection with each other were fitted together, and historical facts were twisted and distorted in every possible way in expectation of the Millennium, but still it would not come. In spite, however, of these disappointments there was reason for hope. As there was a difference of some eighteen years between lunar and prophetical time, it was just possible that the interpreters had made the wrong selection. True, Mr Fleming and the French Revolution in that case would have to go overboard, but that was a trifling consideration. Fastidiousness is out of the question with drowning men. To 1848, then, eighteen years have now been added, and during the present year of 1866, nine months of which have nearly passed away, the Millennium is expected to begin. A few years, more or less, however, cannot now be a matter of so much importance; and, as the stating of another precise period might lead to inconvenience, our friends have wisely allowed themselves a little further margin. With great confidence they now assert that some time between 1866 and 1873 the bombshell of God's wrath will burst amongst the nations, and Christ will come to take possession of His own.

From 1843 the period of consolation extended to 1848, then it was stretched to 1866, now it is carried to 1873, and when that period expires our visionary friends, already driven from pillar to post, will, no doubt, fall back upon another favourite period, and tell us that the Millennium has now been postponed till the end of the present century. All this reminds one of the celebrated comet prediction in Moore's Almanac for 1818. The writer said, 'A few years before or a few years after the appearance of a comet, extraordinary changes and unexpected events may be looked for, more or less.' If this prediction failed it was not the fault of him who uttered it. He took room enough in which to maintain his reputation, and this seems to be the present policy of all those political time-keepers who persist, in spite of past mischances, in notching the wheels of the world's chronometer.

THE COMING STRUGGLE.

In 1851 a Dr Thomas, of America, started a new theory on the subject of Old and New Testament prophecy. That theory was taken up and popularized in England by the author of a pamphlet called 'The Coming Struggle,' which excited an immense sensation in its day. I only need enumerate its leading features to exhibit its absurdity. But it served its purpose. One hundred thousand copies were sold, in five months, at a shilling each. In a short time afterwards the author was enabled to build himself a beautiful house, and he is believed to have enriched himself through the writing of that extraordinary book. In it he announced that Bavaria, Lombardy, Hungary, Greece, Sardinia, Naples, Portugal, Spain, France, and Belgium were all to be completely shattered, if not entirely destroyed, before the end of the present year. Russia, in the great war for which she was then preparing, was to march into Constantinople and to take possession of Turkey in spite of the resistance of England and France. France was immediately afterwards to overthrow the 'bloody house of Austria,' and to annex the Austrian territories to her own. Then a great battle was to be fought between Gog, who was the Emperor of Russia, and Magog, the Emperor of France. Gog was to triumph over Magog, and all the Rulers of Europe were to fall before his power. To resist the inroads of this great usurper Britain had now to restore the Jews to their own land, and to plant a British colony in Palestine. But Nicholas was at once to lay siege to the Holy City and to conquer it, when England should appeal to America for help, and the great rush to Armageddon should begin.

'Meanwhile,' says the writer, 'Britain has been making strenuous efforts to stop the progress of this gigantic Napoleon; and every soldier that can be spared is sent away in the direction of the rising sun. But what can the British army do against such a host as the Russian autocrat has around him? Brave as the officers and men may be, what success or what renown can be gained in such an unequal conflict? In the critical emergency the parent island sends a cry across the Atlantic, 'Come over and help us.' Swiftly is the sound borne over the waves, and soon an answering echo is wafted back from the shores of Columbia. The cause is common, and the struggle must be common too. 'We are coming, brother John, we are coming,' is the noble reply; and almost ere it is delivered, a fleet of gallant vessels is crossing the Atlantic, with the stars and stripes gleaming on every mast. Another force is on its way from the far south, and soon the flower and strength of the Anglo-Saxon race meet on the sacred soil of Palestine. The intelligence of their approach reaches the sacrilegious usurper, and he leads forth his army towards the mountains that rise in glory round about Jerusalem. The Jews within the city now arm themselves, and join the army that has come from the east and west, the north and south, for their protection, and thus these two mighty masses meet face to face, and prepare for the greatest *physical* battle that ever was fought on this struggling earth. On the one side the motley millions of Russia and the nations of Continental Europe are drawn up on the slopes of the hills and the sides of the valleys toward the north; while on the other are ranged the thousands of Britain and her offspring, from whose firm and regular ranks gleam forth the dark eyes of many of the sons of Abraham, determined to preserve their newly-recovered city, or perish, like their ancestors of a former age, in its ruins. All is ready. That awful pause which takes place before the shock of battle reigns around, but ere it is broken by the clash of meeting arms, and while yet the contending parties are at a little distance from each other, a strange sound is heard overhead. The time for the visible manifestation of God's vengeance has arrived, His fury has come up in His face, and He calls for a sword against Gog throughout all the mountains. 'Tis the voice of the Lord that breaks the solemn stillness, and startles the assembled hosts. The scene that follows baffles description. Amid earthquakes and showers of fire the bewildered and maddened armies of the autocrat rush, sword in hand, against each other, while the Israelites and their Anglo-Saxon friends gaze on the spectacle with amazement and consternation. It does not appear that they will even lift their hand against that foe which they had come so far to meet. Their aid is not necessary to accomplish the destruction of the image. The stone cut without hands shall fall on its feet, and break them to pieces, and then shall the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, become like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor, and the wind shall carry them away.'

What a pity that so beautiful a picture should vanish in falsehood and smoke. It is now a matter of history that the majority of the doomed kingdoms have neither been shattered nor destroyed; that Russia did not march into Constantinople; that France did not annex Austria; that Nicholas, long since dead, did not become the monarch of the world; that Britain has not planted a colony in Palestine; that Russia has not laid siege to Jerusalem; that Britain has not appealed to America for help; that the fraternal cry, 'We are coming, brother John, we are coming,' has not yet been heard; and that the so-called battle of Armageddon has not yet been fought. We may therefore be permitted for a little longer time to breathe freely, to thank God, and take courage.

THE COMING BATTLE.

As, however, the coming struggle did not come, another writer from the land of sensationalism has just startled the world from its propriety by the story of a coming battle. It would not have answered to have adopted the old title in the new book, because, though the story paid very well, it rather hopelessly broke down; and yet it would not do to depart too far from the old form, because that was manifestly a successful hit. Hence, we have 'The Coming Battle' published as a fitting sequel to 'The Coming Struggle.' Both are American in their origin, both are based upon the same passages of Scripture, both are written in a style of brazen boldness, and both deal recklessly with well-known facts. The principal difference between 'The Coming Struggle' and 'The Coming Battle' is, that one makes the Emperor Nicholas the Antichrist, while the other confers that honour on Louis Napoleon; and one makes England and America to escape the great political wreck that is said to be portending, while the other involves both in the universal ruin. Each mounts his hobby with a determination to make it go, and each rides on in spite of all reason and all probability. That the writer in each case may believe what he teaches, is very possible, but that the general tendency of such sensational productions is favourable to the interests of religion I emphatically deny. The gain is more than twenty times overbalanced by the loss. Whatever of spiritual impulse the Church may gain by sensational agency has to be most bitterly paid for in the terrible and sceptical reaction that invariably follows. Besides, the mental mischief that arises in such cases is often utterly irreparable. How many persons in this colony have become insane through reading such books as 'The Coming Battle' it is impossible at present to estimate, but it is well known that four persons have recently left Adelaide for England under circumstances which can only be explained on the principle of mental impairment. One of these persons calls himself the leader of the saints of the Most High God, to whom will be given the kingdom and dominion. He tells us that he has gone home to be present at 12 o'clock, on Monday morning, October 22nd, in Grey Friars' Churchyard, Edinburgh, to challenge the God of Heaven to raise the martyred dead, and to see the crown of Scotland placed upon the head of the descending Saviour. He has already appointed a gentleman of this city to be hairdresser to Jesus Christ the second, and has, I believe, made other appointments of a similar character. Whether he will be able to reach Edinburgh by the 22nd of next month I am not prepared to say; but I have been informed, on pretty good authority, that when he and his three companions reach King George's Sound the scantiness of their exchequer will compel them to rely upon the bounty of Providence for the payment of their passage for the rest of their journey. The sequel to this story has since developed itself. It is now well known that

Providence failed the crazy pilgrims at the end of the first twelve hundred miles. One of them has since found means to return to this colony, and it is understood that the rest would be quickly on his heels if money were only as plentiful in King George's Sound as folly appears at one time to have been in Adelaide.

A poor woman in the neighbourhood of Glenelg refuses to have her dilapidated washing tub repaired upon the ground that it will only be needed for a few weeks longer; and a poor man who hawks vegetables about the country recently called at my house to express his astonishment that the world should be so blind to its own real interest as not to see that Christ had already appeared; in fact, he assured me that he was the Christ, although he was then engaged in the humble avocation of selling—turnips!

Now all this would be very amusing were it not for the saddening reflections which spring from the story. But when we reflect that these poor people are victimized by an excitement that is as fictitious in its character as it is destitute of real utility, one feels too sad to laugh at their follies.

THE VISION OF DANIEL.

But let us examine for a few moments the real basis of this excitement. It is well known that there are in the Old and New Testament Scriptures three or four prophetical pictures, which are so elaborately figurative, so profoundly symbolical, and yet so remarkably identical in their general characteristics, that their interpretation has always been a source of difficulty to Biblical expositors. The first of these is the well-known vision of the prophet Daniel. In that vision Daniel beheld four great beasts come up from the sea. The first was like a lion, and had eagles' wings; the second was like a bear, with three ribs in its mouth, and it raised up itself on one side; the third was like a leopard, having upon its back the four wings of a fowl; and the fourth had great iron teeth—it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it, and it was diverse from all the beasts that were before it, and it had ten horns: and behold there came up among them another little horn, in which were eyes like the eyes of a man, and a mouth speaking great things. And Daniel was told that the four great beasts were four kings which should arise out of the earth; the fourth beast was to be the fourth kingdom, which was to be diverse from all other kingdoms, and should devour the whole earth, and tread it down, and break it in pieces. And the ten horns were ten kings which should arise out of this kingdom, and another should arise that should be diverse from the first, and who should subdue three kings. Then we read :—'He shall speak great words against the most High, and shall wear out the saints of the most High, and think to change times and laws, and they shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time. But the judgment shall sit, and they shall take away his dominion, to consume and to destroy it unto the end. And the kingdom and dominion and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him.'

A great many methods of interpreting this vision have been attempted. Some interpreters suppose that the four beasts denote the four kings, Nebuchadnezzar, Evil-Merodach, Belshazzar, and Cyrus; others suppose that the first beast is the Babylonish-Chaldean kingdom, the second, the Medish empire, the third, the Persian, and the fourth, the Grecian empire. But the most commonly accepted interpretation is that which supposes that the first beast denotes the Chaldean kingdom, the second, the Medo-Persian empire, the third, the Greek empire under Alexander and his successors, and the fourth, the Roman empire. But even this interpretation has had a variety of modifications, especially in reference to the meaning of the ten horns and the little horn that sprang up amongst them. Some suppose the fourth kingdom to be the Roman empire under the Cæsars, the ten horns to be a succession of the ten Regents, and the little horn to be Julius Cæsar. Others suppose the ten horns to refer to ten kings or dynasties that sprang out of the Roman power, and the little horn to be either the Turkish power, the Mohammedan power, the Papacy, or Antichrist.

But another class of interpreters has thrown overboard the notion that this vision had any relation to the political events of Daniel's day. They tell us the real interpretation of this vision is to be found in the political events of European history subsequent to the dawn of Christianity, that the first beast with the eagle wings denoted the reign of the Roman Christian

Emperors, the second, with the ribs in his mouth, the Goths, the Vandals, and the Lombards; the third, with the four heads and four wings, the Mohammedan kingdom with the four Caliphates; the fourth, the kingdom of Charlemagne. The ten horns are the dependencies of this kingdom, and the little horn is the Papacy as the actual Antichrist. I give these explanations to show how seriously disagreed are the most competent critics in their methods of interpreting this vision; how difficult and perplexing a task it is to make its incidents to dovetail with real history; and therefore how much reason there is for modesty and humility on the part of those who claim to be its expounders.

THE ANTICHRIST.

But the second prophecy that has so much bewildered interpreters is that of Paul, where he admonishes the Thessalonians to let no man deceive them respecting the second coming of Christ. 'For,' says he in 2 Thess. ii. 2, 3, 'that day shall not come except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the Temple of God, showing himself that he is God.' This language, though boldly expressive, is somewhat difficult to be understood and has been variously interpreted. Most Protestant commentators believe it to apply to the Papacy. The *αποστασια*, apostasia, or falling away, is said to have been that great apostasy, or departure from the primitive purity and simplicity of the gospel, which immediately preceded the rise of the Papacy. That man of sin, the son of Perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, and sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God, is believed to be the Pope of Rome. That the conduct of many of the Popes has justified the application of these phrases to the Papacy is unquestionably apparent. Pope Vigilius waded to the pontifical throne through the blood of his predecessor. Pope Joan, though a woman in disguise, was elected and confirmed as Pope John VIII., and brought great scandal on the Church by her immorality. Pope Marcellinus offered sacrifices to idols. Of Pope Honorius the Council of Constantinople said, 'We have caused him to be accursed, for that in all things he followeth the mind of Sergius the heretic.' The Council of Basil condemned Pope Eugenius as a despiser of the holy canons—a Simonist, a perjurer, and a man fallen from the faith. Pope John II. was publicly charged with incest; Pope Sixtus IV. licensed brothels at Rome; and Pope Alexander VI. was a man of dreadful immorality. That THIS Man of Sin has opposed and exalted himself above all that is called God such facts as the burning of John Huss, the massacre of St Bartholomew, and the cruelties of Queen Mary, abundantly testify. That he sitteth in the temple of God is manifest by his exalted ecclesiastical position. That he shows that he is God is seen not only by his authority being set above the authority of the sacred Scriptures, but also by the blasphemous title that has been applied to him as 'Our Lord God the Pope.' But the author of 'The Coming Struggle' was quite certain he was Nicholas of Russia; and the author of 'The Coming Battle' is still more confident that he is Napoleon III.

But the third great prophecy respecting this Antichrist is to be found in the twelfth and three following chapters of the Book of the Apocalypse. John saw 'a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. And there appeared another great wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads. And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she had a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days. And he saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and the beast was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion; and the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority. And one of his heads was as it were wounded to death, and his deadly wound was healed, and all the world wondered after the beast. And they worshipped the dragon which gave power to the beast, saying, "Who is like the beast? Who is able to make war with him?" And there was given unto him a mouth, speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months. And it was given to him to make war with the saints, to overcome them; and power was given him over all kindreds and tongues. And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him whose names are not written in the book of life. And he beheld another beast coming up out of the earth, and he maketh fire come down from heaven in the sight of men. And he had power given to him to cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed. And he caused all, both small and great, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads; and that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name: the number of the beast is the number of a man, and it is SIX HUNDRED THREESCORE AND SIX.'

And there came one of the angels and showed him 'a woman arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, decked with gold and precious stones, having a golden cup in her hand, and upon her forehead was written MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS, AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH. And the woman was drunk with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. And the angel said, "I will tell thee the mystery of the woman, and of the beast that carried her, which hath the seven heads and ten horns. The beast that thou sawest was, and is not, and yet is, and shall ascend out of the bottomless pit, and go into perdition. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth. And there are seven kings; five are fallen, and one is and the other is not yet come, and when he cometh he must continue a short space. And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seventh, and goeth into perdition. And the ten horns are ten kings, which have received no kingdom as yet. And these shall give their power unto the beast, and shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them, for He is Lord of lords, and King of kings. And the woman which thou sawest is that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth."'

METHODS OF INTERPRETATION.

There are five leading methods of interpreting these prophecies—1. The *Pretorist,* according to which the book of the Apocalypse refers to the early triumphs of Christianity over its Jewish and Pagan enemies. 2. The *Continuous,* according to which the book presents a progressive history of many things now accomplished, and of others yet to come. 3. The *Simple Futurist,* according to which the first three chapters relate to Churches actually existing in Asia Minor in the days of the writer, while the remaining chapters refer to events yet future, and which are to precede or to accompany the second advent of Christ. 4. The *Extreme Futurist,* according to which the whole book refers to events which yet lie in the future. 5. The *Poetic,* which regards the book as a prophetic poem of a symbolical character, intended to arrest and impress the mind of the reader by its bold and magnificent imagery. To the blessing of the right of private judgment we are indebted for the privilege of being able to select for ourselves such a method of interpreting these images as may seem to us the best. The interpretation adopted by the writer of 'The Coming Battle' is, however, as elaborately absurd as it is startlingly unique. Throwing the notion of the author of 'The Coming Struggle' concerning the Emperor of Russia to the winds, he starts the still more sensational doctrine, that the present head of the French Empire is the Apocalyptic 'Beast,' the 'Man of Sin,' the 'Son of Perdition,' the 'Personal Antichrist,' and the 'Destined Monarch of the World.' He tells us that Louis Napoleon is soon to acquire complete ascendancy over Christendom, and that for three years and a half he is ruthlessly to slay nearly every one who will not acknowledge him to be God. That the present shrewd and clever Emperor of the French may so far lose his wits as to claim that homage which belongs alone to God is possible; but that in such a state of imbecility he should have power to slay the great majority of mankind Mr Baxter himself cannot seriously believe. Besides, if all are to be slain who refuse to acknowledge Napoleon as God, whence shall come the mighty armies that have yet to fight at Armageddon?

But Mr Baxter further tells us that Christendom is to become 'a great slaughterhouse or shambles, in which tens of thousands of Christ's sheep will be butchered, and scarcely any one will escape the awful ordeal of being put to the test, whether they will confess Christ and be killed, perhaps with awful torture, or whether they will acknowledge Napoleon as God, and thus purchase temporary safety at the cost of eternal damnation. Those who choose the latter alternative will be branded with Napoleon's name, or the number 666 in their forehead or their hand, just as cattle have stamped upon them the name of their owner.'

From such statements as these it is quite clear that symbols and metaphors are worse than wasted on Mr Baxter. Lacking the perception of poetic beauty, his prosy soul would literalize the sublimest thoughts of our Bible bards. He would turn the clouds into leathern bottles, and the sky into a molten looking-glass. He would give hands to the trees, and vocal organs to the desert. He would turn heaven into a literal city twelve thousand cubits high, and make hell a simple pit without a bottom. Christ would be a literal lamb with seven horns, and the Church an actual woman that was married to the Lamb. The idea of a monarch now literally branding his subjects on their foreheads like cattle is a preposterous absurdity; but it is so eminently pastoral in its character that it seems to be a pity that Mr Baxter has not added the stock-whip to the branding irons. The utility of this would have been unquestionable, as the use of one necessarily involves the use of the other. But seriously we cannot read such extraordinary statements without being perplexed, whether to laugh at the arrant impudence and cold presumption which they indicate, or to weep at the perverted intellect and morbid emotion they display.

MR BAXTER'S TEN REASONS.

Mr Baxter gives us ten reasons for believing Louis Napoleon to be the future personal Antichrist. *First*, he says, because he is the beast's seventh or revived eighth head, predicted in the Book of Revelation. But several things may be said in reply to this statement. 1. It cannot really be determined that the story of the beast is intended to foreshadow the political history of Europe and the world. The very ablest of our biblical expositors are disagreed upon this matter.

2. Even if this could be demonstrated, it is still doubtful, as we have already seen, what the different heads of the beast are intended to represent, and to what epochs they are intended to apply. The language is so general in its character, and so applicable to so many different persons and events, that it is impossible for any modest man to say with confidence to which of these it was, and to which it was not intended to refer. A dozen theories might be started, each applying the story of the beast to different persons and different events, and yet each one would appear as plausible as that of Mr Baxter. It only requires a vigorous imagination, a large amount of assurance, a smattering of the world's history, a knowledge of a few disconnected passages of Scripture, and a conscience not overburdened with sensitiveness, to make it fit the incidents of almost any great epoch in the history of the world.

3. But supposing it to be proved beyond the possibility of question that the Roman power was symbolized by this beast, Mr Baxter has then a still more impossible task to accomplish. Taking the passage, 'There are seven kings; five are fallen and one is, and the other is not yet come, and when he cometh he must continue a short space;' he tells us that the term 'seven kings' signifies seven SUCCESSIVE modes of political administration, or forms of government over the Roman empire; that the Roman emperorship was the sixth head; that this head fell in 1806 when

the Emperor of Austria renounced the title of Emperor of the Romans, and that then Napoleon Buonaparte became the seventh head.

Now this looks very straightforward, and would have been very conclusive if it had only been true. If the Roman empire had continued in existence till the year 1806, there would have been little difficulty in so manufacturing matters as to make the great Napoleon appear to be the seventh head. But if we can show that the great Roman empire, with its imperial form of government, went to pieces some hundreds of years before 1806, it will follow that Mr Baxter's great Napoleonic argument must go to pieces also. What then are the facts? why, that Mr Baxter himself admits that the Roman emperorship ceased to have an unbroken line of representatives at Rome in the year 476, when Augustulus, Emperor of the Western Roman Empire, was deposed by Odoacer the barbarian. It is true, he tells us, that there was another Emperor, named Zeno, of an altogether different order of succession, reigning at that time in Constantinople over the Eastern Roman Empire, to whom the Western Senate, on the deposition of Augustulus, offered their allegiance; but even this bastard emperorship came to an end when the Turks took possession of Constantinople, in 1453. If the rule of Zeno was not a legitimate maintenance of the sixth form of government it could have no legitimate succession; if it was, it terminated in 1453, where, of course, the sixth head came to an end, and with it the extraordinary reasoning of Mr Baxter also ends. Our sensational friend endeavours to get out of this difficulty by stating that

653 years before the Constantinople emperorship of Rome came to an end, Charlemagne, the King of France, had been crowned Emperor of the Romans, and that in 961 this title became vested in the Emperor of Germany, with whom it continued till the year 1806.

But this reasoning involves these great absurdities: it represents the real Roman emperorship as existing when it had no existence; it represents the empire as under one emperorship when it was actually under two; it confounds the mere assumption of imperial titles with the real exercise of legitimate authority; and it represents a great empire as having a definite and organized existence for more than a thousand years after its real government had melted away. Such crudities of reasoning and such perversions of history are to be found on almost every page of Mr Baxter's book.

But even supposing the unbroken existence of the Roman empire till 1806 had been established, Mr Baxter has then to show how in any proper sense either Napoleon the First, or Napoleon the Third, can be called the head of that empire. The whole of his statements on these matters are simply pieces of gratuitous assumption. They have not a particle of real evidence to rest upon, and the slightest smatterer in European history could easily refute them.

4. But supposing that a strong historical presumption could be made out in favour of Mr Baxter's theory, it is still impossible to show how in any one real sense Louis Napoleon answers to the New Testament description of Antichrist. In what sense can it be said that he is a little horn? Most people of late years

have been thinking that he is rather a large horn, in fact the largest horn that the world has lately seen. In what sense can it be said that he is a king of fierce countenance? Literally, as I can personally testify, his face is a very mild one; while politically the charge of fierceness cannot be laid at his door. In what sense can it be said that he denieth the Father and the Son, when it is well known that he worships both? In what sense can it be said that he is the Son of Perdition? How can he be said to sit in the temple of God? and whoever heard of him speaking great words of blasphemy against God and His tabernacle and them that dwell in heaven, or of his opposing himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped? It is a perversion of all the decencies of propriety to say that such language is applicable to Napoleon the Third.

So far from his opposing himself to all that is called God, it is well known that he has done more for the cause of religious liberty in France than any other ruler she ever had. Before he came to the throne there was no such thing as religious liberty enjoyed in any part of the French dominions. Popery had its ascendancy protected, but Protestantism was placed under a ban of reprobation. Protestant ministers in many places were denied the right to preach, Protestant churches were forbidden to be built, and even Protestant marriages and burials were forbidden to be solemnized. But soon after Louis Napoleon came to the throne of France he gave to every one the same religious freedom that he claimed for himself. He repealed the intolerant laws relating to religious worship, and gave to dissenters from the Church of

Rome, under very trifling restrictions, the right to build churches, to conduct religious ordinances, and in every way to worship the God of their fathers as their own consciences might direct. I ask was that the part of Antichrist? was that the conduct of one who opposeth himself to all that is called God? As, then, Mr Baxter says that this is the main argument by which it is demonstrated with mathematical certainty that Louis Napoleon will be Antichrist, and as I maintain that the mathematics of the subject break down at every possible point, we have no alternative but to pronounce it a delusion and a snare.

The *second* reason Mr Baxter gives for his theory is that Louis Napoleon answers to the description given of Antichrist in Rev. xiii. I have only to ask you to read that chapter without the gloss of Mr Baxter to enable you to see that this argument breaks down by its very preposterousness. There is some doubt whether the chapter refers to any Antichrist, but if it does so, it applies quite as much to any other of the five leading monarchs of Europe as it does to Louis Napoleon. In fact, the author of 'The Coming Struggle' has already applied it to the late Emperor Nicholas, and I shall not be surprised if, after the recent news of Prussian conquests, some other sensationalist writes a book to prove that King Frederick William is the personal Antichrist and the coming beast. There are more points in his character than in that of Louis Napoleon to support that assumption.

Mr Baxter's *third* reason is that Louis Napoleon has obtained actual possession of Rome. But this is not true. The Emperor of the French no more has possession of Rome because he has supported the Pope to maintain himself there than England has possession of Turkey because she assisted the Sultan to defend himself against the Emperor of Russia. Besides, it is rather an amusing illustration of the danger of a man turning prophet in respect to incidents so near; that though there were French soldiers in Rome at the time that Mr Baxter's book was written, these soldiers are now being formally withdrawn. Probably there is not a single French soldier in all the Papal territories at the present moment. Here we have history cruelly turning the tables on the would-be prophets.

Mr Baxter says that the whole extent of the original Roman empire is now becoming rapidly subordinated to Louis Napoleon's control. How much truth there is in this statement may be judged from the fact that he means that Great Britain, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and several other kingdoms are gradually becoming portions of his empire. That Great Britain is now becoming a portion of the French empire will probably be news to Englishmen. That we should hear some fine morning of Louis Napoleon knocking at the door of Britannia, carpet-bag in hand, and asking for shelter from his pursuers, would not surprise us; but that he should ever become Napoleon III., Dei Gratia, Britanniarum Rex, is more than our faith's capacity permits us to believe. Besides, it is generally understood that Louis Napoleon finds it no easy task to rule his own empire; how, then, he is to manage such a heterogeneous medley of peoples as Mr Baxter would commit to his care it is difficult to divine.

But his *sixth* reason for making Napoleon the Antichrist is, that his name fulfils the prophecy.

In the ninth chapter of the Revelations we read of the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon, but in the Greek hath his name Apollyon. Now, because the name of the French Emperor is *Napoleon,* and can be made *Apoleon* by striking out the first letter; and because *A-po-le-on* sounds very much like *Ap-ol-lyon,* therefore the Emperor of the French must be the angel of the bottomless pit. It is really very trying to one's patience to have to reply to such nonsense. But its absurdity may easily be illustrated.

I have a friend named Fox. But the word Fox is very much like the word ox. By striking out the first letter, as Mr Baxter does, it immediately becomes ox. It therefore follows, according to his reasoning, that Mr Fox must be an ox. In the same way, Mr Clark must be a lark, Mr Cass must be an ass, Mr Feast must be the beast, and Mr Revil the devil. I must really apologize to my friends for these parodies upon their names; but I give them to exhibit the absurdity of Mr Baxter's sixth argument. It would certainly be difficult to find anything ever perpetrated in the name of reason more preposterous than this.

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST.

But Mr Baxter tells us that he has found the number 666 in the name of Louis Napoleon. I venture to assert that he has done nothing of the kind; but if he had done so it does not, therefore, follow that Louis Napoleon must be the beast. He says, 'the sum of the letters in the whole name *Louis Napoleon Bonaparte,* written in Hebrew, is equal to 666.' But the name given by Mr Baxter is not the 'whole' name of the French Emperor. His *whole* name is CHARLES *Louis Napoleon Bonaparte,* and I defy Mr Baxter or any one else to extract the number 666 either from the French, English, Greek, Hebrew, or Latin form of this name. Even if '*Louis Napoleon Bonaparte*' were the whole name of the French Emperor Mr Baxter cannot make the sum of the Hebrew letters to be only 666. Let any one try the experiment and succeed if he can. But even if he could it then no more follows that Louis Napoleon is the personal Antichrist than it does that he is the king of Timbuctoo. The following are the alphabets with which Mr Baxter performs his great feats of literary prestidigitation.

GREEK.			GREEK.			ROMAN.	
Letters.	Names.	Numbers.	Letters.	Names.	Numbers.	Letters.	Numbers.
α	Alpha	1	ν	Nu	50	I	1
β	Beta	2	ξ	Xi	60	V or U	5
γ	Gamma	3	ο	Omicron	70	X	10
δ	Delta	4	π	Pi	80	L	50
ε	Epsilon	5	Ω	Omega	90	C	100
ς	Sigma	6	ρ	Rho	100	D	500
ζ	Zeta	7	σ	Sigma	200	M	1000
η	Eta	8	τ	Tau	300		
ϑ	Theta	9	υ	Upsilon	400		
ι	Iota	10	φ	Phi	500		
κ	Kappa	20	χ	Chi	600		
λ	Lambda	30	ψ	Psi	700		
μ	Mu	40	ω	Omega	800		

Let us now honestly examine the designations of Louis Napoleon, and see whether, by the aid of these alphabets, we can extract from them the number of the beast. There are only two of these with which we can fairly deal. The first is the imperial title, the other the baptismal name. To alter in any way, either by lengthening or shortening these designations, in order to make the numbers fit, would be a piece of trickery which might be tolerated amongst the members of the thimblerigging fraternity, but which can only be scouted with scorn from discussions of a literary kind. To this kind of trickery, however, as we shall shortly see, Mr Baxter frequently descends. If we take the English form of the imperial title, *Emperor Napoleon III.*, and spell it out according to the Roman alphabet, we get the following result :

$$\left.\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccc} E&M&P&E&R&O&R&N&A&P&O&L&E&O&N&I&I&I\\ &1000&&&&&&&&&&50&&&&1&1&1\end{array}\right\}1053$$

Here we find the number greatly in excess of 666. But whichever the form of the title, or whichever the kind of alphabet we use, the result is very much the same.

The mystical number is not in Emperor, it is not in Charles, it is not in Louis, it is not in Napoleon, it is not in Buonaparte, nor is it in the whole of these combined. We contend, then, that in the name of Louis Napoleon Mr Baxter has simply found a mare's nest, out of which he has raised all this noise and dust.

But, says an objector, has he not found the number of the beast in the word *Ludovicus*, which is the Latin form of Louis? Yes, the crafty fellow, he knows that the letter D stands for 500, that C stands for 100, and

L for 50, and that if he can only find a word containing these three letters, there will be very little difficulty in manufacturing the number he requires. He therefore turns to his Latin grammar, after having, no doubt, well tried the Greek; and although he tells us that 'the Revelation, being written in Greek, the number 666 must be contained in Antichrist's name in Greek,' yet, finding *Ludovicus* to be the Latin of *Louis*, and this word to contain the identical letters and numbers he wants, he instantly makes a virtue of necessity by contending that this is the proper name of Louis Napoleon. To this, however, I have only to reply that this argument proves too much. There are a great many other persons besides the Emperor of the French who bear the name of *Louis*, and the Latin of whose names is therefore *Ludovicus*. There were at least eighteen other illustrious personages connected with the throne of France who bore this name before Louis Napoleon was born. But if the name of every one of these contained the number of the beast, and he must be the beast who bears that name, I am afraid Mr Baxter will find more beasts now in the world, and more recorded on the page of history, than he will be able to find places for. The whole argument, however, is met by the simple statement that the word *Ludovicus* is not and never was the proper name of Napoleon III.

But Mr Baxter perpetrates another literary fraud in attempting to produce the impression that the word Napoleon in Greek contains the number 666. Now the word Napoleon in Greek contains only the number 356. Thus,

$$\left.\begin{array}{cccccccc} N & \alpha & \pi & o & \lambda & \epsilon & o & \nu \\ 50 & 1 & 80 & 70 & 30 & 5 & 70 & 50 \end{array}\right\} 356$$

But Mr Baxter finds that by the addition to the word *Napoleon* of the Greek letters equivalent to t and i, he can make the number exactly 666. Turning to his Greek grammar, he finds that the addition of these letters forms the dative case of the word Napoleon, which, however, is not the name of the French Emperor, as he was baptized in the nominative and not the dative case. But, as dedicatory inscriptions on the Greek temples used to be made in the dative case, Mr Baxter seems to consider that Louis Napoleon must also have been dedicated in that case ! Upon such reasoning he perpetrates a double fraud. He tells us what is not true ; that he has found the number of the beast in the name of the Emperor, and then, what is still less true, that in Greek *Napoleonti* is that name.

The word *Lateinos* or *Latin man,* which is a word peculiarly applicable to the Pope of Rome, contains in Greek the number 666—

$$\left.\begin{array}{cccccccc} \Lambda & \alpha & \tau & \epsilon & \iota & \nu & o & \varsigma \\ 30 & 1 & 300 & 5 & 10 & 50 & 70 & 200 \end{array}\right\} 666$$

The same number is found in the Hebrew form *Romanus,* the Roman man, and in a great many other words.

Then as to the remaining reasons of Mr Baxter, they are soon disposed of. Louis Napoleon is no more of Greek extraction than I am. The story about his impenetrable countenance is a simple myth, and that about his addiction to the practice of spiritualism is ditto. His sudden rise from obscurity to power proves nothing but the will of Providence and the influence of a great name. The predictions about the rise of a French emperor were mere political guesses, and manifestly beyond the mark; while the story about the end of the present dispensation is one that has been told at least a dozen times during the last half-dozen centuries.

CONCLUSION.

There are many other topics I should have liked to touch upon, but I can only now commend these facts to your consideration. I am not insensible to the strength, and force, and beauty of those great and important prophecies with which the Word of Truth abounds. I am not insensible to the services they have rendered to the Church, at once as pillars of strength and landmarks of faith. I am not insensible to the tendency of the human mind to swing away from the moorings of God's word, and to cast loose from its authority and restraints, and therefore I am not insensible to the importance of Christian ministers laying hold on all helping agencies, and co-operating with all really spiritualizing influences for the promotion of the common weal; and it is only because I believe that such political and religious extravagancies as Mr Baxter's book reveals are calculated to do serious and permanent injury to the Church of God and the cause of truth that I have been induced tonight to undertake their refutation. But I should feel that I had seriously failed in my duty, and left my task but half complete, if I let this large meeting close without a word or two of practical advice.

Though I believe in my heart that Mr Baxter's book is false, yet there is another book, an older book, and a better book, the imperishable truths of which I would this night commend to your consideration. That book tells you of the depravation of your nature, of the immortality of your souls, of your accountability before God, and of your redemption by the blood of Christ. It tells you of a great battle you have to fight; but it is the battle with your own lusts, and with the enemy of your undying souls. It tells you of a coming struggle, but it is the struggle to get the world and sin beneath your feet, and to see death before you as a vanquished foe. Only fight manfully in this battle and conquer in this struggle, and there will be no other battle you need to care about, and no other foe you need to fear. Have you conquered the Antichrist within you? Satisfy yourselves on this question. Let the example of Seneca, the old Roman philosopher, inspire you. 'When at night,' says he, 'the candle is going out, and all is still and quiet, then do I look back upon, and search all the day past, by running over all I have thought, or said, or done. I hide nothing from myself; I overlook and pass by nothing. I say to myself, so and so, thou hast done unadvisedly; do so no more. And again I ask myself, what evil have I healed? What vice have I resisted? What passion have I moderated? What lesson have I learned? And what good have I done?' Yes, what good have I done? How important is this question! Brethren, there is work to do, real and enduring work.

'Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

'Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.'

Yes! to act! Each to act! Promptly to act! Vigorously to act! Benevolently to act! Unrelaxingly to act! *To-day* to act!

To-day, then, let us toil, humbly and believingly toil, for ourselves, for humanity, and God, and we shall find this to be the best specific for the evils of *to-morrow*.

[The Reader will observe that this lecture was delivered before the late war between France and Prussia. The issue of that war in hurling Napoleon the Third from the throne of France, and compelling him to seek refuge in England, shows how utterly foolish are such speculations as those of Mr Baxter and others.—Ed.]

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SOCRATES.

A SUBJECT OF STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN.

The name of Socrates is one of the most familiar in the whole nominal catalogue of classic literature. Of all the heathen footprints left upon

> '———the sands of time,'

his have proved the deepest and the most enduring. The period of his life forms a distinct epoch in the history of the world. His character was full of beautiful and striking peculiarities. He professed to know nothing, and yet was the profoundest philosopher of his age; he formed no school, and yet was the schoolmaster of an entire republic; he wrote no books, and yet the influence of his teaching has been felt on the utmost verge of civilization; he took no care to perpetuate his fame, and yet that fame is still extending, and will pass untarnished to the end of time. Such was the stern simplicity of his social habits, the inflexible integrity of his moral character, the fearlessness of his courage, the strength of his endurance, the keenness of his penetration, the depth of his wisdom, the geniality of his temper, the adroitness of his address, the playfulness of his wit, the fascination of his conversation, and the shameful injustice of his death, that it is utterly impossible for his name to die while the histories of philosophy and heroism survive. Of all the names in ancient Greece, there is only one that the enemies of Christianity have dared to bring into open comparison with that of Christ, and that is Socrates; and of all the preceptors of the heathen world, the precepts of Socrates alone have been admitted to approximate, though but very slightly, to the precepts of the Gospel.

The place and period of the birth of Socrates were peculiarly favourable to the development of his fine character. He was born in Athens, about *four hundred and sixty-nine years* before the birth of Christ. Greece was at this time the cradle of civilization and philosophy. Her glory was culminating. Literature and art were approaching their highest forms of culture. Four hundred years before this time, Homer and Hesiod, by their matchless epic strains, had won immortal honours for themselves and the country that gave them birth. Lycurgus and Solon, by so successfully teaching their science of legislation and self-government, had kindled in the bosom of Greece that undying patriotic flame which was destined to raise her to the very apex of the pinnacle of political pre-eminence. Pythagoras, who was both the father and the prince of philosophers, had elaborated from chaos the elementary principles of physical science. Æsop, the great moral Euclid, had captivated all Greece with his inimitable fables. Miltiades, by the wonderful victory of Marathon, had covered his country with military glory. Themistocles had swept the Persian fleet from the waters of the Mediterranean. Cimon had everywhere spread terror amongst the enemies of the Republic. The people were recovering from the panic of the Persian invasion. Athens was being rebuilt; the gifted and great-hearted Pericles had formed the magnificent design of making her the mistress of the world. She was to be a fortress of strength, a city of palaces, an abode of refinement, and a temple of the gods. For this purpose the most gifted artists of all nations were encouraged to become her citizens. Sculpture, poetry, painting, music, rhetoric, all were being invoked. There were at this time, either adorning the site on which Athens stood, or in the process of erection: the Pompeium, or depository of the sacred vessels; the Stoa Basileios, with its host of antique statues; the Stoa Poecile, with its paintings of matchless magnificence; the Agora, or market-place, divided into suitable sections, and surrounded with temples and theatres; the Theseium, or temple of Theseus, beautifully embellished with commemorative sculptures; the immense Olympeium, or temple of Jupiter, with its one hundred and twenty columns of Pentelic marble; the Dionysiac Theatre, adorned with statues of all the great poets, and capable of accommodating thirty thousand spectators; the grand old Acropolis, with its magnificent architectural decorations, which were the peerless gems of Greece, the glory and the pride of art, and the wonder and the envy of the world; the fine Propylea, which formed the gateway to the Acropolis; the world-renowned Parthenon, or temple of the Virgin Goddess; the temple of Erectheus; the celebrated Areopagus, and a host of other important public structures, as justly distinguished for their magnificent architecture as for their general utility. Outside the city there were also the Ceramicus, or great public cemetery, where illustrious warriors and public benefactors were provided with a final resting-place; the celebrated Lyceum, with its fountains, plantations, and ornamental edifices, to which military students and public instructors were accustomed to resort; and, finally, amongst other important places, the Academy, or great school of Athenian philosophy, with its walks, groves, gardens, and altars, where poets, orators, and philosophers continually met for the instruction of the rising youth, and the discussion of the great questions of the day. There were also at that time, either in Athens or in other parts of Greece, men whose fame will live for ever. Phidias, the sculptor, was there, piling up those noble temples which exhausted the highest efforts of genius, and carving those life-like statues which were destined to immortalize his name. Polygnotus, the painter, was there, sketching out his smiling beauties, and adorning his country's temples with the triumphs of his art. Aristophanes, the comic poet, was there, turning life into a scene of laughter by the brilliancy of his wit. Sophocles, the high priest of humanity, was there, presenting men with their own hearts to read, and compelling them, by the force of his genius, to read them. Æschylus and Euripedes, the poets, were there, alternately exciting the people to smiles and to tears by their graphic portraitures of human life. Protagoras and Prodicus, the eloquent sophists, were there, attracting the wisest and wealthiest men of Athens to their lectures, and realizing fees to a fabulous amount for attendance at their schools. There also were Herodotus and Thucydides, the earliest of the Greek historians; Hippocrates, the founder of medical science; Pindar, the lyric poet; Democritus, the blind philosopher; Gorgias, the rhetorician; Aristides, the upright statesman; and a host of other mighty men, all contributing by their genius to raise literature, art, their age, their country, and themselves to the highest possible pitch of earthly grandeur. In such an age, in such a country, and in the midst of such a constellation of brilliant characters, Socrates was born.

THE SHADOWS OF THE PICTURE.

We must not, however, overlook the background to this picture. While literature and art were advancing with such rapid strides, there were many canker-worms preying at the root of the Athenian Republic. Solon had bequeathed to his country a beautiful and compact scheme of legislation; but it may be fairly questioned whether its most popular element was not also its greatest bane. To arbitrate every great civil and criminal question by universal suffrage, appeared very captivating to men of limited observation. But all history testifies to the political calamities that followed such a course. Feeling dethroned reason, passion took the place of calm deliberation, real statesmanship was discounted, while demagogues were in great request. Even the purest patriots were often compelled to pander to popular passions, in order to save themselves from banishment or death.

At the very time that Socrates was struggling into notice, the peerless Pericles was compromising his high honour, in order to retain his hold on the reins of the Republic. Finding that his eloquent rival, Thucydides, was rapidly undermining his authority, he instituted a double decree—first, that all the lands wrested from the enemies of Greece should be equally divided amongst the people; and second, that all the expenses of the public amusements should be paid by the treasury of the State. These ordinances accomplished their object. They gratified the populace, and restored Pericles his power. But they led to great public abuses, and became the source of many of the calamities that had subsequently to be endured.

Nor was this all. The state of society at that time was one of continued restlessness. Having scattered the power of Persia to the winds, the people were continually thirsting after fresh conquests. Many of the older families, exhausted by their own extravagance, by the exactions of the State, or the burdens of war, were rapidly declining in wealth; while numbers of industrious mechanics, artists, and tradesmen were rising into public importance. There was a large slave population, which generated a spirit of insolence amongst the people. There was also a crowd of idle loungers who infested the public courts, and fed upon the carcase of the State. Honest toil was beneath their dignity. They fancied that to have soiled their hands with labour would have covered them with disgrace; but no kind of State rascality was too polluting for their skin.

The distempered state of the social atmosphere of Athens at that time may also be determined by the character of its female society. While the wives and daughters of the upper classes were required to live in the strictest social privacy, and to be as little known in public as possible, even for their virtues, their places were filled by other females, who were strangers to family ties, and who had been attracted to Athens by the licentiousness and wealth of an imperial city. High intellectual endowments, with masculine dignity of understanding, were of far greater importance in the estimation of the Grecian aristocracy than virtue and modesty. Persons with such accomplishments—no matter how scandalous their lives might be—could live in Athens, not only without shame, but even in the enjoyment of the highest respect. Not only Pericles, but many of the gravest of the Grecian philosophers are said to have frequented the house of the notorious courtesan, Aspasia, in order to listen to those lectures on political and rhetorical science for which she had earned such a world-wide reputation. In the midst of such a state of things, Socrates received his education. By these things his early character was, in some measure, moulded. But for them, the characteristics of his philosophy might have been more refined, and less pungent than they were. As an Athenian, he grew up amongst Athenians. He thus became acquainted with the characters and circumstances of the people, and learned the best means by which their attention might be won.

HIS FATHER.

Socrates was the son of Sophroniscus, a sculptor. In all probability, his father assisted Phidias in the chiselling of those immortal marbles, many of which now adorn the walls of our national Museum. It would have been all to the greater honour of Socrates had it been true, as it is sometimes affirmed, that his father was a simple stonemason. No man deserves the less reverence because of the poverty of his birth, or the obscurity of his origin. Nay, that man is worthy of double honour who raises himself out of the dust to become a blessing to mankind. But the origin of Socrates was probably not quite so humble, nor his early educational advantages so few, as is generally supposed.

So completely had literature and art become associated in Athens, that every artist was necessarily a philosopher, and every philosopher understood the principles of art. Idolatry was the besetting sin of Greece, and the love of beauty was a cardinal article in its people's creed. The more beautiful a face or form could be rendered by an artist, the more certain did he feel that the gods would bless him here, and immortally reward him hereafter. Art was based on education. The philosophers recommended to all classes the study of art, as a refined method of elevating their perception of beauty. The government seconded the recommendations of the philosophers; the priests supported both. The youthful artist had therefore to study the principles of geometry, and to analyze the peculiarities of beauty, before he took a stylus into his hand, or attempted to carve the outline of a muscle in marble. The father of Socrates, then, though somewhat poor, would be far from being illiterate, or unqualified to lay for his son those foundations of character on which so glorious a superstructure was subsequently reared.

ATHENIAN EQUALITY.

In Athens, men of the humblest birth associated with those of highest rank. The spare time of every intelligent citizen was spent either in discussing, or in listening to the discussions, of questions of popular interest. For this purpose, the doors of the Academy, the Lyceum, and other public places, were continually open. Athenian life was one of continual intellectual excitement. It was as true in the days of Socrates as in those of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, that 'the Athenians spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear of some new thing.' In such an age, we can readily imagine 'the sculptor's apprentice' stealing away before sunset from the studio of his father, to listen to literary and philosophical lectures from the profoundest thinkers of his age.

HIS EARLY STUDIES.

To what extent he became engrossed in these studies we can easily conjecture, when we remember that the Oracle at Delphi had already declared that he had 'in himself a director that was superior to a thousand teachers;' and that, in consequence of this, his father had been recommended 'to leave him entirely to his own bent.' Even Protagoras is said to have told him at this time, with a patronizing air, that he should not be surprised if he were to turn out 'a man of celebrity for philosophy.' That his father's trade was distasteful to him we have never been informed; indeed, the reverse of this appears to have been the fact. It is said that he made such rapid proficiency in artistic studies, that he had executed a statue of Mercury, and another of the Graces, before he was seventeen years of age. These were counted worthy of being placed in the same citadel with the magnificent 'Minerva' of Phidias. No man, however, can reasonably expect to immortalize himself who dabbles in every department of study, and seeks to be proficient in none. If a young man would do justice to himself and earn distinction, he must select his sphere of occupation, and stick to it. Let him bring all the treasures of his knowledge, all the resources of his experience, and all the power of his mind and muscles, to bear on that one point; and, with God's blessing on his efforts, he cannot fail to prosper. Many a young man has robbed himself of a bright reputation by having tinkered at twenty things, and worked earnestly at none.

Socrates seems to have understood the value of concentrated effort. His application to the work of self-improvement was most exemplary. Such, however, was his faculty of observation, and such his analytic power of mind, that it soon became evident that he was fitted for a nobler work than that of moulding marble into the form of men. Crito was then a rich young man, and was just rising into public notice. He became intimate with Socrates; he admired his genius, and regretted that so promising a youth should be perpetually employed with a chisel in his hand. He therefore took him from the workshop, that he might devote all his time and energy to intellectual pursuits. Thus, Socrates found, what aspiring young men seldom fail to do, that the moment he gave indications of fitness for a higher sphere of life, a higher opened out before him. It cannot be expected that every enterprising youth should meet with a patronizing Crito; but nothing is more evident, than that there exists as perfect a law of mental and moral as there does of material gravitation. It is as natural for an active and virtuous young man to rise in the social scale, as for a sluggish and vicious one to sink. God has placed every young man's destiny, to a great extent, in his own hands; let him aspire and struggle, and nothing can arrest his upward progress. The door to the temple of immortality is never shut.

Released from the necessity of toiling for his daily bread, Socrates devoted himself with great assiduity to the study of natural philosophy. He soon found that this department of study had been greatly neglected, and that the works of men were far better understood than the works of God. Anaxagoras was then in Athens. He and Democritus had both earned great distinction by their lectures on physical science. Socrates placed himself under the instruction of the former, and subsequently under that of his distinguished pupil, Archelaus. He was, however, greatly dissatisfied with the result. He was told, indeed, that matter was subject to mind, and that the Divine intelligence was the cause of all existence; but he was also told that the earth was immovably fixed in the centre of the universe; that the sea was occasioned by the overflowing of the waters in the centre of the earth; that animal life had originally been generated by the earth's heat; that heat and cold, expansion and contraction, were the great principles of all physical change; that the heavens were a solid crystal vault, and that the sun was simply a molten mass of red-hot iron. Such teachings as these were ill-suited to the genius of Socrates. He saw that it was folly for him to be spending his time in the study of questions on which so little appeared to be known, and to be, at the same time, neglecting those of great and practical utility. He therefore abandoned the study of natural philosophy, and resolved to bring all the powers of his great mind to bear on the subjects of courage, fortitude, wisdom, justice, piety, temperance, and such others as were likely to contribute to the welfare and happiness of mankind.

He now placed himself under Aspasia to study rhetoric. He went to Connus and Damon to take lessons in music. He consulted other teachers in other departments of science. There was no depth of sacrifice to which he could not stoop, and no height of effort to which he would not climb, in search of qualification for his contemplated work. He knew that great results could never be acquired without great efforts. He therefore set himself resolutely to his task, and it was not long before he succeeded in diverting men's attention from vain astronomical speculations to those which had a practical and useful bearing upon their own hearts and lives. Thus it was that he secured for himself, the enviable reputation of having been the first man who brought philosophy down from heaven, for the study of mankind.

HIS CONFLICT WITH THE SOPHISTS.

At this time Protagoras, the accomplished sophist, was in the zenith of his popularity. Democritus had been teaching that the universe consisted of invisible, but self-existent and eternal atoms. The people, however, were here left in a state of double perplexity. Their first difficulty was, to understand how matter could be self-existent; their next, how it could be eternal. Finding that the Doctrine of Democritus had not only settled nothing, but that it had actually unsettled everything, Protagoras, like a skilful architect, hit upon the novel expedient of building for himself a new system of philosophy out of the ruins of those that were old and exploded. He started the temporizing doctrine that, if there were no such thing as truth in the world, there was, at all events, the possibility of persuasion. If one opinion were as true as another—that is, if neither were true—it was at all events necessary, for the sake of society, that one or other of these opinions should prevail. If, therefore, logic were absolutely powerless, rhetoric was perfectly efficient.

Having in this way got rid of the essential difference between truth and error, his next step was to accomplish the same purpose with right and wrong. This was a very easy task. On the principle involved in the proverb, 'Set a fool on horseback, and he will ride to his ruin,' you have only to concede to Protagoras the premises of his argument, and there is no bottom to the depth they will carry him. If you admit that there is no such thing as eternal truth, you are compelled to admit the absence of eternal right. In that case, right and wrong, like truth and error, are merely matters of opinion. The public conscience thus becomes the standard of virtue. Whatever appears in the eyes of a nation to be just and honourable, is so to that nation; and the vilest laws that ever existed, being based upon the popular apprehension of rectitude, are beyond the possibility of impeachment. Such was the doctrine of the sophists. Whether it was ever carried out by them to its legitimate results may well be questioned. Such men, however, were not much fitted to be the moral teachers of mankind. They continually advertised themselves with the self-commending declaration that they could make 'the worse appear the better reason.' To teach this art they unblushingly demanded enormous sums of money. It is said that Protagoras made ten times as much by teaching rhetoric as the great Phidias did by carving statues. He and his disciples pretended to teach everything, and yet they were as shallow and vain as they were powerful and rich. Their immense popularity arose from the fact, that nearly every man in Athens needed their services, because nearly every man studied the art of popular declamation, and aspired to distinction in the State.

These men were the philosophers of Greece when the voice of Socrates was first heard. The great struggle of his life was with them. The battle on his part was single-handed; but it was nobly fought and heroically sustained. His powerful intellect enabled him, at one glance, to detect the dangerous character of their doctrines; while his high integrity and unflinching courage pre-eminently fitted him for the unequal contest. Being disgusted with their philosophical pretensions, he disdained to take upon himself the title of philosopher. He set out with the antagonistic position that he knew nothing; that the only difference between him and other people was, that he knew his own real ignorance, while they falsely fancied themselves to be very wise.

HIS CONTROVERSIAL TACTICS.

The controversial tactics of Socrates were altogether peculiar to himself. He well knew the secret of his own strength. Had he attacked the sophists in set and formal lectures, he would have given them the opportunity of repeating their magniloquent but meaningless phrases, and of displaying their brilliant powers of elocution, before assembled crowds. But he adopted a far more simple method. When he met with a sophist, he would diffidently propose a question. The pretender would listen with scornful attention, and then make a long, rhetorical, and meaningless reply. Socrates would respectfully complain that his memory was not capable of retaining so many fine words, and would ask for a short answer to another question. The answer would be given. He would then respectfully ask another question, and another, until he had led the writhing controversialist to the edge of a yawning precipice, where he must either give up the argument, or be tumbled over. In this way he proceeded, from day to day, and week to week, until he had brought the whole band of sophists into popular contempt. The same method was constantly employed by him in reproving vice. He would meet a man in the street, whom he knew to be ambitious or profligate—it might be an unruly youth or an aspiring democrat. He asked a simple and inoffensive question. It was answered. A second question arose out of the answer, a third, and a fourth. Thus the questioned party was led unconsciously on to conclusions the most adverse to himself; and then the crabbed and crooked old man, as he was often called by tortured citizens, left him to writhe in all the agony of self-confusion, or sent him away with the bitterly mortifying consciousness that he had been compelled to make a fool of himself. This mode of reasoning is called 'The Socratic method.' In the hands of a skilful and dishonest questioner it is neither fair nor safe, it presents too strong a temptation to men to exhibit their craft and skill at the expense of honesty and truth; but in the hands of Socrates, who had to deal with clever but unprincipled antagonists, it proved as great a scourge as though it had been a whip of scorpions. By no other instrumentality could he have left such a legacy of blessings to his country and the world.

Such was his success in rooting out the errors of the sophists, that Eusebius calls him the 'purgative philosopher.' Plutarch affirms that 'his doctrines were so much medicine, administered for the purification of corrupted souls.' While, however, the substratum of his great reputation was laid in his controversy with the sophists, it was chiefly as a teacher of *young men* that he was admired and loved. He never could be induced to open a school, to deliver a lecture, or to write a book; and yet no teacher ever had so many pupils as he. All the young men of Athens were his disciples. He was a simple citizen, with a fascinating tongue, who had certain notions in his head, and who resolutely and untiringly talked them out. His unwearied diligence commanded universal admiration. From early morn till late at night he was accustomed to wander about, and to dispute with every man he met. He would first go into the market-place, or the Academy, then to the house of a friend, then to the workshop of an artizan, and then to the residence of a magistrate. He would begin to dispute with a sculptor, then with a painter, and then with a sophist. There was no end to his good-natured questionings and provocations. He was, in fact, what a modern historian has, with more accuracy than politeness, called 'a universal bore'—a bore to men who believed themselves to be very wise, but whom he was continually labouring to convince that they were very ignorant. He compelled the people to listen to him, and then left them to themselves, both ashamed and humbled. His reasons for refusing to write his discourses were very characteristic. He said, he thought that the paper was very much more valuable than anything he could write upon it. On another occasion he said, He did not put his thoughts upon the skins of dead beasts, because he would rather engrave them upon the hearts of living men. In this sense it may safely be affirmed that few men have written more than Socrates has done.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

It was impossible for any one to be many days in Athens without seeing Socrates, for no man was ever more in the streets than he. Having once seen, you could never forget him. Nothing but the sponge of oblivion could ever obliterate those features from the tablet of your memory. We often form conceptions of men's physical appearance from our knowledge of their characters. In this case, imagination would picture Socrates before us as a man of great mental and muscular energy, of tall and commanding figure, with a fine Grecian face, a keen, twinkling eye, a deep bilious complexion, and a fund of humour ever dancing round his lips. But, alas! how ruthlessly the pen of History destroys the pictures of Imagination! But for the authority of Xenophon, who was one of his most distinguished pupils, which of us could have believed, that he had been compared in his own day, to 'a fat, jolly old man, riding on an ass?' We are told that he had a squat and unwieldy figure, a flattened nose, wide, upturned nostrils, thick lips, and projecting eye-balls. He generally walked barefooted. He was, in fact, as utterly unprepossessing in personal appearance as he was genial in temper and irresistible in argument. In his case, the face was not 'the signboard of the soul.' The great difference between the body and the brain of Socrates reminds one of the story of Mr Deacon, the Leicester philosopher. Being deformed in person, and observing two gentlemen in the street apparently making themselves merry at his expense, he went near them, and, raising himself to his full height, exclaimed—

'This carcase that you laugh at so,
Is not Sam Deacon, you must know;
But 'tis the carriage—the machine
That Samuel Deacon rideth in.'

So, of the counterpart of the 'fat, jolly old man, riding on an ass,' we say, this was not Socrates, but—

It was the carriage—the machine
That Socrates resided in.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES.

There are many anecdotes told of Socrates, illustrative of his personal bravery, his great powers of physical endurance, his upright character, his keen perception, and his playful wit. When he was about forty years of age, the great Peloponnesian war broke out in Greece; and in common with the rest of his countrymen, he was called upon to take up arms in the service of the State. Potidæa had revolted from the Athenians. An army was sent to besiege the revolted city. Socrates was amongst the besiegers, and it is said, that when his pupil Alcibiades, who was also a near relative of Pericles, and a great favourite with the army, had fallen wounded in the fight, and was in danger of perishing in the sight of the whole army, Socrates rushed forward to defend him, and succeeded in saving both him and his arms from falling into the hands of the enemy. By this act he excited the admiration of all Greece, and would have been awarded the great national prize of valour, but that he voluntarily conceded it to the hero he had saved.

At the battle of Delium he again distinguished himself above all his fellow-soldiers. When the Athenians were being routed with a great slaughter, he retreated like a lion, that disdains to yield, but turns ever and anon to attack and terrify his pursuers. He measured back the field by inches, while others fled in terror from the foe. At last, the youthful Xenophon fell helplessly from his horse, while fighting in the midst of his enemies. Socrates saw the peril. Without a moment's hesitation, as in the case of Alcibiades, he rushed to the rescue of his beloved friend, and, taking him on his shoulders, ran with him several furlongs, until a place of safety was reached. Nothing could have been more benevolently heroic than this action. Had Socrates rendered no other service to Greece than that of having saved the life of one whose military exploits and literary productions were destined to shed so much lustre upon the Republic, he would have merited the gratitude of his country. But his whole life was one vast act of self-denying heroism.

He might have become immensely rich; large sums of money were attempted to be thrust upon him by his wealthy pupils from every quarter; but he obstinately refused the most valuable gifts. It was one of his most cherished maxims, That the gods needed nothing, and that he the most nearly approached them in character who reduced his wants within the smallest compass. His whole estate was not worth fifty crowns. He delighted in being able to exclaim, 'How many things I do not need!' He accustomed himself to live upon the humblest fare; and in spite of the severity of winter, even when the earth was covered with snow, he persisted in going barefooted and lightly clad. The severe simplicity of his habits, and the continual exercise to which he subjected himself, had so beneficial an influence on his health, and secured for him so robust a constitution, that he alone, in all Athens, is said to have entirely escaped when the whole land was afflicted with pestilence, and half the army was swept away. He never sat down to a meal without being blessed with an excellent appetite. His prescription for indigestion was both old and excellent. Attention to it even now, might save our dyspeptic friends the cost of many a doctor's bill. He simply prescribed the 'sauce' of exercise. Of that sauce he partook freely. A friend of his observed him one night walking backward and forward for a great length of time in front of his own house. 'Socrates,' said he, 'what are you doing out so late to-night?' 'I am making sauce for my supper,' exclaimed the old peripatetic philosopher. For medicinal virtue and cheapness, Socratic sauce may safely be set against the competition of the world.

He once invited some persons of note to dine with him. His larder appears to have been nearly empty, and his wife was greatly distressed at having so little to set before them. But Socrates abruptly exclaimed, 'Do not trouble thyself about thy guests; if they are good men, they will be content with what there is; if they are not, we need not care about them.' To him, then, belongs this memorable saying, which has been attributed to nearly one-half of the pious old women in Christendom.

As further evidence of the state of discipline to which Socrates continually subjected himself, it may be mentioned, that in the very hottest part of summer, and however thirsty he might be, he invariably threw away the first bucket of water, and drew another from the well, in order that he might practise himself in the duty of self-denial. When a slave had exasperated him, he said that he would have whipped him soundly, had it not been that he was angry. When a man on one occasion struck him a heavy blow on the ear, he all but annihilated the poor wretch, by looking him banteringly in the face, and telling him that it was a great misfortune for a man not to know where he ought to wear a helmet. When an insolent fellow had kicked him, and he was urged to revenge the insult, he playfully inquired, whether he ought to revenge himself on a horse under similar circumstances. The man was so stung with remorse at this reply, that, it is said, he instantly went out and hung himself.

HIS DOMESTIC DISQUIETUDE.

His wife was a woman of extraordinary force of character. The historians have not immortalized her ancestry—nor needed they; the wife of Socrates had sufficient originality of mind and strength of temper to immortalize herself. The memory of Xanthippe will never die while that of Socrates survives; a more fitting pair were never joined in bonds of holy matrimony. The wife seemed to have been born purposely to test the virtues of the philosopher—the philosopher to laugh at his vixen of a wife. He tells us, with inimitable coolness, that he purposely selected her, from the conviction that, if he could only bear with her insults, there was no one under heaven with whom he could not live. He said he had acted on the principle of the horse-breakers, who always select first those horses with the hardest mouths, feeling assured that they can manage any others after having managed them. If exercise in the art of wife-breaking formed a necessary part of the education of Socrates, he certainly obtained such education to his heart's content. None but he could have lived with such a woman. There was no kind of abuse to which she did not subject him. Her transports of rage were so great that she sometimes tore off his cloak in the public street. Yet Socrates bore it all with the most exemplary magnanimity. On one occasion, after having vented against him all the ugly reproaches that could be formed from her well-stored vocabulary, she emptied a quantity of anything but the purest water on his head. Now, there are some men who would have adopted a very cowardly method of reciprocating such peculiar kindness; but Socrates simply laughed outright,. and said, 'It could not choose but rain after such a thunder-clap.'

A friend of his, who was well acquainted with his domestic disquietude, and who thought, in either answer, to turn the laugh against him, inquired, 'Which wouldst thou have me to do, Socrates—to marry, or remain single?' But Socrates was too old to be caught with banter. He had carefully studied both sides of human nature; and he therefore unexpectedly turned the tables against the querist by shrewdly replying, 'Do which way thou wilt, my friend, but in either thou wilt repent.' But after all that has been said against poor Xanthippe, there was one gloriously redeeming feature in her character—despite her temper, she loved her husband. There is one tender place in the very worst woman's heart, and the heart of passionate Xanthippe was no exception to the rest. Follow her to that prison whither Socrates has gone to die. See her, day by day, seated by his side, with an infant boy in her arms, and two others clustering round her; listen to her frantic cries, and look at her heart-bleeding agony, as she gazes for the last time upon her husband's venerable form, and then is torn away for ever from his affectionate embrace, and say, whether the infirmities of a whole life are not more than atoned for in the agony of that hour.

The story of Socrates having married Myrto, the daughter of Aristides, during the life of Xanthippe, is not worthy of belief. Plato and Xenophon are both silent on the matter. The genuineness of the statement, ascribed to Aristotle, was questioned by Plutarch; and Panætius is represented as having entirely refuted it. The probability is, that Socrates took the widowed Myrto under his own roof out of benevolent regard for the memory of her father.

SUPERNATURAL PREMONITIONS.

It is well known that the doctrine of supernatural influence was firmly and universally believed in the time of Socrates. The temple of Delphi had long been the seat of oracular authority. A story had existed immemorially that some goats were once feeding on Parnassus, a mountain in the centre of Greece, and then believed to be also the centre of the world.

Inhaling the vapour that ascended from a long, deep chasm, on the south-western extremity of this mountain, the goats seemed to be suddenly inspired. Soon afterwards, the goatherd, following in the steps of his flock, came under the same mysterious influence. His wild and extravagant conversation brought others to the spot; they, too, experienced the enthusiastic inspiration. The tidings rang through the whole country—a place of communication from the gods had been discovered. Such a chance of reaping gold was too precious for the heathen priests to lose. A temple was instantly constructed, and dedicated to Apollo, the god of the sun. For hundreds of years afterwards people came from all parts of the world to consult the crafty priests who presided in this temple, and professed to receive the inspirations of the oracle. Amazing sums of money were often brought by monarchs and men of wealth, who came, on great occasions, to propitiate the god of the oracle, and to obtain his counsels. The city of Delphi became a place of great attraction; the influence of its oracle became enormous. The councils of States were controlled, the courses of armies directed, and the fates of kingdoms sealed by its authority alone. In the course of time temples were erected in other places, until, at length, they covered the entire country. That the gods superintended the minutest affairs of men became a cardinal article in every man's creed. He who dared to dispute this doctrine was denounced as guilty of impiety, and deserving of death. The most trifling accidents in daily life were looked upon as special intimations from the gods. The incidents of a dream, the peculiarities of a voice, the unexpectedness of a sound, the direction of flying birds, the objects a man might meet on the road, or the way that he might sneeze, were all regarded with seriousness and awe.

As the number of gods began to multiply, the notion also began to prevail, not only that there were separate gods superintending the different departments of human fate, but also that every man had a good genius given to him to accompany him through life as his director and guide.

Whether Socrates really believed that he was accompanied by an invisible, yet guiding, spirit, or whether, being guided by his own keen instinct and piercing judgment, he merely took advantage of this new doctrine to give increasing authority and weight to his counsels, it is now difficult to determine. It is, however, clear that he continually spoke of some secret voice, restraining influence, or attending spirit, that warned him of approaching danger. He often gave the most important premonitions to his friends, and it was said that no man ever neglected his advice without afterwards having reason to repent.

After the battle of Delium, he entreated the retreating soldiers to avoid a certain road, at the peril of their lives. They who took his advice escaped safely to Athens, but they who refused it, met the enemy's cavalry on their way, so that many of them perished, and the rest were taken prisoners. He foretold the calamity that befell the great fleet that went against Sicily, although he was the only man in Athens that questioned its success. On different days he warned his friends, Crito and Thimarchus, against leaving their homes. Both neglected his advice. Crito returned, penitent, and severely wounded in the eye; and Thimarchus was afterwards carried to the place of execution, declaring that he was about to suffer death for having refused to hearken to the voice of Socrates.

An amusing accident once happened in this way to several of his friends. A number of them were going through the streets of Athens. Socrates suddenly stopped, and said he must return, as his restraining spirit forbad him to go on. Some of his associates, however, more curious than wise, playfully persisted in pressing forward to see what the end would be. It was not long before they were called upon to pay the penalty of their temerity; for as they came to the narrowest part of the street, they met a large herd of swine that had been wallowing in the mire, coming on so thick and fast that it was utterly impossible to get out of the way. The result may be guessed. They got covered with mud from their heads to their heels, and also soundly bantered and laughed at for their pains.

THE COMEDY OF 'THE CLOUDS.'

When Socrates was at the height of his popularity, a desperate effort was made by the comic poet Aristophanes to bring him into ridicule and contempt. Whether Aristophanes had been instigated to this by the enemies of Socrates, or was simply influenced by feelings of envy, has long been a matter of speculation. At all events, the comedy of 'The Clouds' was intended as an attack upon the character of Socrates.

Placed in a basket, and hoisted to the clouds, he is made to utter impieties and impertinences without number. When the piece came upon the stage, Socrates, contrary to his custom, went to the theatre. He was the first to laugh at the performance, and when some strangers inquired who that Socrates was, he rose from his seat, and remained standing during the rest of the evening. He afterwards said that men ought to take the invectives of the poets in good part. If they spoke the truth, they taught us to mend our faults; if they told lies, there was still less reason to be angry.

HIS CONDUCT AS A SENATOR.

In the sixty-third year of his age, Socrates was elected a senator of the Republic. It was during this year of office that the ten captains of the Athenian fleet were so unrighteously sentenced to death. After having defeated the Lacedæmonian fleet at the islands of Arginusæ, they had been prevented, by the arising of a fearful storm, from burying their dead according to the customs of their country. This so enraged the superstitious Athenians, that they immediately tried the officers, and ordered them to be executed. Of all the five hundred members of the senate, there was not one, with the exception of Socrates, that had the humanity to protest against the injustice. He, however, bearded the clamouring crowd, and, at the peril of his life, entreated his countrymen to spare themselves the disgrace of such an infamous proceeding. His eloquent appeal was in vain. But he had the satisfaction of purging himself from the blood of his innocent countrymen, and of testifying that, when all Athens had gone mad with unreasoning excitement, there was one man left that would rather himself perish than become a party to an act of injustice. A few months after this judicial murder, all Greece was on the stool of repentance, Socrates alone excepted. During the same year, the thirty tyrants resolved to get rid of Leon, a man of high rank and great fortune, that they might get possession of his estate. In order to commit Socrates to the injustice, they ordered him to go and seize their victim. But, instead of doing so, Socrates went straight home, declaring that he would never willingly assist in an unjust act. When asked whether he expected always to talk in that high style, and not to have to suffer, he replied—'Far from it. I expect to have to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjustly.'

HIS POPULARITY AMONGST HIS FOLLOWERS.

By his simple habits, his matchless wisdom, and his inflexible integrity, Socrates became greatly endeared to his disciples. When Aristippus first heard of him at the Olympic games, he could neither rest day nor night till he had visited Athens, and made himself acquainted with his virtue and wisdom. Alcibiades forsook all the world to follow him; and when he afterwards allowed himself to be seduced away from the study of philosophy, he put his fingers into his ears that he might not hear the voice of Socrates, which sounded to him like the flute of Marsyas, or the singing of the Syrens. So great was the passion of Euclides for the society of Socrates, that when the penalty of death was threatened against any inhabitant of Megara who should set his foot upon the soil of Attica, he was accustomed to disguise himself every night in female attire for the purpose of visiting the residence of his companion and friend. Antisthenes walked ten miles backward and forward every day to Athens for the purpose of listening to Socrates. Plato was often heard to praise the gods for three things—First, that he was endowed with a reasonable soul; second, that he was born a Greek and not barbarian; and third, that his birth had happened in the age of Socrates. Cicero says, that all the sects of philosophers that came after Socrates took their rise from him, and all boasted that they had descended from the same glorious stock.

HIS ACCUSATION AND DEFENCE.

At length, however, the Peloponnesian war brought ruin upon the Republic. Attica became subject to Lacedemonia. Athens suffered under the sanguinary rule of the thirty tyrants. Socrates became a thorn in their sides. He was too high-minded to bend beneath their yoke. He exposed their hypocrisy, and denounced their misdeeds. Unfortunately, Critias, the worst of the tyrants, had once been a pupil of Socrates. This circumstance brought him into odium with the unreflecting people. Placed in this way between two fires, his enemies began to plot against his life. Before their purpose could be conveniently accomplished the tyrants were deposed. As, however, there were still many persons in the city to whom Socrates was obnoxious, either because he had exposed their ignorance or wounded their pride, it was not long before he was brought to trial on the following charges:—

1. That he acknowledged not the gods of the Republic.

2. That he introduced new divinities.

3. That he corrupted the youth of the city.

No sooner was this indictment made known than his friends collected around him, and began to prepare for his defence. For this purpose they employed Lysias, one of the most renowned of the Athenian orators. He prepared a brilliant oration for Socrates to commit to memory. The venerable philosopher, however, politely declined this assistance. He read the oration with pleasure, and spoke of it in terms of the highest commendation; but he said that it was constructed more according to the rules of rhetoric than the opinions of a philosopher.

On the day of his trial he appeared before his accusers with as much coolness and self-possession as if he were about to assist in their deliberations. He replied to the charges brought against him as calmly and as conclusively as he would have replied to Protagoras in the Lyceum, or to Gorgias in the market place. He told his judges that he had not come there to plead on his own account, but on theirs; that he had been sent by the Deity to Athens to persuade them to the pursuit of virtue; and that, if they put him to death, they would injure themselves more than they could injure him. He spoke at considerable length. But even in that solemn crisis there were the same displays of ironical humour and playful wit which had characterized his constant daily conversations. At the close of his defence the votes were collected. Out of five hundred and fifty-nine judges he was found guilty by a majority of only three.

He was now entitled to be heard before his punishment was determined. Had he been willing to have accepted a smaller punishment, he would doubtless have escaped the penalty of death. But when challenged, according to the practice of the Athenian courts, to propose his own estimate of his offence, he treated the matter with the most playful indifference. He felt it would be unbecoming in a man of his years and with his reputation to supplicate for his life. He said that if he had to award his own sentence, his choice must be according to his deserts. He knew that he had been of great service to his country; and, as he was anxious to have a little more leisure in the future, in order to give his countrymen good advice, he would just at once propose that he should be maintained for the rest of his life at the expense of the State. It was true that he might make a choice of banishment, but as it would be a very odd thing for an old man like him, upwards of seventy years of age, to be wandering about from place to place seeking shelter, he could not think of that. If he had been rich, he said, he might have proposed the payment of a fine. But still, he thought he could afford to pay them a mina (about twelve shillings of silver) if they would accept that sum.

This style of address evidently exasperated his judges; for when the vote was taken a second time, it was found that eighty more of them voted for condemning him to death than had found him guilty of crime. After his condemnation he walked from the court to the prison with the most perfect composure. He said he had done nothing to deserve his sentence; as, however, he must die sometime, he did not know that it was a matter of much importance whether he died a few weeks sooner or later than he might wish.

HIS DEATH.

During the thirty days that elapsed between the sentence and its execution, he was constantly visited in prison by his friends. His whole time was spent with them in discussing questions of popular philosophy. He even composed a hymn in honour of Apollo, and turned a fable of Æsop into verse. His friends were intensely anxious to save him. They bribed his gaoler, and arranged a plan by which he could escape into Thessaly without the slightest difficulty. When, however, they told him of the arrangement, he burst into laughter, and inquired whether they had found any spot for him to fly to, where men could not die. Till they did that, he said, he could not think of damaging his own reputation by flying from the laws of his country.

His wife and children visited him during the last day of his life. Poor Xanthippe was so overwhelmed with grief, that he was obliged to get Crito to send her home. He spent the remainder of the day in talking with his friends on the immortality of the soul, the rewards of the righteous, and the punishment of the wicked. As the sun went down, the executioner came, with the cup of poison in his hand. He took it without the slightest hesitation, and calmly swallowed the deadly draught. His friends all burst into tears, but he entreated them to desist weeping, and not to afflict themselves on his account. He then walked a few times up and down the room. Finding the strength of his legs to fail him, he threw himself on a little bed and covered his face. In a few minutes he again uncovered himself; and, probably, remembering that, as all the diseases of his life were now being healed, and he was just about to enter a state of pure existence, it was necessary to show his gratitude to the god of health, he said, 'Crito, we owe a cock to Esculapius; take care to pay it him, and neglect it not.' These were his last words. In a few moments he drew his final breath, and thus passed away the very best and wisest man of all the heathen world.

It was not long after this that the persecutors of Socrates were made to bite the dust. A great plague having come upon the city, the people began to think that heaven was taking vengeance on them for the death of their great philosopher. About this time Euripides is said to have reproached the Athenians, by introducing into one of his great plays the lines—

> 'From the most just of all the Greeks
> You snatch the life away.'

The audience, suspecting this to be a reference to Socrates, burst into tears. The public regret and consternation now became so great that all the schools were shut up, all the public places of exercise were closed, and the people mourned for Socrates as a mother would mourn over the death of an only child.

His accusers were instantly put to death; and those who had voted against him were held in such abomination by the citizens, that many of them put an end to their own existence. A brazen statue was erected in the House of the Pomps; a temple, designated the Socrateion, was erected in a conspicuous part of the city; and, indeed, everything was done of which a sorrowing people were capable in order to make atonement for their unalterable crime.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

We do not speak of Socrates as a perfect model of moral excellence. It is true that his conceptions of the Divine character, and his ideas of general morality, far transcended those of any other teacher of his day. He believed in the existence of one Supreme God, who was omnipotent in power, infinite in wisdom, and boundless in benevolence. He believed in the doctrine of an all-seeing and overruling Providence; in the immortality of the soul, the future reward of the righteous, and the endless punishment of the wicked. He taught that the grand object of life was, to learn the path of duty, and to walk in it; to bear up with manly fortitude under misfortunes; to render honour and obedience to the Deity; and to contribute, in every possible way, to the moral and social improvement of mankind. But, after all, he cherished many opinions, gave utterance to many sentiments, and indulged in many practices, that every enlightened Christian man must seriously condemn. With the Bible in his hand, there can be no doubt but that he would have become the greatest scourge to impiety and vice that ever breathed. But, living as he did, without the light of revelation, and in the midst of idolatry and licentiousness, even with his great intellect and vast experience, he was unable to rise to the moral level of the humblest Christian. Who can contemplate his oft-repeated maxim, that no man ought to do anything in religious matters contrary to the customs of the Republic; who can read the account of his impure conversation with the courtesan Theodota; or who can reflect upon his last dying request to Crito, without feeling the impudence of those claims that have been made by an unblushing infidelity to rank him side by side with the world's Redeemer? Let him take his proper place on the page of the world's history; and let him have that place ungrudgingly. He was a fine old enlightened heathen, who was far in advance of the age in which he lived; but he was nothing more. He stood head and shoulders above all his compeers in the heathen world, and as such is entitled to have his name placed above them all; but to attempt to compare him with the world's Messiah, either in the purity of his character, the dignity of his demeanour, the sublime object of his mission, the practical wisdom of his teaching, or the manner of his death, is as perfectly preposterous as would be a comparison between the light of the glowworm and that of the sun.

Young men, there are many things in the life of Socrates deserving of your careful consideration. He began life in humble circumstances; he sought mental culture in the intervals of labour; he marked out his own path to pre-eminent usefulness; he sternly resisted every diverting temptation; he devoted all the powers of his mind to the one grand idea of his life; he found friends to help him as he needed and deserved them; he exerted an enormous influence on the people of his own generation; he died with his head crowned with honours and with years; and, what is still more important, he left a name and an influence behind him that will be as lasting as the sun. In these things strive, then, to emulate his great example. Remember that you possess ten thousand privileges that he possessed not. The path to immortality is already opening out before you. Step into it. Consecrate the best powers of your being to your Maker and your kind. Read carefully; pray constantly; work perseveringly. So shall your names live in the temple of your country's history, when your souls are enshrined in the upper and nobler temple of your God.

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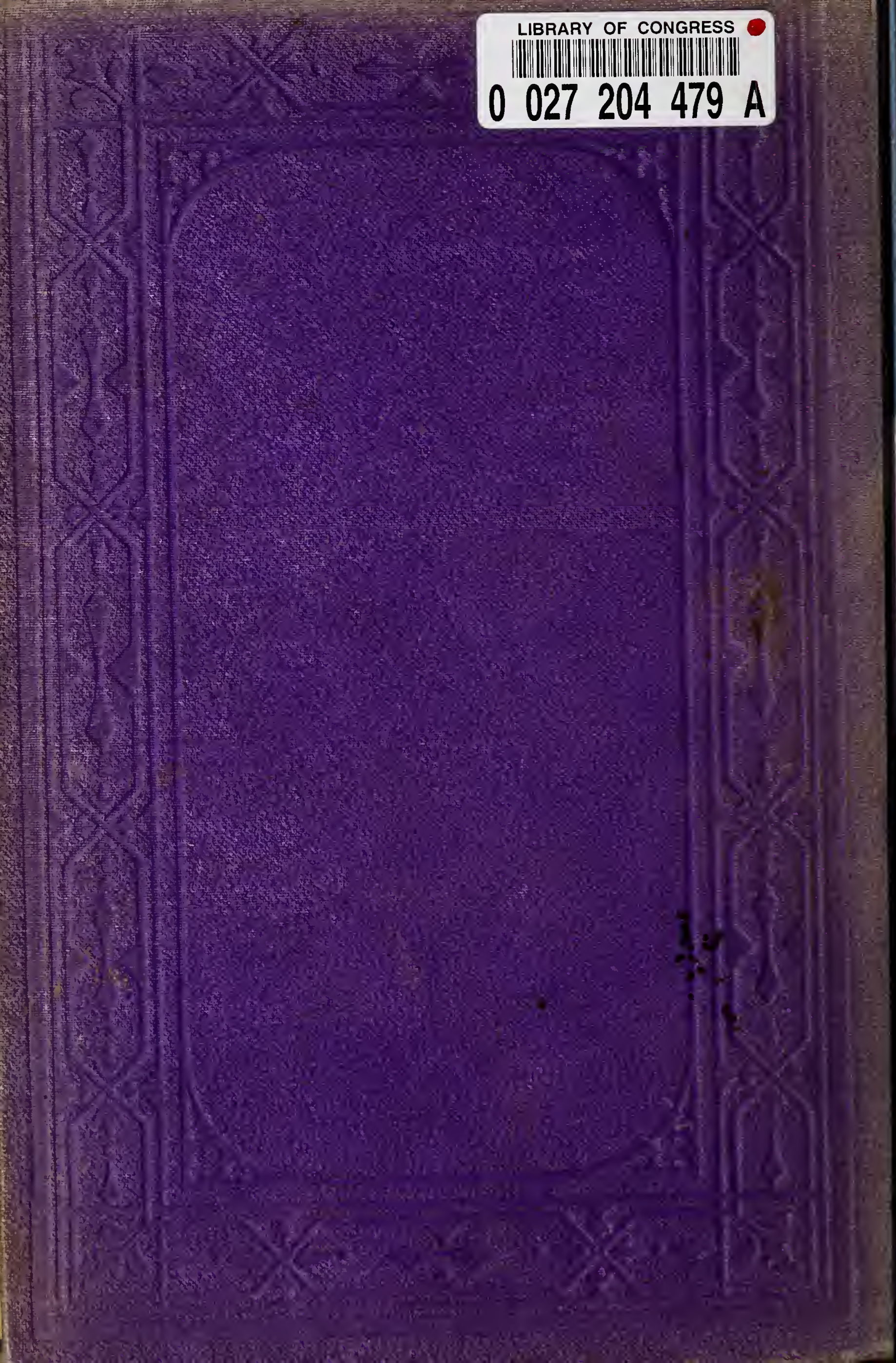

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